

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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VOL. V.

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LONDON :

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THE LION'S HEAD.

Scriblerus, who relates "the Adventures concomitant with a Traveller's Life," has recounted such stories (Travellers' stories) of the depravity of women, as to make us regret that we cannot expose his own depravity, by the publication of his trash. We hope never to hear from him again; or, at any rate, if we must be witnesses to his marriage of folly and vice, we trust he will pay the fees. We had to pay 1s. 2d. for his present enormity.

G. Y.'s communication has been forwarded to the proper department.

H. L. is always correct in his rhymes, but sometimes with the sacrifice of his sense; for example:

Dark, dark is the sky, the thunder rolls,
The lightning *follows*,
The tempest *hollows*.

We would suggest also that Noah's three-decker was not provided, as in our naval *arkitecture*, with wings; and, besides, that it is contrary to all seamanship to say:

Spread, spread your sail, for there *blows a gale*.

The Authors of "Giralamo and Marcelia," and "Merlin and Ada" should choose pleasanter subjects even for tragedy.

The Essay on the Funeral Ceremonies of different Nations should be printed in the dead languages. We beg to decline it on the part of the English.

Lines to Boreas go rather "too near the wind."

Andrew Marvell's paper is left for him at our Publishers. It has been subjected to his own test.

The Gentleman who volunteered his services to *do* the Fine Arts and Volcanoes, will find, on reference to Mr. Weathercock's Letter, that "all that sort of thing" is already in good hands. The paper will be returned.

It would be more than our places are worth to give X. Y. Z. "a *post* in our invaluable Miscellany," but we will do our best to get his paper into the Two penny.

The Dead Ass is dispatched as the author desired, and "The Rose in a Shower" is under cover at our Publishers.

Mr. R. complains that we are "backward in forwarding his paper." Does he mean by the clause to take us for crabs?

Our readers, we believe, have already formed a pretty correct opinion on the subject of Y.'s paper.

We have received a second paper from Curio. The former, though it exhibits much talent, has scarcely established its *Title* to insertion. The latter is amusing, but too personal.

Our "Unknown" Correspondent has favoured us with the following; of which he says, although he wrote it on the pinnacle of St. Paul's, he

Stoop'd to Truth, and moralized his song.

MORAL REFLECTIONS WRITTEN ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

I.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the *Ball*.
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.

II.

Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes!
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
Dear what a hustle
And hustle!
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

III.

O! what are men?—Beings so small,
That should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!

IV.

And what is life? and all its ages—
There's seven stages!
Turnham-Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!
And Tooting too!
And oh! what very little nags to pull'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got'em,
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross!
Since he would be, as near the sky,
— Fourteen hands high.

V.

What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?
A tidy kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Ah me! hence could I read an admonition
To Mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross and *ball*.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XXIX.

MAY, 1822.

VOL. V.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS :

A MAY-DAY EFFUSION.

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that “now, surely, he must be lost for ever!”—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light—and then (O fulness of

delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*, where the “Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.”

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be super-added, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood 'yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this “wholesome and pleasant beverage,”

on the south side of Fleet-street, as thou approachest Bridge-street—the *only Salopian house*,—I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegances, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being peniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can explicate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet

relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *Saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent-garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and, oh I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldest thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendant over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added half-penny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingrediented soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet I can endure the jocularities of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out

of desolation, that Hogarth—— but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pye-man——there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to “air” them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

A sable cloud
Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguise, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticeships of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless defiliations.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the

Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late Duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitation to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle.—But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting place.—By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE

was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quitted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BIGOD, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, where-

at the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers lick in the unctuous meat, with his more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating"—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which "were their best patrimony"—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to "wipe the lip before drinking." Then we had our toasts—"The King,"—the "Cloth,"—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel." All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

*Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust—*

JAMES WHITE is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

ELIA.

ADDITIONS TO LORD ORFORD'S ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

No. III.

HENRY CLIFFORD, EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

HE was the son of Francis, fourth Earl of Cumberland, by the widow of Nevill, Lord Bergavenny, and born in 1591. His education was received in Oxford, where he took his degree of bachelor of arts, as a nobleman of Christ Church, in 1608-9; and, in the following year, married the Lady Frances, daughter of Robert, Earl of Salisbury. After travelling into France and Italy, and spending some short time, at his return, in King James's court, he appears to have retired into the country, in order (as his cousin, the Lady Anne, Countess of Pembroke, records) to manage his father, and his father's property, then much dissipated by improvident expenditure; and he seems to have executed his purpose with equal prudence and filial affection. Lord Clifford succeeded his father, as Fifth Earl of Cumberland, in 1640-1, and was a faithful adherent to King Charles, during the evil days that followed. Being, however, of an inactive, and not of a martial disposition, the Earl of Cumberland was ill-calculated to render any material assistance to the royal cause by his personal exertions, of which he was so fully aware, that when the chief command of York, with very extensive powers, was conferred upon him, he willingly re-

signed a trust, to which he felt himself incompetent, to the Earl of Newcastle. "He was," says Clarendon, "a man of honour, and popular enough in peace, but not endued with those parts which were necessary for such a season." Lady Pembroke draws the following portrait of him: "He was endued with a good natural wit, was a tall and proper man, a good courtier, a brave horseman, an excellent huntsman, had good skill in architecture and mathematics, and was much favoured by King James and King Charles, and died of a burning fever, at one of the prebend's houses in York, Dec. 1643." He died on the 11th, and was buried at Skipton, on the 31st of December; and that not without bloodshed, for in the parish register, after the record of his burial, is noted, "many soldiers slain at this time;" the town and church being then in possession of the rebels, it is probable that access to the family vault could only be obtained by force.

Neither Lord Orford nor Mr. Park were aware that Henry, Fifth Earl of Cumberland, claimed a place among the Noble Authors. In the Bodleian library is a thin quarto MS. containing

Poeticall Translations of some Psalmes, and the Song of Solomon, with other Divine Poems, by that noble and religious Soule now sainted in Heaven, the Right Honourable Henry Earle of Cumberland, &c.

Of the Psalms, thus translated by our noble author, the thirty-fifth affords the best specimen, and of this a short extract shall suffice.

Righteous Judge of sacred lawes,
Fight my battells, pleade my cause;
Least my fierce and wrangling foe
Right, by power, overthrow.
May thy buckler, speare, and sheild
Make me master of the feild;
Bid my soule defye them all,
Since thou art my generall.
Strike with shame, and with despaire,
Those that would my soule ensnare.
Make them to confusion fly
That to ruine me doe lye.

As the dust, by whirlwind blowne,
May they wander overthrowne,
And God's Angell, as they fly,
Still pursue the victory. * * *

Conversion of St. Paul.

Saul Christ pursues, Christ meets him in y^e way
Not like a foe, but with a shineing light
Guides him to Heaven: Grace doth his rage allay,
And turne the edge of his vngouern'd spight:
So he, that nothing breath'd but sword and flame,
Went out a lyon, and return'd a lambe.

The Earl of Cumberland had four children; Elizabeth, his daughter, survived him, and married the Earl of Corke. His three sons died young, and are recorded by the following very simple and pathetic inscription in Skipton Church.

Henricus pater deflet
Franciscum
Carolus
Henricum.
A. D. MDCXXXI.

EDWARD SOMERSET, EARL OF GLAMORGAN AND MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

Lord Worcester's little book of inventions, which contains the first hint of that most powerful machine the steam engine, had gone through several editions unknown to Lord Orford. The *first* was "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions, as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful Friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice. Artis et Naturæ proles. London, Printed by J. Grismond, in the year 1663." 12mo. containing, altogether, 102 pages, and extremely rare. The *second*, was another 12mo. of 94 pages, beautifully printed, and "sold by T. Payne, in Round-court, in the Strand, 1746." The *third*, was a Scotch edition, "Glasgow, by R. and A. Foulis, 1767, 12mo." *Fourth*, a reprint from the original edition, with a preface dated Kyo, near Lanchester, June 18, 1778, and an "Appendix, containing an Historical Account of the Fire Engine for Raising Water:" this was in large 8vo. pp. 64. *Fifth*, a reprint from the Glasgow copy, London "by W. Bailey, Proprietor of the Speaking Figure, now showing, by permission of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, at No. 42, within Bishopsgate," 1786, 12mo. *Sixth*, London, sold by R. Triphook, &c. 1813, 12mo. of which 100 copies only were printed. And a *seventh* was announc-

ed by Murray, of Albemarle-street, in 1820, which professed to be from the original MSS., with historical and explanatory notes, a biographical memoir, and an original portrait, 8vo.

Such are the editions of Lord Worcester's very singular production, in which, however strange and improbable many of the proposals may appear, it is certain that others, that at first were thought either abstruse or ridiculous, have been found by ingenious and practical mathematicians to answer the noble mechanic's fullest expectation. So sanguine was the projector in respect to the steam engine, which he terms, his "stupendous water-work," that he procured an act of parliament to secure to himself and heirs, the entire advantage for ninety-nine years, inflicting a penalty of 5*l.* per hour on all who should counterfeit, or use, this "water-commanding engine."

Lord Worcester, in the midst of these projects, was as needy as the poorest alchymist in search of the philosopher's stone. In the dedication to both houses of parliament of his Scantlings, he declares he has already sacrificed from six to seven hundred thousand pounds, and to how great extremity he was occasionally reduced, the following letter, which we have now transcribed from the original autograph, bears sufficient testimony. It was addressed to Colonel Copley, an officer in the army of General Fairfax, who thus endorses it:—

My Lord of Worcester's Letter abt my Share in his Engine.

Dear friend,—I knowe not with what face to desire a curtesie from you, since I have not yet payed you the five pownds, and the mayne businesse soe long protracted, whereby my reallity and kindnesse should with thankfullnesse appeare; for though the least I intende you is to make up the somme allready promised, to a thousand pownds yearly, or a share ammounting to farr more, (which to nominate before the perfection of the woorke were but an *individuum vagum*, and therefore I deferre it, and vpon noe other score,) yet, in this interim, my disapointments are soe great, as that I am forced to begge, if you could possible, eyther to helpe me with tenne pownds to this bearer, or to make vse of the coache, and to goe to Mr. Clerke, and if he could this day helpe me to fifty pownds, then to paye your selfe the five pownds I owe you out of them. Eyther of these will infinitely oblige me. The alderman has taken three day's time to consider of it. Pardon the great troubles I give you, which I doubt not but in time to deserve by really appearing

28th of March, 1656.

Your most thankfull friend,

WORCESTER.

To my honored friend,
Collonell Christopher Copley,
These.

ANNE CLIFFORD, COUNTESS OF DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY,

"Lived (says Wood) like a princess, in Westmoreland, was a great lover and encourager of learning and learned men, hospitable, charitable to the poor, and of a most generous and public temper." She had all the courage and liberality of the other sex, united to all the devotion, order, and economy (perhaps not all the softness) of her own. She was the oldest, but most independent, courtier in the kingdom: had known and admired Queen Elizabeth; had refused what she deemed an iniquitous award of King James; re-built her dismantled castles, in defiance of Cromwell; and repelled, with disdain, the interposition of a profligate minister, under Charles the Second.*

The letter, which she is said to have written to Sir Joseph Williamson, then secretary of state, who sent to nominate to her a member for the borough of Appleby, was first printed in a paper written by Lord Orford for *The World*, and again introduced by that noble writer, in his article relative to this high-spirited woman. It is worthy of remark, that no authority is given, in either place, for the authenticity of the document, and, excellent and to the point as it is, we cannot but suspect it to have been, at least, heightened by the poignant pen of the contributor. However this may be, it will well bear repetition.

I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man sha'nt stand.

ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY.

We have given place to the above, by way of introducing two other letters not generally known, one by a royal, the other from a noble, personage. The first is from QUEEN ELIZABETH to Heton, Bishop of Ely, who, it seems, had promised to exchange some part of the land belonging to his newly-acquired see, for a pretended equivalent; but demurred

when he entered on the office, either from a hope of enjoying his dignity without the penalty, or from a sense of shame at so palpable an injustice towards the church, probably the latter, because the letter is said to be preserved in the Episcopal Register of Ely, as a sort of proof of the compulsion.

Proud Prelate, I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement: but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God! I will immediately unfrock you.

Your's, as you demean yourself, ELIZABETH.

* Whitaker's Deanery of Craven, p. 277.

The second is of a very different nature. It was written by JOHN, SECOND EARL OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to Dr. Craddock, the Archbishop of Dublin, who had been suddenly seized with a putrid sore-throat, which for some days threatened

the worst consequences, and then as suddenly left him. Lord Buckinghamshire, who had not once sent to enquire after his Grace, during his illness, wrote him the following very concise yet elegant note on the day of his recovery:—

MY LORD—The enquiries of a Lord Lieutenant after the health of an Archbishop, might be deemed equivocal—but his sincere congratulations, on the recovery of a respected friend, cannot be misinterpreted.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

We know not what punishment will be inflicted on us for inserting, as a climax to these royal and noble epistles, the letter of an unfortunate lieutenant of foot; but it seems to us so characteristic, and so spirited a

composition, that our readers shall have it. The billet was found by the Secretary at War on his table, after the loss of Minorca to the French, and is perfect of its kind.

SIR—I was a Lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I was a Lieutenant with General Blackney when he lost Minorca, for which he was made a Lord. I am a Lieutenant still.

Sir, &c. &c.

A. B.

AS I CAME DOWN THROUGH CANNOBIE,

AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

1.

As I came down through Cannobie,
Through Cannobie, through Cannobie,
The summer sun had shut his ee,
And loud a lass did sing O.
“Ye westlin winds, O! gently blow,
Ye seas soft as my wishes flow,
And merry may the shallop rowe,
That my true love sails in O.”

2.

“My love has breath like roses sweet,
Like roses sweet, like roses sweet,
And arms like lilies dipt in weet,
To fauld a maiden in O.
There’s not a wave that swells the sea,
But bears a prayer or wish frae me,
Oh! soon may I my true-love see,
An’ his bauld bands again O.”

3.

“My love he wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
A rose sae white, a heart sae true,
A dimple in his chin O.
He bears a blade his foes have felt,
And nobles at his nod have knelt;
My heart will break as well as melt,
Should he ne’er come again O.”

C.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PATRICK HENRY,

THE ORATOR OF VIRGINIA.

"Henry was the greatest orator that ever lived—he it was who gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution."—*Jefferson*.

ONE of the most extraordinary men, and perhaps one of the least known in Europe, who flourished in America during her revolutionary struggle, was the celebrated Patrick Henry. A revolution is naturally the parent of genius, confined, however, chiefly to the military profession. This is not surprising. There are so many incitements, and so many opportunities, both for signalizing and strengthening the warrior's talent, that it is almost impossible its possessor should either lie dormant or undistinguished. Besides, in military life the tedious preliminaries requisite in civil professions may be dispensed with, and genius and enterprise can soon master the difficulties which mere form flings in the way. Hence it is, that in every great national contest we see the chiefs of the army almost invariably springing from the very lowest to the highest stations, and taking by storm that glory and renown to which, under other circumstances, they would have looked only as a forlorn hope. Not so, however, is it with the eminences of civil life. A long and often painful probation is necessary to their attainment. The offices of state are to be acquired, and indeed sustained, only by ample preparation; distinction in the senate is the result of blended ability and acquirement; and musty records, and mountain tomes, are the uninviting steps which lead to the woollack. To all these rules, however, Henry was an exception. He was a phenomenon even in a revolution. While Washington, through toil, privation, and defeat, struggled into immortality; while Franklin, by persevering industry, schooled himself into the distinctions of philosophy and politics; America saw with wonder one of her untutored children rushing from the woods, in the hunter's garb, and with the peasant's manners; a foundling of liberty; a pupil of nature; without friend, or patron, or almost acquaintance, guiding her sages, awing

her aristocracy, heading her bar, spell-binding her senate, and irresistibly hurrying her charmed hemisphere to a premature and unhopedor emancipation! such a man was Patrick Henry: the growth of a century—a century, it may be, of revolutions.

He was born in Hanover county, in the colony of Virginia, on the 29th of May, 1736, of poor but respectable connexions. His father kept a sort of grammar school, where he was taught the rudiments of Latin, which, with some slight smattering of arithmetic, constituted the entire stock of his information. In his youth, and indeed during every period of his life, he was idleness personified. Restrained but little by his parents, he was almost continually in the forests chasing the deer, or stretched along the banks of some mountain lake intently watching the cork of his fishing-line. A love of solitude was his reigning passion, and even in the society of his schoolfellows he participated but little in the boisterous amusements of the vacation hour. Always thoughtful—always abstracted, he was still nevertheless an attentive observer of the passing scene; and when the crowd had separated of which he seemed to have formed but a heedless member, there was scarcely an observation worth recording which he could not repeat, or a remarkable character which he could not accurately delineate. Those personal sketches formed, it is said, a peculiar characteristic of his boyhood—they were the result of observation; and while they marked the sagacity of his mind, they were not inconsistent with the indolence of his habits. But to study of any kind he had an invincible aversion; and when he was not basking listlessly beneath the sunbeam, he was to be seen in the woods like one of their primeval inhabitants, as wild and as active as the animal he was chasing. Not one omen of his future greatness was dis-

coverable. His conversation was dull, his dress slovenly, his manner awkward, and his habits altogether such as shut out hope, even from the ever open heart of parental partiality. Who could have imagined that beneath this rude, uncouth, and unpromising exterior, a treasure lay concealed which was in after times to constitute at once the wealth and the ornament of his country!

His father had nine children; and at the age of fifteen, Patrick was placed behind a counter in a country village. At the end of a year, fancying himself an adept in his calling, he took a store, and in conjunction with a brother quite as indolent and as thriftless as himself, commenced business as a merchant. It seems scarcely necessary to add, that in a few months the establishment was dissolved, and in as many years the debts in which it had involved them were not entirely liquidated. During the short period of his commercial life, he is said to have almost forgotten its duties in a singular, and as it then appeared, a profitless occupation,—that of minutely examining the characters and dispositions of his different customers. To such a trait of character we should scarcely consider ourselves justified in adverting if it did not form a principal topic with all his biographers. These investigations he conducted with an address infinitely above his years. When he found his visitors inclined to talk before him unreservedly, he was all attention—not a remark escaped him—he listened to them in breathless silence. If, on the other hand, they manifested any reserve, he called forth all his energies to excite them; and by hypothetic cases drawn from his fancy, or real incidents drawn from his reading, he delighted to involve them in debate, and thus discover how different men would act in any given situation. By these means, he studiously initiated himself in the knowledge of human nature, and gained that first practical perception of character which afterwards enabled him to exercise an unrivalled mastery over the hearts of mankind.

Misfortunes seldom teach the children of genius prudence. At the age of eighteen, notwithstanding

the embarrassments in which his unfortunate commercial speculation had involved him, Henry married a Miss Shelton, the portionless daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood. With the assistance of their parents, however, they obtained a small farm, purchased two slaves, and assiduously applied themselves to pursuits which were necessary to their very subsistence. Upon this farm the future Cincinnatus of the senate was to be seen under a vertical sun, with his spade in his hand, digging a barren soil for scanty bread, embarrassed with debt, encumbered with a family, unknown to the world, and little dreaming of the important part he was soon to act upon its theatre. How involved and intricate are the mysteries of Providence! This humble peasant was, at no very distant time, to guide the distracted councils of his country, awaken energies of which she was unconscious, and shake a mighty monarch on his throne by the power of his eloquence!

The agricultural speculation turned out even still more ruinous than the commercial one; and at the end of two years it was relinquished altogether. In utter despair, Henry turned to merchandize again, and again became a bankrupt. This happened before he was four-and-twenty. It is impossible, perhaps, to imagine a situation much more deplorable than his was at that moment. With a wife and family, borne down by debts, having exhausted the repeated contributions of his friends, and without a single shilling in the world to avert the approach of famine! Such, without any hyperbole, was his melancholy situation. Yet, amid all these calamities, he never drooped; he seemed as if sustained by some internal power, and “neither, (says Mr. Jefferson who then became acquainted with him) in his conduct nor in his countenance, was there to be found any trace whatever of his misfortunes.” It is singular enough that, up to this period, no one ever suspected him of the extraordinary talent with which he was gifted; adversity itself seemed incapable of striking from him one spark of genius—he was looked upon as even less

than an ordinary man—as one, in short, who had attempted many things, and failed in all. In this desperate emergency, “the world was all before him, where to choose,” and he determined on an experiment, which, situated as he was, seemed to border upon madness. Incapable as a farmer, and incapable as a merchant, he became a candidate for the bar! Forbidding in his appearance, uncouth in his address, without one particle of legal knowledge, and with very little reading of any other kind, he presented himself on six weeks’ preparation before the three examiners, whose signatures are preliminary to a call in America. Two seem to have signed for him out of pure good-nature; with the third, Mr. John Randolph, he found considerable difficulty. Mr. Randolph, in addition to profound legal knowledge, was a very polished gentleman, and afterwards became King’s Attorney General for the colony. He revolted at the very appearance of the candidate, and absolutely refused even to examine him; this resolution, however, he abandoned on understanding that he had obtained the two previous signatures. In a very short time he discovered the rashness of his anticipations. Ignorant of every principle of common or municipal law, Henry astonished the examiner by the strength of his mind, the subtlety of his argument, and the splendour of his illustrations. “You defend your opinions well, Sir,” said Mr. Randolph; “but now to the law and the testimony;” hereupon, opening the authorities, he proceeded—“Behold the force of natural reason; you have evidently never seen these books nor this principle of the law; yet you are right and I am wrong; and from the lesson you have given me, you must excuse me for saying it, I will never trust to appearances again. Mr. Henry, if your industry be only half equal to your genius, I augur that you will do well, and prove an ornament and an honour to your profession.” Such was his introduction to the bar of Virginia!

It is not to be wondered at, that, profoundly ignorant as he was of even the elementary principles of his profession, unacquainted with the commonest form, and unable to draw the tritest plea, he should

have remained in obscurity for three years. During this, his family suffered the extreme of want. He was reduced to live in the house of his father-in-law, who kept a small tavern adjoining the County Court of Hanover; and occasionally, during the landlord’s absence, Henry fulfilled his duties, attended to the guests, and acted in the double capacity of host and waiter. About this time it was, that a dispute of a singular nature arose, between the American clergy and the parishioners, with respect to the commodity in which the former were to be paid their stipends. It is not necessary to enter into the minutiae of that dispute; suffice it to say, that some law objections taken by the clergy in its progress had been so fully sustained, that the question resolved itself into a mere calculation of damages; and the advocate retained for the parish, after various unsuccessful struggles, retired, disheartened, from the contest. In this dilemma Henry was applied to on the part of the people, and, as it appears, rather from necessity than choice. When the momentous day of trial arrived, the whole county of Hanover seemed to have assembled; it was, in fact, a case in which every one was interested. The first person whom the young advocate encountered in the court yard was his own uncle, a clergyman of the established church, who, as plaintiff in a similar cause, was personally interested against the success of his nephew. When Henry saw him, he candidly expressed his regret at the circumstance. “Why so,” said the uncle? “Because, Sir,” answered Henry, “you know that I have never yet spoken in public, and I fear that I shall be too much overawed by your presence to be able to do justice to my clients; besides, Sir, I shall be obliged to say some *hard things* of the clergy, and I am very unwilling to give pain to your feelings.” To this the uncle good-humouredly replied—“Why, Patrick, as to *your saying hard things* of the clergy, I advise you to let that alone; take my word for it, you will do yourself more harm than you will them; and as to my departure, I fear, my boy, that my presence could neither do you good nor harm in such a cause; however, since you seem to think otherwise, and to desire it so earnest-

ly, you shall be gratified," and so saying, he re-entered the carriage and departed.

The cause was soon after called on. Upon the bench sat upwards of twenty clergymen, the most able and learned men in the colony; and there also in some official situation sat his own father! Every nook of the Court-house was crowded, almost to suffocation, by an expectant, and in some degree an exasperated, multitude. The counsel for the clergy, in a succinct, unanswerable statement, opened their case. The moment now arrived when Patrick was for the first time to address a public audience. What a trial for any man! but, above all, for a father and a husband! Fame, fortune, life,—the existence even of his family, hung upon the effort. It is said of Lord Erskine, that on his debüt in the King's Bench, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just going to sit down—"At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

When Henry rose, nothing could have been more dispiriting to a client than his appearance—the few first sentences filled the people with consternation—he was all but contemptible—the clergy began to leer at each other across the bench—the unfortunate father hung down his head in hopeless dejection; and the uncouth-looking clown who claimed the public attention excited only surprise at his presumption, scarcely softened by pity for his infirmities. In a short time, however, how altered became the scene! As Henry warmed, he seemed to shed his nature—the rustic shell fell from him—his person seemed to undergo a mystical transformation—his mien became majestic—his eye flashed fire—the tones of his voice fell directly upon the heart, and he stood before his mute and vassal auditory, a creature of inspiration! The effect was incredible—appalled by the fury of one of his terrible invectives, the clergy fled affrighted from the bench; and the jury, obedient to his bidding, returned a verdict of one penny damages. The effect of the advocate died not with the hour: and even at

the present day, if a Virginian peasant wishes to praise an orator, the ne plus ultra of his panegyric is—"he is almost equal to Patrick when he pleaded against the parsons."

The fame of Henry soon spread throughout Virginia, and ensured him more than his share of the meagre practice which its courts were capable of affording. There was little wonder that he was hailed as a phenomenon. He was without any model, and he could have no imitator. To books he owed little—to cultivation, less—he was at once the child and the orator of nature. The people almost adored him, because they looked on him as one of themselves; and he, aware of the advantage which this prepossession gave him, endeavoured to foster it by every means in his power. He lived on the fare, affected the habits, spoke the dialect, sought the familiarity, and for ever after submissively bowed to "the majesty of the people." This policy resulted from an instinctive shrewdness. Conscious of his powers, he doubtless felt that the political convulsions which then began to agitate his country must one day call them into action; he was aware too that a selfish and jealous aristocracy would naturally spurn the intrusion of a peasant upon their hereditary precincts, and he worshipped the multitude, to whom alone he looked for support and distinction. To his honour, it should be added, that in after life, when fame elated, and prosperity raised him, he never forgot the patrons of his early fortunes, but died, as he had lived, *one of the people*.

Soon after his success in the "parsons' cause," he removed to Louisa county, at the bar of which he pursued his practice. His old habits, however, appear to have clung closely to him; after his removal, he frequently hunted the deer for several days together, carrying his provision along with him, and at night sleeping in the woods! "After the hunt was over (say his biographers), he would go from the ground to Louisa court, clad in a coarse cloth coat stained with all the trophies of the chase, greasy leather breeches ornamented in the same way, leggings for boots, and a pair of saddle bags on his arm. Thus accoutred, he would enter the

court-house, take up the first of his causes which happened to be called, and, if there was any scope for his peculiar talent, astonish every one by the effusions of his natural eloquence." There appears to have been some charm about him which overcame every difficulty, and captivated irresistibly all who heard him. "I could, (said one of the judges of the district court in which he practised) I could write a letter, or draw a plea or declaration, at the bar with as much accuracy as in my office, under all circumstances, except when Patrick was speaking; but whenever he rose, although it might be on so trifling a subject as a summons and petition for twenty shillings, I was obliged to lay down my pen, and could not write another syllable until the speech was finished." Such a tribute is worth a whole volume of commentary. Nor does it appear either preposterous in itself, or the result of any undue partiality. Every account which has come to us of this extraordinary man, concurs in stating, that his power over an audience was almost despotic—the magic lay in his tones and emphasis, which they say "struck upon the ear and upon the heart, in a way *which language cannot tell.*"

Our limits will not allow us to follow Mr. Henry through his preliminary progress at the bar, although many of the cases in which he distinguished himself possess considerable interest. But a period had now arrived which raised him to an eminence unattainable by the most brilliant professional exertions. The applause of judges, the dominion over juries, the extravagant verdict, and the enthusiastic auditory, all dwindle into comparative insignificance. The day was come, when the peasant of Virginia was to inscribe his name upon the page of immortality—was to enroll himself amongst the men upon whose memory the future children of America will dwell with rapture, as the founders of their nation's greatness—the day-beams of its glory. In order, however, justly to appreciate his exertions, it is necessary to take a short retrospect of the political situation of his country, when she called him to her councils. In March, 1764, the British parliament passed

resolutions preparatory to the celebrated and ill-omened Stamp Act. These resolutions were communicated to the House of Burgesses in Virginia, by their local colonial agent, and the result was, an address to the King, a memorial to the House of Lords, and a remonstrance to the Commons. The tone of these papers is, however, sufficiently submissive. They speak the language of men rather anxious to avert a calamity, than conscious of the ability to contend with it. But all entreaty was in vain—fancied Might seemed to constitute Right with the statesmen of that day in England; and, in January, 1765, the Stamp Act received the royal assent, to take effect in the colonies on the November following. The announcement of this intelligence seemed at first to paralyze America. The timid gave themselves up to despair, and even the bravest seemed to consider resistance as a thing not to be dreamed of. The scanty population of the colonies formed of itself an insurmountable impediment; and that this was the opinion of some of the boldest and wisest of their republicans is apparent from the address of Dr. Franklin to Mr. Ingersoll, about that time, on his return to America. "Go home," said he, "and tell your countrymen to get children as fast as they can." Many, it is true, were sullen enough, and willing to resist, if possible; but even to these there appeared no alternative but death or slavery. At this critical juncture, Henry was elected member of the Virginian Colonial Legislature, for the county of Louisa. The writ of election is dated May 1, 1765. The first question upon which he spoke was against the creation of a local job, in which he succeeded against the indignant union of the entire aristocracy. This, of course, excited on their parts a bitter spirit of exasperation against him. It was natural enough. Those who had been accustomed to consider themselves as the hereditary rulers of the colony could ill brook the intrusion of a mere peasant; and the consequence was, as in all such cases, a lavish expenditure on their part of the epithets, "malcontent, demagogue, and declaimer." On the other hand, however, he was loudly claim-

ed by the people as their champion, each of whom contemplating the triumph, as it were, of one of themselves, felt as if he had acquired an individual importance. Amid these contentions, he seems to have hung back modestly enough for some time on the subject of the Stamp Act; to oppose the execution of which, he had expressly been elected. What his motives for this were, it is now impossible to discover; but it is not unlikely, that, aware of his own comparative unimportance, he awaited the signal from some leader of greater experience and authority. Having waited, however, in vain, till within three days of the close of the session, he then at length came forward with his far-famed resolutions. Their bold and decided tone struck a panic into the aristocracy. They directly accused the King, Lords, and Commons, of Great Britain, of tyranny and despotism. Little is it to be wondered at, therefore, that he was opposed, not only by the advocates of the mother country, and the friends of the existing establishments, but even by many prudent men, who afterwards evinced the most intrepid patriotism. But Henry's eloquence bore down all opposition; and by a majority of ONE he carried the resolution, which, in fact, founded the independence of America. The resolutions embraced by his motion were five in number; the last and strongest of which was as follows. "Resolved, therefore, that the general assembly of this colony have the sole right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony; and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons whatsoever, other than the general assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom." This single sentence, in fact, involved the entire principle of the subsequent struggle. The following is a brief but interesting account, as given by Mr. Jefferson, of this momentous experiment. "Mr. Henry moved, and Mr. Johnston seconded, these resolutions successively. They were opposed by all the old members, whose influence in the house had, till then, been unbroken. But torrents of sublime eloquence from Henry, backed by the solid reasoning

of Johnston, prevailed. The last, however, and strongest resolution was carried but by a single vote. The debate on it was most bloody. I was then but a student, and stood at the door of communication between the house and the lobby, during the whole debate; and I well remember, that after the numbers on the division were told and declared from the chair, Peyton Randolph, the attorney general, came out at the door where I was standing, and said, as he entered the lobby, 'By G— I would have given 500 guineas for a single vote;' for one vote would have divided the house; and the chairman, he knew, would have negatived the resolution. Mr. Henry left town that night."

It is a singular fact, that he had previously shown these resolutions to only two persons. They were instantly adopted by all the colonial legislatures, and spread the flame of liberty over the whole Continent. On Henry's death, a paper was found in his hand-writing, sealed up, and thus indorsed: "Inclosed are the resolutions of the Virginia assembly in 1765, concerning the Stamp Act. Let my executors open this paper." On the back of this document, containing the resolutions, there is the following simple statement of this transaction, also in the hand-writing of their author. "The within resolutions passed the House of Burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the Stamp Act, and the scheme of taxing America by the British parliament. All the colonies, either through fear, or want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a Burgess a few days before, was young and inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the house, and the members that composed it. Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture; and alone, unadvised and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law book wrote the within. Upon offering them to the house, violent debates ensued. Many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast on me by the party for submission. After a long

and warm contest, the resolutions passed by a very small majority, perhaps of one or two only. The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness, and the ministerial party were overwhelmed. The great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established in the colonies. This brought on the war which finally separated the two countries, and gave independence to ours. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse, will depend upon the use our people make of the blessings which a gracious God hath bestowed on us. If they are wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable—righteousness alone can exalt them as a nation. Reader—whenever thou art, remember this; and in thy sphere, practise virtue thyself, and encourage it in others. P. HENRY." Such is the plain and modest account given by Henry, of one of the most interesting events perhaps in the annals of our history. The tradition of his eloquence on this occasion, and of the effect which it produced on the assembly, is unfortunately all that has come down to us. There does not appear to have been a single record of the debate preserved. The following anecdote, however, given on the authority of one of the assembly, may afford some idea of the intrepid self-possession for which he was distinguished. In the very fury and whirlwind of his invective against Great Britain, he exclaimed: "Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—" ("Treason," exclaimed the speaker—"treason, treason," echoed from every corner of the house.) "Yes," (said Henry, never faltering for a moment, and fixing an eye of fire upon the speaker) "and George the Third—*may profit by their example—if this be treason, make the most of it.*" Such an incident strikes upon the mind at once; but in order to appreciate it justly, we must transport ourselves into Henry's situation, alone in an assembly, one third of whom were his determined enemies, and at a time when the scales were suspended between thralldom and emancipation. The effect was electric—every hour it gathered strength, and at length, when November ar-

rived, in which month, according to its provisions, the Stamp Act was to be put in force, England might as easily, with an infant's hand, have attempted to roll back the torrent of Niagara.

It would be quite beside our purpose in this place to record the system of irritation on the one hand, and of resistance on the other, by which the dismemberment of the British empire was laboriously accomplished. Throughout the whole of the contest, Henry was determined and consistent. Indeed, he seems at once to have seen the struggle in its advent and its conclusion. It is recorded of him, on living authority not to be doubted, that before one drop of blood was shed, being in company at a Colonel Overton's, he was asked by his host whether he thought Great Britain would drive her colonies to extremities? "Yes," said he, "she will drive us to extremities—no accommodation will take place—hostilities will soon commence, and a desperate and bloody touch it will be!" "But," replied Colonel Overton, "do you think, Mr. Henry, that an infant nation as we are, without discipline, arms, ammunition, ships of war, or money to procure them—do you think it possible, thus circumstanced, to oppose successfully the fleets and armies of Great Britain?" "I will be candid with you," said Henry; "I doubt whether we shall be able *alone* to cope with so powerful a nation. But, (continued he, rising from his chair with great animation) "where is France? Where is Spain? Where is Holland? The natural enemies of Great Britain—where will they be all this while? Do you suppose that they will stand by idle and indifferent spectators of the contest? Will Louis the Sixteenth be asleep all this time? Believe me, no—when he shall be satisfied by our serious opposition, and *our declaration of independence*, that all prospect of reconciliation is gone, then, and not till then, will he furnish us with arms, ammunition, and clothing; and not with these only, but he will send his fleets and armies to fight our battles for us; he will form with us a treaty, offensive and defensive, against our unnatural mother. Spain and Holland will join the confederation, independence will

be established, and we shall take our stand among the nations of the earth." The narrator goes on to say, that the whole company startled at the mention of independence—it was the first time the idea had been even suggested,—but the manner with which Henry uttered it had all the fervour of the prophet, and events soon arose which almost gave him a claim to the character.

Not long after this, in consequence of the destruction of a cargo of tea by the people of Boston, which was attempted to be forced on them by the British parliament, a meeting took place of various colonial legislatures, which terminated in the grand continental congress at Philadelphia, on September 4, 1774. This assembly closed its first session in the October following, with a spirited address to the King, and one also to the people of North America. On Henry's return to his native state, he gave another instance of his great foresight and discrimination of character. Being naturally interrogated by his countrymen as to the talents of the different members of the Congress, he replied: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, *Colonel Washington is by far the greatest man on that floor!*" At this time, to a mere common observer, Washington was remarkable for little, except a natural modesty, almost amounting to bashfulness.* It is unnecessary to say how soon and how fully this opinion was verified.

The colonial legislature of Virginia now met again, and here Henry vigorously followed up the blow, which in the same assembly he had before struck in the cause of national independence. Although no war proclamation had actually issued from Great Britain, still, ever since the convulsion at Boston, she

had been silently collecting troops on the northern coast of America. This was enough for Henry—his suspicions took the alarm, and he actually proposed the armed organization of the colony! This was a decisive proposition, and so he seems to have felt it. In reply to all the arguments of the prudent, the timid, the interested, and the loyal, he thundered forth a speech which seems to have produced upon America the same effect which that of Demosthenes did upon the Athenians; "Let us march against Philip—let us conquer or die." As this speech exemplified strongly his intrepidity as a patriot, and his general style as an orator, we need make little apology, either to the lover of eloquence or of liberty, for the following extract. Those who peruse it, however, must recollect the time at which it was delivered, and the circumstances which gave rise to it. The storm which he foresaw, and against which he thus prophetically warns his country, was as yet only "a distant speck in the horizon."

Sir (said he), it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. But is this the part of wise men, engaged in a struggle for liberty? For myself, I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and judging by the past, what has there been in the conduct of the British for these ten years past to justify the hopes in which some gentlemen are indulging? Is it that gracious smile with which our late petition has been received? Trust it not, Sir. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to

* As a proof of this, the following anecdote is related of Washington. When he had closed his career in the French and India war, and was elected a member of the house of Burgesses, the Speaker communicated to him a resolution of thanks voted by the house, and accompanied it by a warm and flattering eulogium. When Washington rose to acknowledge it, he was so overcome that he could not articulate—he blushed, stammered, and evinced such helpless embarrassment, that the Speaker, with a look of great kindness, said to him, "Sit down, Mr. Washington—your modesty is equal to your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

call for this accumulation of armies and of navies? No—she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have so long been forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, and all has been in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms can we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves any longer. We have done every thing which could be done to avert the storm which is coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and the parliament. Our petitions have been slighted—our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult—our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain after these things may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—*we must fight!*—I repeat it, Sir—*we must fight!*—an appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us. They tell us that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

But we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery—our chains are forged—their clanking may be heard upon the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come. It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace. But there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery! Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me—(cried he, his arms raised aloft, his brow knit, and his whole frame as if on fire with the enthusiasm which inflamed him) give me liberty or give me death!

The appeal was decisive—his proposal was carried in despite of all opposition, and the House of Burgesses adjourned to a particular day, amid the shouts of the Virginians and the impotent denunciations of Lord Dunmore, their Governor. Indeed it is almost impossible, even in this country, and at this distance of time, to read this speech in the closet, without feeling the force of its reasoning, and the sublime intrepidity of its enthusiasm. What must it not have done then in such an assembly, aided by a delivery which is described as almost miraculous. The members are represented as having remained in a sort of trance for some moments after he had ceased, which was followed by an involuntary echo of his last words—“Liberty or Death!”

We find it quite impossible to do justice to this interesting subject within the limits of a single article; and we must, although reluctantly, defer the remainder until our next number. It still remains to exhibit Henry in a new character; to shew him fertile in resources and vigorous in enterprise; to complete our view of his senatorial and forensic course; and to describe the closing scenes of his active and honourable life.

THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.

Scheherazade immediately began the following story.

I.

ALI Ben Ali* (did you never read
His wond'rous acts that chronicles relate,—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed!
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

II.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother
And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within *harm's* length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shorten'd the Moon's days.

III.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,†
Made Ali wicked—to a fault:—'tis fit
Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had
No curb upon his will—no, not a *bit*—
Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd,

IV.

Until he got a *sage*-bush of a beard,
Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,
Grew downward like old women and cow's tail,
Being a sign of age—some grey appear'd,
Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale;
But yet, not so poetic as when Time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

V.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
His royal bosom that he had no son,
No living child of the more noble sex‡
To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
When he was gone—doom'd when his days were done
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

* Surnamed Brother of the Sun and Moon.

† This is better than "power that makes weak men wicked, makes wicked men mad."
(See *Preface to the Expedition of Orsua, and the Crimes of Aguirre*, by Mr. Southey.)

‡ The ladies may complain here, that they ought to be the distinguished sex; but in truth they are not so entitled. They must all have heard, fond as they are of China, of mandarines, but who ever heard of *womandarines*?

VI.

He knew that man with many years must fail,
 And turn old woman, though he still should wear
 Breeches like coats,* and totter in proof-male;
 That he himself might be of those that are
 Childish, without a child,—though *they* entail
 Their likeness on the world, 'tis but an heir
 "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,"
 Such as Republicans do choose their king.†

VII.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
 Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;
 So call'd, because her lustrous eyes, above
 All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;
 Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
 And drumm'd with proxy prayers Mohammed's ear:
 Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
 Or else he was not praying to his *Profit*.

VIII.

Beer will grow *motherly*, and ladies fair
 Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed dame:
 Ben Ali hoping for a son and heir,
 Boy'd up his hopes, and even chose a name
 Of mighty hero that his child should bear;
 He made so *certain* ere his chicken came:—
 But oh! all worldly wit is little worth,
 Nor knoweth what to-morrow may bring forth!

IX.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
 A little daughter to this world of sins,—
 Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
 Brought on another, like a pair of twins:
 Twins! female twins!—it was enough to stun
 Their little wits and scare them from their skins
 To hear their father stamp, and curse, and swear,
 Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

X.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
 This his paternal rage, and thus addrest:
 "O! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
 And box the compass of thy royal chest?
 Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
 I love to gaze on!—Prythee, thou hadst best
 Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
 Your beard you'll want a wig upon your chin!"

XI.

But not her words, nor e'en her tears, could slack
 The quicklime of his rage that hotter grew:
 He call'd his slaves to bring an ample sack
 Wherein a woman might be *poked*—a few
 Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
 At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
 When any dared demur, his sword so bending
 Cut off the "head and front of their offending."

* George Fox, in "The Fashions of this World made manifest," says, "and further to get breeches like a coat." He can mean nothing else but a petticoat.

† *Printer's Devil*. What does the author mean here? *Author*. Nothing.

XII.

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
 A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
 The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf
 Were stuck at his *head-quarters* by the score—
 Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
 But jested with it, and his wit cut sore ;
 So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
 He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

XIII.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
 Came with the sack the lady to enclose ;
 In vain from her stag-eyes " the big round tears
 Coursed one another down her innocent nose ;"
 In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears ;
 Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
 Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
 Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

XIV.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
 Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
 To a kind of Moorish Serpentine ; for she
 Was doom'd to have a *winding sheet of water*.
 Then farewell earth—farewell to the green tree—
 Farewell the sun—the moon—each little daughter!
 She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
 Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

XV.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full fill'd
 All that the waters oped, as down it fell ;
 Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
 A ring above her like a water knell ;
 A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
 And not a guilty heave was left to tell
 That underneath its calm and blue transparence
 A dame lay drowned in her sack * like Clarence.

XVI.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,—
 The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
 Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor—
 The lady's natal star with pale affright
 Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
 Turn'd comets as the *tale* was brought to light ;
 And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
 And made their own reflections on her grave.

XVII.

Next night a head—a little lady head,
 Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
 With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
 Comb'd by 'live ivory, to show the space
 Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
 A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
 Over their sleepy lids—and so she raised
 Her *aqualine* nose above the stream, and gazed.

* The author is wrong here : Clarence was not drowned in Sack, but in a butt of Malmsbury.—*A True Critic*.

XVIII.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
 So pale it seem'd near drowned to a white,—
 She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
 Of music bubbling through the surface light;
 The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
 To listen to the air—and through the night
 There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
 Sobbing as they would break their hearts with pity.

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

1.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
 The child that she wetnursed is lapp'd in the wave;
 The *Mussulman* coming to fish in this water
 Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

2.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
 This greyish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall;
 And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
 Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

3.

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
 My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
 She's a corpse, poor body! and lies in this basin,
 And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

INCOG.

FINE ARTS—EDINBURGH.

WILLIAMS'S VIEWS IN GREECE, &c.

THERE has been lately exhibited at the Calton Convening room, Edinburgh, a collection of views in Greece, Italy, Sicily, and the Ionian Isles, painted in water colours by Mr. Hugh Williams, a native of Scotland, which themselves do honour to the talents of the artist, as the attention they have excited does to the taste of the northern capital. It is well; for the exhibition in that town of the works of living artists (to answer to our Somerset House exhibition) required some set-off. Mr. Williams has made the *amende honorable*, for his country, to the offended genius of art, and has stretched out under the far-famed Calton Hill, and in the eye of Arthur's Seat, fairy visions of the fair land of Greece, that Edinburgh belles and beaux repair to see with cautious

wonder and well-regulated delight. It is really a most agreeable novelty to the passing visitant, to see the beauty of the North, the radiant beauty of the North, enveloped in such an atmosphere, and set off by such a back-ground. Oriental skies pour their molten lustre on Caledonian charms. The slender, lovely, taper waist (made more taper, more lovely, more slender by the stay-maker), instead of being cut in two by the keen blasts that rage in Prince's street, is here supported by warm languid airs, and a thousand sighs, that breathe from the vale of Tempe. Do not those fair tresses look brighter as they are seen hanging over a hill in Arcadia, than when they come in contact with the hard grey rock of the castle? Do not those fair blue eyes look more trans-

lucent as they glance over some classic stream? What can vie with that alabaster skin but marble temples, dedicated to the Queen of Love? What can match those golden freckles but glittering sun-sets behind Mount Olympus? Here, in one corner of the room, stands the Hill of the Muses, and there is a group of Graces under it! There played the NINE on immortal lyres, and here sit the critical but admiring Scottish fair, with the catalogue in their hands, reading the quotations from Lord Byron's verses with liquid eyes, and lovely vermilion lips—would that they spoke English, or any thing but Scotch!—Poor is this irony! Vain the attempt to reconcile Scottish figures with Attic scenery! What land can rival Greece? What earthly flowers can compare with the colours in the sky? What living beauty can recall the dead? For in that word, GREECE, there breathe three thousand years of fame that has no date to come! Over that land hovers a light, brighter than that of suns, softer than that which vernal skies shed on halcyon seas, the light that rises from the tomb of virtue, genius, liberty! Oh! thou Uranian Venus, thou that never art, but wast and art to be; thou that the eye sees not, but that livest for ever in the heart; thou whom men believe and know to be, for thou dwellest in the desires and longings, and hunger of the mind; thou that art a Goddess, and we thy worshippers, say dost thou not smile for ever on this land of Greece, and shed thy purple light over it, and blend thy choicest blandishments with its magic name? But here (in the Calton Convening room, in Waterloo Place, close under the Melville monument—strange contradiction!) another Greece grows on the walls—other skies are to be seen, ancient temples rise, and modern Grecian ladies walk. Here towers Mount Olympus, where Gods once sat—that is the top of a hill in Arcadia—(who would think that the eyes would ever behold a form so visionary, that they would ever see an image of that, which seems only a delicious vanished sound?) this is Corinth—that is the Parthenon—there stands Thebes in Bœotia—that is the Plain of Plataea,—yonder is the city of Syracuse, and the Temple of Mi-

nerva Sunias, and there the scite of the gardens of Alcinous.

Close to the gate a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended, and inclement skies;
Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful
mould,

The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'er-
flows,

With deeper red the full pomegranate
glows;

The branch here bends beneath the weighty
pear,

And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale

Eternal breathes on fruits, untaught to fail;
The same mild season gives the blooms to
blow,

The buds to harden, and the fruit to grow.

This is Pope's description of them in the *Odyssey*, which (we must say) is very bad, and if Mr. Williams had not given us a more distinct idea of the places he professes to describe, we should not have gone out of our way to notice them. As works of art, these water-colour drawings deserve very high praise. The drawing is correct and characteristic: the colouring chaste, rich, and peculiar; the finishing generally careful; and the selection of points of view striking and picturesque. We have at once an impressive and satisfactory idea of the country of which we have heard so much; and wish to visit places which, it seems from this representation of them, would not bely all that we have heard. Some splenetic travellers have pretended that Attica was dry, flat, and barren. But it is not so in Mr. Williams's authentic draughts; and we thank him for restoring to us our old, and, as it appears, true illusion—for crowning that Elysium of our school-boy fancies with majestic hills, and scooping it into lovely winding valleys once more. Lord Byron is, we believe, among those who have spoken ill of Greece, calling it a "sand-bank," or something of that sort. Every ill-natured traveller ought to hold a pencil as well as a pen in his hand, and be forced to produce a sketch of his own lie. As to the subjects of Mr. Williams's pencil, nothing can exceed the local interest that belongs to them, and which he has done nothing, either through injudicious selection, or negligent execution, to diminish. Quere-

Is not this interest as great in London as it is in Edinburgh? In other words, we mean to ask, whether this exhibition would not answer well in London?
W. H.

N. B. There are a number of other very interesting sketches interspersed, and some very pleasing *home* views, which seem to show that nature is every where herself.

MR. MARTIN'S PICTURES AND THE BONASSUS.

A Letter from Mrs. Winifred Lloyd, to her Friend Mrs. Price, at the Parsonage-house at ———, in Monmouthshire.

MY DEAR MRS. PRICE,—This is to let you know that me and Becky and little Humphry are safe arrived in London where we have been since Monday. My darter is quite enchanted with the metropolus and longs to be intraduced to its satiety which please God she shall be as soon as things are ready to make her debutt in. It is high time now she should be brought into the world being twenty years old cum Midsummer and very big for her size. You knows, Mrs. Price, that with her figure and accomplishments she was quite berried in Wales but I hopes when the country is scowered off she will shine as bright as the best, and make a rare havoc among the mail sex. She has larned the pinaforte and to draw, and does flowers and shells, as Mr. Owen says, to a mirikle, for I spares no munny on her to make her fit for any gentleman's wife, when he shall please to ax her. I took her the other day to the Bullock's museum to see Mr. Martin's expedition of picters because she has such a pretty notion of painting herself, and a very nice site it was, thof it cost half a crown. I tried to get the children in for half-price but the man said that Becky was a full-grown lady and so she is sure enuff, so I could only beat him down to take a sixpence off little Humphry.

The picters are hung in a parler up stairs (Becky calls it a drawing room) and you see about a dozen for your munny, which brings it to about a penny a piece and that is not dear. The first on the left hand as you go in and on the right coming out is called Revenge. It reperesents a man and woman with a fire breaking out

at their backs—Becky thought it was the fire of London—but the show gentleman said it was Troy that was burned out of revenge, so that was a very good thought to paint. Then there was Bellshazzer's Feast as you read of it in the Bible with Daniel interrupting the handwritting on the wall.—with the cunning men and the king and all the nobility. Becky said she never saw such bewtiful painting, and sure enuff they were the finest cullers I ever set eyes on, blews and pinks and purples and greens all as bright as fresh sattin and velvet and no doubt they had court sutes all span new for the banket. As for Humphry there was no getting him from a picter of the Welsh Bard, because he knew the ballad about it and saw the whole core of Captain Edwards's sogers coming down the hill with their waggin train and all, quite natural. To be sure their cullers were very bewtiful, but there was so many mountings piled atop of one another, and some going out of sight into heaven that it made my neck ake to look after them. Next to that there was a storm in Babylon* but not half so well painted, Becky said, as the rest. There was none hardly of those smart bright cullers, only a bunch of flowers in a garden that Becky said would look bewtiful on a chaney teacup. Howsomever some gentlemen looked at it a long while and called it clever and said they prefeared his architecter work to his painting and he makes very handsome bildings for sartain. They said too that this picter was quieter than all the rest but how that can be God he knows for I could not hear

* The storming of Babylon: Mrs. Lloyd must have got her Catalogue by hearsay.

a pin's difference betwixt them—and besides, that it was in better keeping which I suppose means it is sold to a Lord—The next was only a lady very well dressed a walking in a landskip, but oh Mrs. Price how shall I tell you about the burning of Herculeum! Becky said it put her in mind of what is written in the Revelations, about the sky being turned to blood, and indeed it seemed to take all the culler out of her face when she looked at it. It looked as if all the world was going to be burnt to death with a shower of live coals!—Oh dear! to see the poor things running about in sich an earthquack as threw the pillers off their legs! and all the men of war in distress, beating their bottoms and going to rack and ruin in the arbour! It is a shocking site to see only in a picter, with so many people in silks and sattins and velvets having their things so scorched and burnt into holes! Oh Mrs. Price! what a Providence we was not born in Vesuvus, and there are no burning mountings in Wales!—Only think to be holding our sheelds over our heads to keep off the hot sinders and almost suffercated to death with brimstum. It puts one in a shiver to think of it.

There is another picter of a burning mounting with Zadok† hanging upon a rock—Becky knows the story and shall tell it you—but it looked nothing after the other, though the eriketal gentlemen you knows of, said it was a much better painting. But there is no saying for people's tastes as Mr. Owen says, the world does not dine upon one dinner—but I have forgot one more and that is Mac Beth and the three Whiches, with such a rigiment of Hilanders that I wonder how they got into one picter. Becky says the band ought to be playing bag Pipes instead of kittle drums, but no doubt Mr. Martin knows better than Becky, and I am sure from what I have heard in the North that either kittles or drums would sound better than bag Pipes.

We are going tomorrow to the

play and any other sites we may see you shall hear. Till then give my respective complements to Mr. Price with a kiss from Becky and Humphry and remane

Your faithful humble sarvant

WINIFRED LLOYD.

P. S. I forgot to say that after we had seen Mr. Martins expedition, we went from the Bullock's to the Bonassus, as it is but a step from wan to the other. The man says it is a perfect picter, and so it is, for sartain, and ought to be painted. It is like a bull, only quite different, and cums from the Appellation Mountings. My Humphry thought it must have been catcht in a pound and I wondered the child could make sich a nateral idear, but he is a sweet boy, and very foreward in his larning. He was eyely delited at the site you may be sure but Becky being timor-some shut her eyes all the time she was seeing it. But saving his pushing now and then, the anymil is no ways veracious and eats nothing but vegeatables. The man showed us some outlandish sort of pees that it lives upon but he give it two hole pales of rare carrots besides. It must be a handsom customer to the green Grocer and a pretty penny I warrant it costs for vittles. But it is a wonderfull work of natur, and ought to make man look to his ways as Mr. Lloyd says. Which of our infiddles could make a Bonassus, let them tell me that Mrs. Price! I would have carried him home in my eye to describe to you & Mr. Price, but we met Mrs. Striker the butcher's lady and she drove him quite out of my head. Howsomever as you likes curosities, I shall send his playbill that knows more about him than I do, though there's nothing like seeing him with wan's own eyes. I think if the man would take him down to Monmouth in a carryvan he would get a good many hapence by showing him. Till then I remane once more

Your faithful humble sarvant

WINIFRED LLOYD.

* Mrs. Lloyd means Sadak, in the Tales of the Genii.

THE FIRST CANTO OF RICCIARDETTO:

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF FORTEGUERRI,

By Sylvester (Douglas), Lord Glenbervie.*

RICCIARDETTO is an amusing burlesque of the chivalrous poetical romance. It bears, probably, much the same relation to the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, as Sir Launcelot Greaves does to Don Quixote. Forteguerra (called also by the affected Greek parody of *Carteromaco*) reversed the experiment of Gay,—who stumbled on genuine pastorals, while aiming at comic travesties,—and found himself betrayed into parody, while professedly exemplifying the facility of the romantic epopœa. He received from nature an invincible disposition to pleasantry; of which his unsparing abuse of priests, while himself secretary to the Propaganda, is a standing proof. The ambition of coping with the serious poets, which acted as the original impulse to the creation of this poem, occasionally breaks out in sallies of poetic fancy, such as we meet with in the better parts of Lord Byron's *Juan*; the hint of which (to say no more) was clearly taken from Ricciardetto.—There are some very pretty tales, which, if they have not all the poetical sentiment of Ariosto, are very similar to those of Boyardo, in the *Amorato*. The introductions, or openings, to the cantos, are evident imitations of Berni's *Refaccimento* of Ariosto; and not unlike the style of the *Malmantile* of Lippi. There are, however, in Forteguerra, more boldness and less delicacy. He says all that he means to say. Berni always leads us to suspect that he means more than he says, and sometimes the contrary to what the words imply. Forteguerra descends frequently into broad farce, and not seldom into the extreme of vulgarity: there is little of that genteel, refined wit, so conspicuous in Berni. In Ricciardetto we meet with the characters of Ariosto and Boyardo not always placed in the most honourable situations. Forteguerra turns them occasionally into cooks and stable-boys, and gives them many a drubbing from vulgar hands. But

the hero of his burlesque is poor Ferrau; whom he takes a peculiar pleasure in persecuting. He certainly keeps up this character throughout with great spirit. The meeting in the cell between Rinaldo and Ferrau turned hermit, in the second canto, bears so minute a resemblance to that of Richard Lion-heart and Friar Tuck in *Ivanhoe*, as to preclude the idea of mere coincidence. The readers of the novel will at once perceive this, from an extract which we shall give in the version of Mr. Merivale, cant. 2, stanzas 23 and 199:

“But tell me,” said the knight, half choaked with laughter—

“What cause has worked this wonderful conversion?”

What game was up?—what mischief were you after

When you sustain'd this sudden soul's immersion?

And last, what makes you exercise your craft here,

Mid wilds untrod by Jew, Moor, Turk, or Persian?”

“The tale is long,” return'd the white-wash'd sinner;

“If so,” rejoin'd the knight, “let's first have dinner.”

Ferrau replied, “dark is my chimney-nook—

No wasting there, no baking, boiling, stewing;

I save myself the charges of a cook,

And pay with present fasting past misdoing;

But, if for once, Rinaldo, you can brook

To taste the frugal life I'm now pursuing,
You'll find dried figs and raisins in yon coffer—

My winter-hoard,—I've nothing else to offer.”

Rejoin'd the knight, “sith 'twill no better be,

Whate'er you can bestow I'll freely eat;
Hunger devours stone walls—'tis so with me—”

And therewith at the table took his seat:
The holy friar said “Benedicite:”

Rinaldo never stayed to carve his meat,
But bolted it; nor did he once give o'er
Till he'd demolish'd all the winter store.”

* Murray, 1822.

Perhaps the humour of the scene is not improved by the novelist (except in the article of the dried pease, and the grimace with which they are swallowed), but the repast undoubtedly is: since Friar Tuck, at length feeling his bowels relent, and his hypocrisy give way, produces, before the enlarging eyes of his guest, a miraculous supply of red-deer pasty.

As the two translators present themselves in unavoidable juxtaposition, we shall say a few words of the one just quoted, who preceded the subject of our article, in a version of the two first cantos. The rival translations bear but little resemblance to each other. Lord Glenbervie's is (we whisper it in confidence) a little heavy. His predecessor is impertinently flippant; fond of quaint rhymes, which do not appear to arise out of the natural diction, but are strained and laboured to set off the skill of the translator in this kind of knick-knackery. This is not the case with Lord Byron's imitation of the *ottava rima* in his poem of Beppo, nor in Mr. Frere's Whistlecraft; which latter it seems to have been the aim of Mr. Merivale to imitate or rival; *sed longo intervallo*. We take, at random, a few specimens of complete failures in this way; to say nothing of the unwarrantable liberties taken with the author, and the vile taste of foisting English allusions into the poem.

Such only as confirm'd them that the prince
lay
Somewhere or other hid in the *Penins'la*.

Who with this very nut work'd such a
change,

That from a shadow, or the merest
atomy,
She suddenly (which people thought right
strange)

Became almost a subject for phlebotomy:
The old man said, he got it in exchange
One day from a fair nymph of Mesopotamy,

For pedlar's wares—(this old man was a
Persian,
And dull as Wordsworth's pedlar in th'
"Excursion.")

And ere he could say, "to my mistress
give it,"
Cool'd down his passions like a song by
Knyvett.

And when he woke, all other things forgotten,
"Up, up," he cried, "and seek the Count,
'od rot'en."

Astolpho staring broad, like one just
waking,

Cried, "damn her! what's our hostess
to the county?"

The merit of the translator in these elegant *facetiæ*, is entirely his own.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that this is erring on the right side. Where it is a question of the mock-heroic or comic romance, flippancy may offend, but prosiness is intolerable. We know nothing in the annals of heavy facetiousness so remarkable as the following stanza of his lordship (and it is a tolerably fair specimen of the general manner of execution); unless it be the incident of the German, who broke his shins in jumping over the chairs of his apartment, by way of serving an apprenticeship to gaiety.

The poor innamorato, thus forsaken,

Retired not till compell'd by his com-
peers;

Then struggles with his trusty blade to
break in

To his uncover'd breast, and, bathed in
tears,

To send his heart to Stella; but his bacon
Is timely saved, for now the drug ap-
pears

Doing good work; else had he slain in
madness

Himself and friends, and fill'd all France
with sadness.

The following is more determinately and desperately humorous; but we think the effect still hard and heavy. A low or familiar expression is introduced here and there, with the evident study to appear volatile; but there is, notwithstanding, an invincible ponderous gravity in the expression as well as in the rhythm:

With this he catches up a piece of a stick,
And says, "your folly shall have this
reward:"

Then brandishes the same with air gym-
nastic;

Rinaldo on his knees solicits hard
For pardon, in a whining strain bom-
bastic;

Mine host does this as cowardice regard
And hits him on the nob: the knight grows
furious,

And takes him by both legs in mode most
curious.

The most remarkable point of comparison between the two translators seems, after all, to be the respective size of the books. We are involuntarily reminded of an epigram designed as a retort on a satirical frontispiece to a periodical paper set on foot by the youths of Westminster school; in which The Flagellator (the name of the journal as well as we can recollect) was represented as placed in scales, and weighing down the Microcosm, an Etonian publication, now curious as the original field in which Mr. Canning fleshed his maiden quill.

What mean ye by this print so rare,
Ye wits, of Eton jealous;
But that your rivals mount in air,
And you are heavy fellows?

The translation of the *two* cantos (the first is, indeed, shorn of its conclusion) occupies, notes and all, only a slight pamphlet of *fifty-four* pages;—the version of the *single* canto extends its dimensions to those of a pretty thick closely printed and boarded 8vo. of *two hundred and thirty-two* pages! The secret of this voluminous dilatation is contained in one word—*prattle*. First of all we are told in a preface, with very honest and tiresome candour of minuteness, how he was persuaded by one friend, “discreetly to blot” such a line; and how another absolutely insisted, like the Quintilius of Horace, that he should send a particular rhyme, in a particular stanza, to the anvil; and how he was induced to take this advice, and what a singular circumstance it was, that so strange a piece of dissonance should have escaped his own sagacity of detection; and what a sad thing it would have been, if his friend had not been thus penetrating, thus honest, and thus inexorable in his hortatory decision that the said rhyme must come out. The reader may be curious to see the amended stanza, and we are the less scrupulous in gratifying his very natural curiosity, as after having been forewarned of the happy discovery and docile amendment, he will not be likely to fall into the awkward mistake which we did ourselves; and fancy that this unfortunate “bellman’s rhyme” was all the while left behind!

LXXXV.

And at the very portal thrusts his steel
Half through the entrails of the recreant
wretch;
See how he staggers! see him streetward
reel,
And on the flags his caitiff carcass
stretch:
He writhes convulsed: Rinaldo lets him
feel
Once more his carving-knife on bust and
BREECH;
Then cries, “die, brute!” (and so he
does) the while
Rinaldo wipes his blade and stops his *tail*.

The acknowledgement for this kind turn occurs in a pompously drawling address of thanks “to all at once, and to each one,” who had severally, at fit and diverse seasons, bestowed upon him their contribution of critical counsel, which he takes care to specify as “good natured,” and such, judging from the book, (we will not call it *libellum*,) now it is “*pumice expolitur*,” we should infer it to have been. This mingled tribute of gratitude and compliment spreads through six pages. There seems to be a little more of bustling complacency and protesting humility than so very trivial an occasion demands; and we doubt whether his Lordship has formed exactly a correct estimate either of Forteguerra’s importance or of his own. Passing over the introduction, which contains too much about Pope’s Rape of the Lock, with a threat, happily not carried into effect, of discussing the Dunciad, and which has rather too little information on the subject of those serio-comic poems of Italy, which are in a great degree novel to the generality of English readers; we get at last to the notes, and we must, once for all, profess that we never, in the course of our multifarious intercourse with the living and dead, have been forced to sit out such a tête-à-tête of unmerciful garrulity. There are notes upon the notes, and notes on the notes upon the notes; they are ushered into their places with a sort of jaunty ceremony of indication by a hand and ruffle: his Lordship, it cannot be concealed, has taken out a patent for discoursing “*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*.” He is one of those goodnaturedly narrative gentlemen, to whom a small hint will furnish many

ideas, all flying off at greater or smaller distances from the original root of the subject in hand, but with about as much natural dependency as the beautiful horse which the philosopher Godwin supposed might, by possibility, spring out of the muzzle of a musket. On the couplet of stanza 94, note 95,

That once in France unchristian war-is-
seen,
And Paris close besieged by heathenish
Sa-ra-cen,

we are considerably told that the "two last syllables are supernumerary:" but the note that follows, of twenty-seven pages, was evidently brought in *à propos des bottes*; and the rhyme was devised on purpose to introduce a dissertation on syllabic feet and systems of metre—old English, French, and German; including a fairly transcribed copy of the whole of Cardinal Wolsey's speech, in order to exemplify the fact of "Shakspeare" having "in a few of his plays, particularly in Henry VIII. studied to make use of this supernumerary or eleventh syllable;" as was the common practice of every dramatic writer besides. What, indeed, a note of his Lordship may produce, is as little likely to be conjectured as the contents of the walnut in the fairy tale; which comprehended a successive involution of inconceivable articles, beginning with a bale of cambric, a hundred yards long, which might be drawn through the hoop of a gold ring, and ending with a little dog, reclined on cotton, with a rose in his ear.

In stanza 58, the couplet of the original—

Ma lasciam questi, e cerchiam di Rinaldo
Di cui non v'è, chi in sella stia piu saldo,
is rendered—

—— but let them for a time spur on
As best them suits; we'll now go join
Rinaldo,


Bold as my cousin grim, great Arcibaldo: and this is to introduce a long genealogical flourish about Archibald Douglas, distinguished in Scottish history by the different appellations of "Archibald the great Earl of Angus," and "Archibald Bell-the-Cat;" and to be hereafter distinguished in British annals, as of kin to the translator of Forteguerri.

The general character of these notes, so pertinently illustrative of Ricciardetto, may be defined by the term *twaddling*: take as an instance, note 48, stanza 19,

—— And all were heathens rank.

"So" (as the commentators on Shakspeare express themselves) in the popular catch written, I guess, by an Englishman,*


"The first he was an Irishman,
The second was a Scot;
The third he was a Welshman,
And all were knaves I wot."

*  My dear South Britons, (for you are dear to me in the aggregate, and many among you are personally so, who have survived those nearest and most dear,) forgive the petulance of this remark; and you, ye Americans, descendants of the ancient British stock, though not always partial to your cis-atlantic cousins, forgive me if I have seemed disposed to quiz your frequent use, uncouth and unvernacular, of the verb "to guess." I own I love my native country; I cannot love the man who does not love his: I love my native shire, my native parish, the silver stream near to whose verdant banks I first drew breath; but I also love and admire old England. What other country can boast such military and naval skill and prowess as England can in her Mariboroughs, her Nelsons, and her Wellingtons (*which last happen to be Irish*); such powers of intellect as she can in her Bacons, her Newtons, and her Shakspeares!

This is good: but note 83 is not much amiss.


Mine host observes his love of *butter'd toast*.

The fashionable English innkeepers, whose accomplished daughters learn to draw, sing, play, and speak what they call French,* and even Italian, would not reckon the love of buttered toast any great sign of gentility, though it is a favourite English regale, and an Italian *Anglomane* may very well be supposed to consider it as a dainty.**

*  French like that of the Prioress in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales:

"And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly
After the scole of Stratford at the Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe."

v. 124.

**  The sarcasm here cannot affect many worthy individuals, whose respectable conduct in their calling, affords the traveller in England conveniencies and comforts to be met with in no other country; nor their sons and daughters, on whom many of them may have been able, from their fortunes, honourably acquired, to bestow an education, particularly in languages, both becoming and ornamental, and often useful to persons in their situation of life.

Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque.

We have felt it to be our duty to repress so very alarming a propensity to swell a book; but though we wish Lord Glenbervie a little more facility in his verse, and a good deal more brevity as well as pertinency in his prose, we are not at all disposed to deny his claims to a very respectable

portion of gentlemanly scholarship as well as taste. We cannot, however, agree with him in his opinion (however excusable in a *laudator temporis acti*) as to the *refinement* of Pope:—Pope lived in a gross age, and was a gross writer: and as to the *polished* Rape of the Lock, will his Lordship

undertake to read it aloud, without dropping any line or expression, to any given party of ladies?

The book is elegantly printed, but deformed by staring, disagreeable, unmeaning outlines, by the caricaturist North.

CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

Lives of the Poets.

No. VII.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

RICHARD CAMBRIDGE, the son of a Turkey merchant, descended from a family long settled in Gloucestershire, was born in London, on the fourteenth of February, 1717. His father dying soon after his birth, the care of his education devolved on his mother and his maternal uncle, Thomas Owen, Esq. a lawyer who had retired from practice to his seat in Buckinghamshire, and who, having no children of his own, adopted his nephew. At an early age he was sent to Eton, where, among his schoolfellows and associates, were Gray, West, Jacob Bryant, the Earl of Orford, and others eminent for wit or learning. Here he contracted not only a literary taste and habits of study, but that preference for the quiet amusements of a country life, which afterwards formed a part of his character. In 1734 he was removed from Eton to Oxford, and admitted a gentleman commoner of St. John's College. On the marriage of the Prince of Wales, two years after, he contributed some verses to the Congratulatory Poems from that University. A ludicrous picture, which he draws of academical festivity, betrays the future author of the *Scribleriad*:—

In flowing robes and squared caps advance,
Pallas their guide, her ever-favour'd band;
As they approach they join in mystic dance,
Large scrolls of paper waving in their hand;
Nearer they come, I heard them sweetly
sing.

He left the University without taking a degree, and in 1737 became a member of Lincoln's Inn. In four years after he married the second daughter of George Trenchard, Esq. of Woolveton, in Dorsetshire, who was Member of Parliament for Poole, and son of Sir John Trenchard, Secretary of State to King William. Retiring to his family mansion of Whitminster, in Gloucestershire, on the banks of the Stroud, he employed himself in making that stream navigable to its junction with the Severn, in improving his buildings, and in ornamenting his grounds, which lay pleasantly in the rich vale of Berkeley. Here his happiness was interrupted by the death of one among his former playmates at Eton, whom he had most distinguished by his affection. This was Captain Berkeley, an officer, who in those happy times, when military men were not yet educated apart from scholars, had added to his other accomplishments a love of letters, and who fell in the battle of Fontenoy. This affliction discouraged him from proceeding in a poem on Society, which he had intended as a memorial of their friendship. The opening does not promise well enough to make us regret its discontinuance.

At Whitminster he had the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales, with his consort, and their daughter the late Duchess Dowager of Brunswick, then on a visit to Lord Ba-

thrust at Cirencester. The royal guests were feasted in a vessel of his own constructing, that was moored on a reach of the Severn; and the Prince gratified him by declaring, that he had often made similar attempts on the Thames, but never with equal success. To the exercise of mechanical ingenuity in improving the art of boat-building, he added uncommon skill in the use of the bow and arrow, and had assembled all the varieties of those instruments that could be procured from different countries.

He appears to have possessed, in an unusual degree, the power of suddenly ingratiating himself with those who conversed with him. A gentleman who had never before seen him, and who had reluctantly accompanied the Prince in his aquatic expedition, was so much pleased with Cambridge, as to be among the foremost to acknowledge his satisfaction; and having been introduced by William Whitehead, then tutor to the Earl of Jersey's eldest son, into the house of that nobleman, he soon became a welcome guest, and formed a lasting friendship with one of the family, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon. In the number of his intimates he reckoned Bathurst, afterwards Chancellor, with whom an acquaintance, begun at Eton, had been continued at Lincoln's Inn; Carteret, Lyttelton, Grenville, Chesterfield, Yorke, Pitt, and Pulteney. In order to facilitate his intercourse with such associates, and perhaps in conformity with the advice of his departed friend Berkeley, who had recommended London as the proper stage for the display of his poetical talent, he was induced to pass two of his winters in the capital; but finding that the air of the town was injurious to his health, in 1751 he purchased a residence at Twickenham. He had now another opportunity of showing his taste for rural embellishment, in counteracting the effects of his predecessor's formality, in opening his lawns and grouping his trees with an art that wore the appearance of negligence. An addition to his fortune by the decease of his uncle Mr. Owen, who left him his name together with his estate, enabled him to gratify these propensities. By

some of his powerful friends he had been urged to obtain a seat in Parliament, and addict himself to a public life; but he valued his tranquillity too highly to comply with their solicitations. A sonnet addressed to him by his friend Edwards, author of the *Canons of Criticism*, and which is not without elegance, tended to confirm him in his resolve.

In the year of his removal to Twickenham, the *Scribleriad* was published, a poem calculated to please the learned rather than the vulgar, and with respect to which he had observed the rule of the *nonum prematur in annum*. To *The World*, the periodical paper undertaken soon after by Moore, and continued for four years, he contributed twenty-one numbers. Though determined against taking an active part in public affairs, yet he showed himself to be far from indifferent to the interests of his country. Her maritime glory more peculiarly engaged his attention. Anson, Boscawen, and indeed nearly all the distinguished seamen of his day, were among his intimates or acquaintance; and he assisted some of the principal navigators in drawing up the relations which they gave to the world of their discoveries. In 1761, he was prompted by his apprehensions, that the nation was not sufficiently on her guard against the endeavours making by the French to deprive her of her possessions in the East, to publish a *History of the War upon the Coast of Coromandel*. The great work undertaken by Mr. Orme prevented him from pursuing the subject.

Continuing thus to pass his days in the enjoyment of domestic happiness and learned ease, surrounded by a train of menials grown grey in his service, exercising the rites of hospitality with uniform cheerfulness, and performing the duties of religion with exemplary punctuality, respected by the good and admired by the ingenious, he reached his eighty-third year with little inconvenience from the usual infirmities of age. His faculties then declining, he was dismissed by a gradual exhaustion of his natural powers, and resigning his breath without a sigh on the seventeenth of September, 1802—

——— Like ripe fruit he dropp'd
 Into his mother's lap
 for death mature.

Having always lived in an union of the utmost tenderness with his family, he exhibited a pleasing instance of the "ruling passion strong in death." "Having passed," says his son, "a considerable time in a sort of doze, from which it was thought he had hardly strength to revive, he awoke, and upon seeing me, feebly articulated 'How do the dear people do?' When I answered that they were well; with a smile upon his countenance, and an increased energy of voice, he replied, 'I thank God;' and then reposed his head upon his pillow, and spoke no more."

He was buried at Twickenham, where, on inquiring a few years ago, I found that no monument had been raised to his memory.

He left behind a widow, a daughter, and two sons. From the narrative of his life written by one of these, the Reverend Archdeacon Cambridge, and prefixed to a handsome edition of his poems and his papers in *The World*, the above account has been chiefly extracted.

Chesterfield, another of the contributors to *The World*, inserted in it a short character of him under the name of Cantabrigiensis, introduced by an encomium on his temperance; for he was a water-drinker.

That he was what is commonly termed a newsmonger, appears from the following laughable story, told by the late Mr. George Hardinge, the Welch Judge:—

I wished upon some occasion to borrow a Martial. He told me he had no such book, *except by heart*. I therefore inferred, that he could not immediately detect me. Accordingly I sent him an epigram which I had made, and an English version of it, as from the original. He commended the latter, but said, that it wanted the neatness of the Roman. When I undeceived him, he laughed, and forgave me.

It originated in a whimsical fact. Mr. Cambridge had a rage for news; and living in effect at Richmond, though on the other side of the Thames, he had the command of many political reporters. As I was then in professional business at my chambers, I knew less of public news than he did; and every Saturday, in my way from Lincoln's Inn to a villa of my own near him, called upon him for the news from

London. This I told him was not unlike what Martial said, L. iii. 7.

Deciano salutem.

Vix Româ egressus, villa novus advena, ruris
 Vicini dominum te "quid in urbe?" rogo.
 Tu novitatis amans Româ si Tibura malles
 Per nos "de villâ quæ nova" disce "tuâ."

Nichols's *Illustr. of the Literary Hist. of the xviii. Cent.* v. i. p. 131.

Of his poems, which are neither numerous, nor exhibit much variety of manner, little remains to be said. Archimage, though a sprightly sally, cannot be ranked among the successful imitations of Spenser's style. *Als ne* and *mote*, how often so ever repeated, do not go far towards a resemblance of the Faery Queene.

In his preface to the *Scribleriad*, which betrays great solicitude to explain and vindicate the plan of the poem, he declares that his intention is "to show the vanity and uselessness of many studies, reduce them to a less formidable appearance, and invite our youth to application, by letting them see that a less degree of it than they apprehend, judiciously directed, and a very few books indeed, well recommended, will give them all the real information which they are to expect from human science." The design was a laudable one. In the poem itself we feel the want of some principal event, on the development and issue of which the interest of the whole may turn; as in those patterns of the mock-heroic, the *Secchia Rapita*, the *Lutrin*, and the *Rape of the Lock*; an advantage, which these poems in some measure derive from having been founded in fact; for however trifling the incident by which the imagination of the poet may have been first excited, when once known or believed to be true, it communicates something of its own reality to all the fictions that grow out of it. The hero too is one of the ἀμειννὰ κάρηνα; or rather is but the shadow of a shade; for he has taken the character of Martinus Scriblerus, as he found it in the *Memoirs* of that unsubstantial personage. The adventures indeed in which the author has engaged him, though they did not require much power of invention, are yet sufficiently ludicrous; and we join, perhaps, more willingly in the laugh,

as it is aimed at general folly and not at individual weakness. The wit is not condensed and sparkling as in the *Dunciad*; the writer's chief resource consisting in an adaptation of passages from writers, ancient and modern, to the purposes of a grave burlesque; and for the application of these, by a contrivance not very artificial, it is sometimes necessary to recur to the notes. The style, if it be not distinguished by any remarkable strength or elegance, is at least free and unaffected.

The imitations of Horace are often

happy: that addressed to Lord Bathurst, particularly towards the latter part, is perhaps the best. Of the original *jeux d'esprits*, the verses occasioned by the Marriage and Game Acts, both passed the same session, have, I think, most merit. The Fable of Jotham, or the Borough Hunters, does not make up by ingenuity for what it wants in reverence. In the Fakeer, a tale professedly borrowed from Voltaire, the story takes a less humorous turn than as it is told in the extracts from Pere Le Comte's memoirs in the preface.

DON GIOVANNI THE XVIII.

A MUSICO-BURLESQUE-COMICO- NONSENSICAL OPERA.

By Mr. M——ff.

* * * FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

IN the temporary absence of the ingenious gentleman who presents the BEAUTIES of the LIVING DRAMATISTS, a theatrical friend has kindly offered his services to *read the part*: and he begs us to request for him that kind indulgence which is usually shown to those who appear on so short a notice.

Mr. M——ff is decidedly one of the readiest and most industrious of the modern dramatists,—for he is not only prime-parodist of Drury-Lane Theatre, which is no sinecure situation;—but he is melodrame-manufacturer for the Coburg Theatre, for the Olympic, and the Adelphi. His pen is, beyond dispute, the pen of a ready writer. The Opera from which the following scenes are taken, is one of those dashing, careless whimsicalities, for which the present age manifests so marked an attachment, and by which Thalia carries the town, treading on the toes of all favourite recollections. The secret of such success is this. Let a piece at the Italian Opera House become a favourite, or let any particular book of narrative create an interest, and Mr. M——ff is set to work to *translate* it into a mock opera or a merry afterpiece. He immediately vulgarizes the characters,—introduces

two or three hackney-coachmen, hal a dozen constables of the night, and a lawyer:—tears the language into slang tatters—whips up a variety of empty rhymes to good old tunes—and commits it to the hands of the great, or the lesser lessee. The public instantly and eagerly squeezes itself as flat as a sixpence to see what it declares to be vulgar and low,—and enjoys the exaggerated discourse of hackney coachmen, King's Bench debtors, watchmen and thieves, until the supper hour comes, when it forthwith becomes serious and pretends to be critical. It is impossible to say how long the days of the *Giovannis* and the *Toms* and *Jerrys* will last,—but, certainly, our theatrical taste is becoming as depraved and disorderly as our streets,—no drama at present stands a chance of popularity, that does not introduce the audience to a prison or a pot-house,—to a gin-shop of St. Catherine's, or the *back slums*

of St. Giles's. The present opera takes the audience a step lower, and is so far an advance towards a better style, if it be true that extremes meet. The intrigues of Pluto and his court are mixed up with the old favourite propensities of Don Giovanni;—and the songs are written in the very last fashion. "Heaven send it may be the *last!*"

DON GIOVANNI THE XVIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON GIOVANNI.
 PLUTO, King, (*Below-bridge.*)
 TWO WATCHMEN.
 PAT DALY, Constable of the Night.
 CHARON, Ferry-man near the Shades.
 PROSERPINE, Queen of the Devils.
 ZERLINA, } Old Offenders.
 DONNA ANNA, }

Scene I.—The Strand.

Enter WATCHMEN.*

First Watchman. Past twelve, and a foggy night! What Mr. O'Connell,† is that you, now, with yourself behind your lantern—is all well?

Second Watchman. No is it! I've got a cough under my grate coat that'll carry me off.

First Watchman. That's a new *manes* of conveyance—I suppose you call that *going inside!*—you *spake* as if you'd the *rattles* in the *throat*.

Second Watchman. Aye—that's the wind-up of a watchman!—I think the fog gets worse and worse, like the gas lights‡—It's as dark as lamp light! when there's no moon!

First Watchman. How goes on business? have you sprung any game?

Second Watchman. None—if I had, I should have *sprung* my rattle. I hardly ever gets a good *row* now—and a row's very *dear* to me!

First Watchman. *Rows* is *riz!* a good *row* shall fetch you in a clane five shilling bit, if you can but provoke a gentleman, and then put your head under his fist and let him pump it on you.

Second Watchman. Ah—the people get cruel quiet o' nights now. I remember better times, when things went on well and badly! But beating the watch is out of fashion! So a watchman's *beat*§ now is worth little or nothing.

First Watchman. I now and then catch a young apprentice running home from the play, and make him come down something, for being a suspicious character in my eyes! But there a'n't no *bloods* now-a-days! the *bloods* are all skin-flints! I looks *keenly* after the *blunt*!|| but the new *gashes* do away all the calling for the watch.

* This commencement of the scene with *Watchmen* is extremely ingenious and natural. Besides, like Puff's morning gun in the *Critic*, they explain the hour at once, and save a great deal of fine nonsense about the moon tipping with silver all the fruit-tree tops, and the bell from the castle tower tolling the midnight hour upon the bosom of the still air. No persons understand so well the meaning of this "*tipping with silver*," as the watchmen.

† These gentlemen seem sons of the Sister Isle, that is to say, our Cousins Irish.

‡ A slap at a city improvement is a sure hit. The modern *Thalia* is a sort of commissioner of paving, lighting, and watching.

§ This is one of your thorough-bred puns. The first part of the sentence is *set*,—as the reader will observe,—like a trap; and the pun is sure to be caught in the sequel. This is better than putting Attic salt on its tail.

|| *Blunt*, money. To understand the modern operas, the audience should be hand and glove with *Life in London*, Hardy Vaux's *Life*, and Grose's *Slang Dictionary*.

Second Watchman. Well, let's hope the times * will mend and grow troublesome yet!—But I say,—do you think that singing devil in feathers† will go by again—have you seen him, Murphy?

First Watchman. No,—but Pat Daly the constable of the night says, “tis but our fancy! ‡” and will not let *Bill Leaf* § take hold of him.

Second Watchman. I think he's a ghost—for I see him come out of the Adelphi || archway singing like winking.

First Watchman. Aye—that's a song to “Ladies' eyes!” Women have an arch way of singing. If we see him again—we'll give him in charge.

Second Watchman. Which way does he come?

First Watchman. From the Opera.

Second Watchman. Which way does he go?

First Watchman. Towards the Fleet! **

Second Watchman. They says ghosts be always *Fleet* goers! We'll spring our rattles if he walks the streets our way again.

First Watchman. That we will—howsomever!

Duet: †† Air in *Midas*, “All around the may-pole see how we trot.”

With our night,—not day,—pole—how we trot,

Hot, pot,

Damn the drop we've got:

Battles,

Rattles,

Are our chattels,

Bawling,

Calling,

Watch! What not!

There is old Pat Daly, he's the chap,

Black-strap,

That I love to lap;

Lantern,—

Can't earn

Cash, by a gallant turn!

Women,

Brimming

Full, for a mishap!

There is old Pat Daly, &c.

First Watchman. Here comes Pat Daly!—walking along as big as a bull-rush! There's no sleeping like a true watchman when he's on one's beat! He expects one to keep a sharp look out, when one's up to one's eyes in fog, like a gooseberry in milk.

Second Watchman. He's clane a nuisance; †† I should like just to spring my rattle in his eye!—But hush, here he is.

* No allusion is intended to the Newspaper of this name.

† This first allusion to *Don Giovanni* is strictly conformable with the taste of the age, and coming from the Watchman it is familiar, and by no means vulgar.

‡ Put *flashicè* for phantasy.

§ Whether one of the guardians of the night was really a Mr. Leaf, has never been settled; but if the fact was so, the line in *Hamlet* is extremely apposite, “and will not let belief take hold of him.” The author of this interesting piece seems to have had one eye for pathos and one for parody.

|| This must mean the theatre; and as Mr. M——ff has been so extremely successful in his dramatic hashes at that house, the compliment is neat and ingenious.

** Neither Mr. Carey nor Mr. Faden could be more geographically correct. All, or nearly all the theatres are situated between the Opera and the Fleet. The Circus or Surrey is out of the line to be sure, but then it is in the rules of the Bench; and that is some compensation.

†† This Duet is beautifully introduced, and combines all the spirit of poetry with all the familiarity of domestic life. It is quite pleasant to have a song full of little else but rhyme. The great secret of music and songs in modern operas is the choice of old favourite airs, with close, but ridiculous parodies committed to the care of low and vulgar characters.

‡‡ Men in office are proverbial for hating their superiors.

Enter PAT DALY, Constable of the Night.

Pat Daly. Past two o'clock!—

Second Watchman.

And the stars in wool!

Pat Daly. What are you there, Mr. Connell!—Well! Has this thing * appeared again to night?

Second Watchman. Not yet—but it's the usual hour that he toddles out of the Playhouse.

Pat Daly. Psha! There a'n't no ghost!

First Watchman. I tell you there is, Mr. Daly, and be damn'd to you. Look you!—Just as Mr. Connell's lantern had come round from the corner of Bedford-street to the place where now it darkens!—St. Martin's clock striking twelve—when—But dash my rags and rattle,† here he comes again.

Enter GIOVANNI smartly.

Song by Giovanni: Air, "Midas."

Wenches are my delight,

Whether I woo or buy;

Woman shines out by night,

And a star is a fool to her eye!

Be she pretty,

And witty,

I'll kiss her for ever and ever, and

Swear she is mine,

And divine—

Diviner than any thing reverend!

Pat Daly. Why, this is the ghost of an old hurdy-gurdy! he grinds away and gets his bread by music.

Second Watchman. He will not speak.—Shall I hit him over the nob with my rattle?—

First Watchman. Hush—he makes a motion as he would speak—silence.

Song: Air, "Midas."‡

Don Giovanni. Do you think you've got a *catch*, man!

Get you gone, you sleepy rogue!

I'm the lad to floor a Watchman!—

I'm the lad to floor a Watchman!—

Beat him *bluc*, and homeward jog!

Fal, la!, la!

Pat Daly. You beat *me*—You talk it gaily!

For to me a beating's sweet:

I'm an Irishman, Pat Daly,

I keep watch—and here's my *beat*!

Fal, la!, la!

Both Watchmen. We are Irish, you would Scotch us—

You presume to make a row!

You must with us to the watchhouse,

Come along—be *asy* now!

Fal, la!, la.

Don Giovanni. No—no—I sha'n't trouble myself about you to-night, and you sha'n't trouble me. I'm *going* by water.

Pat Daly. Through which means—you'll *come* by fire.§

First Watchman. All we can say is "you must walk on." You infest every house in town. Is your name Bill Soames?

* A Ghost is called a *thing* in Hamlet, so no offence is meant, no offence in the world. This scene is largely borrowed from Hamlet, but how else could a parody walk? Mr. M——ff is quite correct.

† Alliteration is the soul of wit in pieces of this nature.

‡ The airs in Midas are so well known that Mr. M——ff has borrowed lustily from them.

§ Oons, this passage smells of sulphur.

Don Giovanni. No—It's Giovanni—away, you common herd of old women! *
Begone!—Charon waits for me with his immortal wherry at the Hungerford
Stairs—and I'm off to my old home! †—away!

(Singing.) Be she witty,
And pretty,
I'll kiss her for ever and ever. (*Exit Giovanni.*)

(*The Watchmen stand astonished, ‡ and then sing*)

Air, “And did you not hear of a Jolly Young Waterman.”

And it's pray have you seen such a feather'd impostor, as

That which has toddled to Hungerford Stairs?

We really should nab one so bold and so boisterous,

Surely the round house will damage no squares.

For when he's there—he then may sing away:

Lord! what a villain,

Where's his shilling!

By this time, his dollars should ring away,

Ghosts may be, Honey!

Go without money,

And this is a ghost I do verily think!

(*Exeunt Watchmen, springing rattles.*)

*Scene II.—The Burning Lake. On one side, Pluto and Proserpine, &c. on a
Throne; on the other, a lake of liquid sulphur.*

Grand Chorus, in which Pluto's voice is heard the loudest.

Air, “Midas.”

§ Pluto's prime head,

Of the jolly old dead,

Who have gone

Sadly on,

Up above!

When he sighs,

Fire flies

From his eyes!

He lies

Who says that he beats not Jove!

Cock of the walk,

He draws a tidy cork;

Long necks

Are his text,

And he'll prove

That wine

Makes him shine,

Keeps divine

All his line;

And the eye

Of the sky

Out he'd shove,

Were it to say

He did not sway

So well as *they*

Above!

* There is nothing so offensive to the watchmen of this metropolis—as to have their
“sex dispersed.”

† From this it should seem that this part of Giovanni's life is subsequent to his Italian
death.

‡ A fine piece of nature. In Operas, it is quite usual for surprise to vent itself in
music.

§ A very grand piece of choral boasting!—I have no doubt, that, with a liberal allow-
ance of base singers, this would be one of the most effective chorusses in the whole range
of English music! It is in Mr. M——'s very best style.

DUET.*

Pluto. Come, Ma'am, let's have none of your *wipes*,
 How Pluto is bother'd with Proserpine !
 We live like tobacco in pipes !—
 All fuming and burning, and gossiping.
Hot meals are my only delight,
 And my taste is what nobody hinders ;
 I roast coals by day,—and at night
 Make a relishing hash of the cinders !
 Tol de rol, &c.

Proserpine. Oh ! Sir, I was gathering of plants,
 Some purple, some green, and some blue too,
 In a little back field of my aunt's,
 When who should come by me but Pluto.
 I wish he had left me alone,
 And that fortune had ne'er such a sinner sent ;
 But me he thought proper to *bone*,
 While picking of daisies, and innocent !
 Singing tol de rol lol, &c.

ALL SING.

But here we are merry and wise,
 All royally pigging together,—
 A fig for your north poles and ice,—
 We snap our burnt fingers at weather !
 All here are a set of mad elves,
 None his broiling and joking can smother,
 And when we've done *roasting* ourselves,
 Why, we turn-to, and *roast* one another.
 Tol de rol, &c.

RECITATIVE.†

Pluto. Come, mother Proserpine—you'll shove us off
 The throne!—you're greedy, Ma'am! (*coughs*). Now drat that cough!
 Hold, or your tongue will purchase you a basting,
 You're quite tormenting with your flabbergasting.

Proserpine. Hard-hearted king of brimstone—Oh! By goles,
 You fire me with disdain as well as coals.
 Let me from my sweet fields bid you defiance,
 And live again among the Dandelions !

Waiting Person. But, please your Majesty—the boat approaches.

Pluto. Silence. You make more row than fifty coaches.‡

Air, “Over the Water to Charlie.”

Over the water, and over the fire,—
 This is the shore, lads ! to pull for !
 Now they draw nigher—and now they draw nigher,
 Row, lads—aye—row through the sulphur.
 Well done, old Charon—now pull altogether,
 Now pull altogether for Pluto ;
 Tell that gay man in the white hat and feather,
 Him, the king strikes a tattoo to !
 Tol de rol (*chorus, with a roll of a drum.*)

During the end of this chorus of Tol de rol, the boat appears with Charon, and one or two ladies. Giovanni standing up. Donna Anna, and Zerlina.

* Perhaps a few lines of conversation to separate the chorus from this song would not have been amiss ;—though in modern Operas it is impossible to give too much of singing. This little familiar duet between the God and Goddess is the perfection of devilish satisfaction, and rural tenderness !

† A little rhyme, instead of reason, “sometimes does well.” Mr. M. has a very proper notion of Pluto's dignity, and keeps him, as well as he can, from putting his infernal foot in prose.

‡ It is quite a rule, that the Gods and Goddesses now-a-days should be familiar with all earthly things. Neptune may hail a boat at Hungerford, and Jove go home in a *Jarvis*.

Don Giovanni. What's the fare?

Charon. The women?*

Don Giovanni. No, fool, the ferry-money.

Charon. The Act only allows me a penny; but gentlemen gives me what they like.

Don Giovanni. A penny, you vulgar sculler of dead skulls! I despise the coin. I shall cross your immortal fist with a tizzy.

Charon. It looks but rummish.—There's a crack in it.—It's as bad a tester as the tester of my bedstead.

Don Giovanni. You're right, it is a cracked one, for none but a cracked sixpence would be so mad as to come here to pay the ferryman of the infernals. You take *that* or none.

Charon. Say no more. Get out. You are almost as bad as the learned professors. I gets † coppers from none but the parsons and the lawyers—and only from them with great difficulty.

Don Giovanni. You're right again. It's as hard to unset a copper from a lawyer's pocket as from his wash-house.

Pluto. Go back, Charon. Let's have no ‡ nonsense.—Set down your cargo, and bolt.—I wish he'd take away the peticoaters! (*Aside.*)

Trio—PLUTO, CHARON, DON GIOVANNI.

Tune, "Mr. Lobski."

Charon. Mr. Pluto, you'll please to understand,
You've got a rum devil in your devil's land;
He'd kiss mother Proserpine, were she his aunt,
He's a brute at going to gallivant!
To gallivant, to gallivant, &c.

Pluto. If he kisses my chuck I shall soon chuck him out,
Or kick him (provided I hav'n't the gout),
The gout I sometimes have, as which of us ha'n't,
For, by goles, the gout is the devil's complaint,
Devil's complaint, his own complaint, &c.

Don Giovanni. Mr. Boatman, begone—my noble Plutō,
Keep in repose your royal old toe,
My name's Giovanni, I ne'er should incline
To your duck of the daisies, Miss Proserpine!
Miss Proserpine—dame Proserpine, &c.

Charon (*pushing off*). Aye, aye, it's all fine talking. He's made a pretty bustle on earth; and if there's a bit of dust § in your majesty's dominions, Don Giovanni's the chap that will kick it up. (*Exeunt Charon and Boat.*) And there's a brace of teasers with him! (*Pointing to Donna Anna and Zerlina.*)

Pluto. Before I let him in, with all his pack
Of petticoated mischief, I shall sack
Truth's citadel.—Woman, stand forth.

Proserpine. The creature || (*looking at Don Giovanni*)
Hath, by my brimstone taste, a pretty feature. (*Aside.*)

* The infernals love a bad pun. We can now pretty well guess where all the d——d puns go.

† Charon talks no better grammar than our own watermen; but bad grammar is extremely humorous, if freely and judiciously used. But query, Is Charon a waterman or a fireman?—I fear this mixture of elements would produce the same hiss in a theatre that it does in nature. It would puzzle an audience, however, to damn Charon; for, as Corporal Trim says, "He is damn'd already."

‡ Pluto forgets his English a little.—But there is something so resolute and impressive in the phrase of "no nonsense," that we should be hurt to have it altered or refined.

§ There is little doubt but that the Giovannis are a race more likely to kick up a dust, than to come down with it. This little touch of character is well detected by old Charon.—But in his calling he, of course, became experienced in character.

|| The passion for Giovanni is the ruling one. No one can resist him. Lucretia would have tipped him the wink in her whitest days.

Pluto. Your name?

Zerlina. Zerlina.

Proserpine. From the Banks of Banna? *

Zerlina. No, ma'am; from Horsleydown. (Curtseys.)

Pluto. Your's?

Donna Anna. Donna Anna!

The *lawful* wife of this intemperate bed jester.

Oh, that I now could search St. Martin's register!

Pluto. He'll quite corrupt my court.—He sha'n't come here.

What do you say, young man?—Silence, my dear!

DON GIOVANNI—Song.

Air, "Please Goody."

Pray, Pluto, please to double up that lady's rancorous tongue,

And take away that Fury from my eyes;

Remember, where a woman is, the prejudice is strong;

She's *no wife*! and *her* I do despise.

I scorn ill!

Born ill,

She keeps a shop on Cornhill;

Once I ask'd her

For canastre;

Don't believe her lies!

Pray, Pluto, &c.

Donna Anna. My character abused!—i' fegs!—a black one's't?

On Cornhill, too!—I a tobacconist!

Let me come at him!—

SONG, DONNA ANNA† (held by two attendants).

Air in Midas.

Shall a paltry wretch, at St. Martin's church entrap

My finger through a ring,

And then disclaim the deed, a dirty chap,

And say it was no such thing?

No, I'll tear him—then defy him!

I'll beat his noddle in—I'll claw him down the chin!

My fingers shall mollify him,

And spoil that handsome sin!

Don Giovanni. Pray hold her fast, she's tolerably stout,

Keep down her claws, she'll scratch my *optics* out!

I am not guilty of one crime—That hussey

Wo'n't let me *roast* in quiet!

Pluto. Perhaps she's *muzzy*!

What says Zerlina?

Zerlina. He's a sad deceiver!

He's as unruly as a half-starved weaver!

No woman meets his eye, but he would che-at‡ her.

Donna Anna. The common creature's known at every theatre.

END OF THE SCENE. §

* A question put merely for the sake of the rhyme. Mr. M——ff has the oldest authorities for this sort of writing.

"One line for *rhyme*, and one for reason,
Is quite sufficient at a season."

† This song from between two supporters is vehemence itself. It quite shows off the power of song.

‡ Cheat is here made a dissyllable for the sake of rhyme:—

———— "At times,
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."

§ The piece is supported by the intrigues of Giovanni and Proserpine, and Pluto and Zerlina, and Charon and Donna Anna. But as they are mere copies, in vulgar, of the Italian vices, I shall not give them here. The mixture of song and dialogue, and slang and sensibility, is the perfection of Mr. M——ff's style, and the present selection will afford the reader a pretty tolerable notion of it. There are 362 songs yet to come; but, "enough is as good as a feast."

TO THE COWSLIP.

I.

ONCE more, thou flower of childish fame,
 Thou meet'st the April wind ;
 The self-same flower, the very same
 As those I used to find.
 Thy peeps, tipt round with ruddy streak,
 Again attract mine eye—
 As they were those I used to seek
 Full twenty summers by.

II.

But I'm no more akin to thee,—
 A partner of the spring ;
 For Time has had a hand with me,
 And left an alter'd thing :—
 A thing that's lost thy golden hours,
 And all I witness'd then ;
 Mix'd in a desart, lost to flowers,
 Among the ways of men.

III.

Thy blooming pleasures, smiling, gay,
 The seasons still renew ;—
 But mine were doom'd a stinted stay,
 And they were short and few.
 The every hour that hurried by,
 To eke the passing day,
 Lent restless pleasures wings to fly
 Till all were flown away.

IV.

Blest flower, with spring thy joy's begun,
 And no false hopes are thine ;
 One constant cheer of shower and sun
 Makes all thy stay divine.
 But Life's May-morning quickly fled,
 And dull its noon came on,—
 And Happiness is past and dead
 Ere half that noon is gone.

V.

Ah ! smile and bloom, thou lovely thing,
 Though May's sweet days are few ;
 Still coming years thy flowers shall bring,
 And bid them bloom anew.
 But Life, that bears no kin to them,
 Past pleasures well may mourn :—
 No bud clings to its withering stem,
 No hope for spring's return.

JOHN CLARE.

ON THE ELGIN MARBLES.

At the conclusion of a former article on this subject,* we ventured to lay down some general principles, which we shall here proceed to elucidate in such manner as we are able.

1. The first was, that *art is (first and last) the imitation of nature.*

By nature, we mean actually existing nature, or some one object to be found in *rerum naturâ*, not an idea of nature existing solely in the mind, got from an infinite number of different objects, but which was never yet embodied in an individual instance. Sir Joshua Reynolds may be ranked at the head of those who have maintained the supposition that nature (or the universe of things) was indeed the ground-work or foundation on which art rested; but that the superstructure rose above it, that it towered by degrees above the world of realities, and was suspended in the regions of thought alone—that a middle form, a more refined idea, borrowed from the observation of a number of particulars, but unlike any of them, was the standard of truth and beauty, and the glittering phantom that hovered round the head of the genuine artist:

———So from the ground
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence
the leaves
More airy, last the bright consummate
flower!

We have no notion of this vague, equivocal theory of art, and contend, on the other hand, that each image in art should have a *tally* or corresponding prototype in some object in nature. Otherwise, we do not see the use of art at all: it is a mere superfluity, an incumbrance to the mind, a piece of "laborious foolery,"—for the word, the mere name of any object or class of objects will convey the general idea, more free from particular details or defects than any the most neutral and indefinite representation that can be produced by forms and colours. The word Man, for instance, conveys a more filmy, impalpable, abstracted,

and (according to this hypothesis) sublime idea of the species, than Michael Angelo's Adam, or any real image can possibly do. If this then is the true object of art, the language of painting, sculpture, &c. becomes quite supererogatory. Sir Joshua and the rest contend, that nature (properly speaking) does not express any single individual, nor the whole mass of things as they exist, but a general principle, a *something common* to all these, retaining the perfections, that is, all in which they are alike, and abstracting the defects, namely, all in which they differ: so that, out of actual nature, we compound an artificial nature, never answering to the former in any one part of its mock-existence, and which last is the true object of imitation to the aspiring artist. Let us adopt this principle of abstraction as the rule of perfection, and see what havoc it will make in all our notions and feelings in such matters. If the *perfect* is the *intermediate*, why not confound all objects, all forms, all colours at once? Instead of painting a landscape with blue sky, or white clouds, or the green earth, or grey rocks and towers; what should we say, if the artist (so named) were to treat all these "fair varieties" as so many imperfections and mistakes in the creation, and mass them all together, by mixing up the colours on his palette in the same dull leaden tone, and call this the true principle of epic landscape-painting? Would not the thing be abominable, an abortion, and worse than the worst Dutch picture? Variety then is one principle, one beauty in external nature, and not an everlasting source of pettiness and deformity, which must be got rid of at all events, before taste can set its seal upon the work, or fancy own it. But it may be said, it is different in things of the same species, and particularly in man, who is cast in a regular mould, which mould is one. What then, are we, on this pretext, to confound the difference of sex in a sort of hermaphro-

* See No. XXVI. p. 153.

elite softness, as Mr. Westall, Angelica Kauffman, and others, have done in their effeminate performances? Are we to leave out of the scale of legitimate art, the extremes of infancy and old age, as not *middle terms* in man's life? Are we to strike off from the list of available topics and sources of interest, the varieties of character, of passion, of strength, activity, &c.? Is every thing to wear the same form, the same colour, the same unmeaning face? Are we only to repeat the same average idea of perfection, that is, our own want of observation and imagination, for ever, and to melt down the inequalities and excrescences of individual nature in the monotony of abstraction? Oh no! As well might we prefer the cloud to the rainbow; the dead corpse to the living moving body! So Sir Joshua debated upon Rubens's landscapes, and has a whole chapter to inquire whether *accidents in nature*, that is, rainbows, moonlight, sun-sets, clouds and storms, are the proper thing in the classical style of art. Again, it is urged, that this is not what is meant, *viz.* to exclude different classes or characters of things, but that there is in each class or character a *middle point*, which is the point of perfection. What middle point? Or how is it ascertained? What is the middle age of childhood? Or are all children to be alike, dark or fair? Some of Titian's children have black hair, and others yellow or auburn: who can tell which is the most beautiful? May not a St. John be older than an infant Christ? Must not a Magdalen be different from a Madonna, a Diana from a Venus? Or may not a Venus have more or less gravity, a Diana more or less sweetness? What then becomes of the abstract idea in any of these cases? It varies as it does in nature; that is, there is indeed a general principle or character to be adhered to, but modified everlastingly by various other given or nameless circumstances. The highest art, like nature, is a living spring of unconstrained excellence, and does not produce a continued repetition of itself, like plaster-casts from the same figure. But once more it may be insisted, that in what relates to mere form or organic structure, there is

necessarily a middle line or central point, any thing short of which is deficiency, and any thing beyond it excess, being the average form to which all the other forms included in the same species tend, and approximate more or less. Then this average form as it exists in nature should be taken as the model for art. What occasion to do it out of your own head, when you can bring it under the cognizance of your senses? Suppose a foot of a certain size and shape to be the standard of perfection, or if you will, the *mean proportion* between all other feet. How can you tell this so well as by seeing it? How can you copy it so well as by having it actually before you? But, you will say, there are particular minute defects in the best-shaped actual foot which ought not to be transferred to the imitation. Be it so. But are there not also particular minute beauties in the best, or even the worst shaped actual foot, which you will only discover by ocular inspection, which are reducible to no measurement or precepts, and which in finely developed nature outweigh the imperfections a thousand fold, the proper general form being contained there also, and these being only the distinctly articulated parts of it with their inflections which no artist can carry in his head alone? For instance, in the bronze monument of Henry VII. and his wife, in Westminster Abbey, by the famous Torregiano, the fingers and finger nails of the woman in particular are made out as minutely, and, at the same time, as beautifully as it is possible to conceive; yet they have exactly the effect that a cast taken from a fine female hand would have, with every natural joint, muscle, and nerve, in complete preservation. Does this take from the beauty or magnificence of the whole? No: it aggrandizes it. What then does it take from? Nothing but the conceit of the artist that he can paint a hand out of his own head (that is, out of nothing, and by reducing it again as near as can be to nothing, to a mere vague image) that shall be better than any thing in nature. A hand, or foot, is not *one thing*, because it is *one word* or name; and the painter of mere abstractions had better lay down his

pencil at once, and be contented to write the descriptions or titles under works of art. Lastly, it may be objected that a whole figure can never be found perfect or equal; that the most beautiful arm will not belong to the same figure as the most beautiful leg, and so on. How is this to be remedied? By taking the arm from one, and the leg from the other, and clapping them both on the same body? That will never do; for however admirable in themselves, they will hardly agree together. One will have a different character from the other; and they will form a sort of natural patchwork. Or, to avoid this, will you take neither from actual models, but derive them from the neutralizing medium of your own imagination. Worse and worse. Copy them from the same model, the best in all its parts you can get; so that if you have to alter, you may alter as little as possible, and retain nearly the whole substance of nature.* You may depend upon it that what is so retained, will alone be of any specific value. The rest may have a negative merit, but will be positively good for nothing. It will be to the vital truth and beauty of what is taken from the best nature, like the piecing of an antique statue. It fills a gap, but nothing more. It is, in fact, a mental blank.

2. This leads us to the second point laid down before, which was, that *the highest art is the imitation of the finest nature, or in other words, of that which conveys the strongest sense of pleasure or power, of the sublime or beautiful.*

The artist does not pretend to *invent* an absolutely new class of objects, without any foundation in nature. He does not spread his palette on the canvas, for the mere finery of the thing, and tell us that it makes a brighter show than the rainbow, or even than a bed of tulips. He does not draw airy forms, moving above the earth, "gay creatures of the element, that play i' th' plighted clouds," and scorn the mere material existences, the concrete descendants of those that came out of Noah's

Ark, and that walk, run, or creep upon it. No, he does not paint only what he has seen *in his mind's eye*, but the common objects that both he and others daily meet—rocks, clouds, trees, men, women, beasts, fishes, birds, or what he calls such. He is then an imitator by profession. He gives the appearances of things that exist outwardly by themselves, and have a distinct and independent nature of their own. But these know their own nature best; and it is by consulting them that he can alone trace it truly, either in the immediate details, or characteristic essences. Nature is consistent, unaffected, powerful, subtle: art is forgetful, apish, feeble, coarse. Nature is the original, and therefore right: art is the copy, and can but tread lamely in the same steps. Nature penetrates into the parts, and moves the whole mass: it acts with diversity, and in necessary connexion; for real causes never forget to operate, and to contribute their portion. Where, therefore, these causes are called into play to the utmost extent that they ever go to, there we shall have a strength and a refinement, that art may imitate but cannot surpass. But it is said that art can surpass this most perfect image in nature by combining others with it. What! by joining to the most perfect in its kind something less perfect? Go to,—this argument will not pass. Suppose you have a goblet of the finest wine that ever was tasted: you will not mend it by pouring into it all sorts of samples of an inferior quality. So the best in nature is the stint and limit of what is best in art: for art can only borrow from nature still; and, moreover, must borrow entire objects, for bits only make patches. We defy any landscape-painter to invent out of his own head, and by jumbling together all the different forms of hills he ever saw, by adding a bit to one, and taking a bit from another, any thing equal to Arthur's seat, with the appendage of Salisbury Crags, that overlook Edinburgh. Why so? Because there are no levers in the mind of man equal to those

* I believe this rule will apply to all except grotesques, which are evidently taken from opposite natures.

with which nature works at her utmost need. No imagination can toss and tumble about huge heaps of earth as the ocean in its fury can. A volcano is more potent to rend rocks asunder than the most splashing pencil. The convulsions of nature can make a precipice more frightfully, or heave the backs of mountains more proudly, or throw their sides into waving lines more gracefully than all the *beau idéal* of art. For there is in nature not only greater power and scope, but (so to speak) greater knowledge and unity of purpose. Art is comparatively weak and incongruous, being at once a miniature and caricature of nature. We grant that a tolerable sketch of Arthur's seat, and the adjoining view, is better than Primrose Hill itself, (dear Primrose Hill! ha! faithless pen, canst thou forget its winding slopes, and valleys green, to which all Scotland can bring no parallel?) but no pencil can transform or dandle Primrose Hill (our favourite Primrose Hill) into a thing of equal character and sublimity with Arthur's seat. It gives us some pain to make this concession; but in doing it, we flatter ourselves that no Scotchman will have the liberality in any way to return us the compliment. We do not recollect a more striking illustration of the difference between art and nature in this respect, than Mr. Martin's very singular, and, in some things, very meritorious pictures. But he strives to outdo nature. He wants to give more than she does, or than his subject requires or admits. He subdivides his groups into infinite littleness, and exaggerates his scenery into absolute immensity. His figures are like rows of shiny pins; his mountains are piled up one upon the back of the other, like the stories of houses. He has no notion of the moral principle in all art, that a part may be greater than the whole. He reckons that if one range of lofty square hills is good, another range above that with clouds between must be better. He thus wearies the imagination, instead of exciting it. We see no end of the journey, and turn back in disgust. We are tired of the effort, we are tired of the monotony of this sort of reduplication of the

same object. We were satisfied before; but it seems the painter was not, and we naturally sympathise with him. This craving after quantity is a morbid affection. A landscape is not an architectural elevation. You may build a house as high as you can lift up stones with pulleys and levers, but you cannot raise mountains into the sky merely with the pencil. They lose probability and effect by striving at too much; and, with their ceaseless throes, oppress the imagination of the spectator, and bury the artist's fame under them. The only error of these pictures is, however, that art here puts on her seven-league boots, and thinks it possible to steal a march upon nature. Mr. Martin might make Arthur's Seat sublime, if he chose to take the thing as it is; but he would be for squaring it according to the mould in his own imagination, and for clapping another Arthur's Seat on the top of it, to make the Calton Hill stare! Again, with respect to the human figure. This has an internal structure, muscles, bones, blood-vessels, &c. by means of which the external surface is operated upon according to certain laws. Does the artist, with all his generalizations, understand these, as well as nature does? Can he predict, with all his learning, that if a certain muscle is drawn up in a particular manner, it will present a particular appearance in a different part of the arm or leg, or bring out other muscles, which were before hid, with certain modifications? But in nature all this is brought about by necessary laws, and the effect is visible to those, and those only, who look for it in actual objects. This is the great and master-excellence of the ELGIN MARBLES, that they do not seem to be the outer surface of a hard and immovable block of marble, but to be actuated by an internal machinery, and composed of the same soft and flexible materials as the human body. The skin (or the outside) seems to be protruded or tightened by the natural action of a muscle beneath it. This result is miraculous in art: in nature it is easy and unavoidable. That is to say, art has to imitate or produce certain effects or appearances without the natural causes:

but the human understanding can hardly be so true to those causes as the causes to themselves; and hence the necessity (in this sort of *simulated creation*) of recurring at every step to the actual objects and appearances of nature. Having shown so far how indispensable it is for art to identify itself with nature, in order to preserve the truth of imitation, without which it is destitute of value or meaning, it may be said to follow as a necessary consequence, that the only way in which art can rise to greater dignity or excellence is by finding out models of greater dignity and excellence in nature. Will any one, looking at the Theseus, for example, say that it could spring merely from the artist's brain, or that it could be done from a common, ill-made, or stunted body? The fact is, that its superiority consists in this, that it is a perfect combination of art and nature, or an identical, and as it were spontaneous copy of an individual picked out of a finer race of men than generally tread this ball of earth. Could it be made of a Dutchman's trunk-hose? No. Could it be made out of one of Sir Joshua's Discourses on the *middle form*? No. How then? Out of an eye, a head, and a hand, with sense, spirit, and energy to follow the finest nature, as it appeared exemplified in sweeping masses, and in subtle details, without pedantry, conceit, cowardice, or affectation! Some one was asking at Mr. H—yd—n's one day, as a few persons were looking at the cast from this figure, why the original might not have been done as a cast from nature? Such a supposition would account at least for what seems otherwise unaccountable—the incredible labour and finishing bestowed on the back and other parts of this figure, placed at a prodigious height against the walls of a temple, where they could never be seen after they were once put up there. If they were done by means of a cast in the first instance, the thing appears intelligible, otherwise not. Our host stoutly resisted this imputation, which tended to deprive art of one of

its greatest triumphs, and to make it as mechanical as a shaded profile. So far, so good. But the reason he gave was bad, *viz.* that the limbs could not remain in those actions long enough to be cast. Yet surely this would take a shorter time than if the model sat to the sculptor; and we all agreed that nothing but actual, continued, and intense observation of living nature could give the solidity, complexity, and refinement of imitation which we saw in the half animated, almost moving figure before us.* Be this as it may, the principle here stated does not reduce art to the imitation of what is understood by common or low life. It rises to any point of beauty or sublimity you please, but it rises only as nature rises exalted with it too. To hear these critics talk, one would suppose there was nothing in the world really worth looking at. The Dutch pictures were the best that they could paint: they had no other landscapes or faces before them. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Yet who is not alarmed at a Venus by Rembrandt? The Greek statues were (*cum grano salis*) Grecian youths and nymphs; and the women in the streets of Rome (it has been remarked†) look to this hour as if they had walked out of Raphael's pictures. Nature is always truth: at its best, it is beauty and sublimity as well; though Sir Joshua tells us in one of the papers in the IDLER that in itself, or with reference to individuals, it is a mere tissue of meanness and deformity. Luckily, the Elgin Marbles say NO to that conclusion: for they are decidedly *part and parcel thereof*. What constitutes fine nature, we shall inquire under another head. But we would remark here, that it can hardly be the *middle form*, since this principle, however it might determine certain general proportions and outlines, could never be intelligible in the details of nature, or applicable to those of art. Who will say that the form of a finger nail is just midway between a thousand others that he has *not* remarked: we are only struck with it when it is more than ordinarily beautiful, from

* Some one finely applied to the repose of this figure the words:

— Sedet, in æternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus.

† By Mr. Coleridge.

symmetry, an oblong shape, &c. The staunch partisans of this theory, however, get over the difficulty here spoken of, in practice, by omitting the details altogether, and making their works sketches, or rather what the French call *ebauches*, and the English *daubs*.

3. The IDEAL is only the selecting a particular form which expresses most completely the idea of a given character or quality, as of beauty, strength, activity, voluptuousness, &c. and which preserves that character with the greatest consistency throughout.

Instead of its being true in general that the *ideal* is the *middle point*, it is to be found in the *extremes*; or, it is carrying any *idea* as far as it will go. Thus, for instance, a Silenus is as much an *ideal* thing as an Apollo, as to the principle on which it is done, *viz.* giving to every feature, and to the whole form, the utmost degree of grossness and sensuality that can be imagined, with this exception (which has nothing to do with the understanding of the question), that the *ideal* means by custom this extreme on the side of the good and beautiful. With this reserve, the *ideal* means always the *something more* of any thing which may be anticipated by the fancy, and which must be found in nature (by looking long enough for it) to be expressed as it ought. Suppose a good heavy Dutch face (we speak by the proverb)—this, you will say, is gross; but it is not gross enough. You have an idea of something grosser, that is, you have seen something grosser and must seek for it again. When you meet with it, and have stamped it on the canvas, or carved it out of the block, this is the true *ideal*, namely, that which answers to and satisfies a preconceived idea; not that which is made out of an abstract idea, and answers to nothing. In the Silenus, also, according to the notion we have of the properties and character of that figure, there must be vivacity, slyness, wantonness, &c. Not only the image in the mind, but a real face may express all these combined together; another may express them more, and another most, which last is the *ideal*; and when the image in nature coalesces with, and gives a body, force, and reality to

the idea in the mind, then it is that we see the true perfection of art. The forehead should be "villainous low;" the eye-brows bent in; the eyes small and gloating; the nose *pugged*, and pointed at the end, with distended nostrils; the mouth large and shut; the cheeks swollen; the neck thick, &c. There is, in all this process, nothing of softening down, of compromising qualities, of finding out a *mean proportion* between different forms and characters; the sole object is to *intensify* each as much as possible. The only fear is "to o'erstep the modesty of nature," and run into caricature. This must be avoided; but the artist is only to stop short of this. He must not outrage probability. We must have seen a class of such faces, or something so nearly approaching, as to prevent the imagination from revolting against them. The forehead must be low, but not so low as to lose the character of humanity in the brute. It would thus lose all its force and meaning. For that which is extreme and ideal in one species, is nothing, if, by being pushed too far, it is merged in another. Above all, there should be *keeping* in the whole and every part. In the Pan, the horns and goat's feet, perhaps, warrant the approach to a more *animal* expression than would otherwise be allowable in the human features; but yet this tendency to excess must be restrained within certain limits. If Pan is made into a beast, he will cease to be a God! Let Momus distend his jaws with laughter, as far as laughter can stretch them, but no farther; or the expression will be that of pain and not of pleasure. Besides, the overcharging the expression or action of any one feature will suspend the action of others. The whole face will no longer laugh. But this universal suffusion of broad mirth and humour over the countenance is very different from a placid smile, midway between grief and joy. Yet a classical Momus, by modern theories of the *ideal*, ought to be such a nonentity in expression. The ancients knew better. They pushed art in such subjects to the verge of "all we hate," while they felt the point beyond which it could not be urged with propriety, *i. e.*

with truth, consistency, and consequent effect.—There is no difference, in philosophical reasoning, between the mode of art here insisted on, and the *ideal* regularity of such figures as the Apollo, the Hercules, the Mercury, the Venus, &c. All these are, as it were, *personifications, essences, abstractions* of certain qualities or virtues in human nature, not of human nature in general, which would make nonsense. Instead of being abstractions of all sorts of qualities jumbled together in a neutral character, they are in the opposite sense *abstractions* of some single quality or customary combination of qualities, leaving out all others as much as possible, and imbuing every part with that one predominant character to the utmost. The Apollo is a representation of graceful dignity and mental power; the Hercules of bodily strength; the Mercury of swiftness; the Venus of female loveliness, and so on. In these, in the Apollo, is surely implied and found more grace than usual; in the Hercules more strength than usual; in the Mercury more lightness than usual; in the Venus more softness than usual. Is it not so? What then becomes of the pretended *middle form*? One would think it would be sufficient to prove this, to ask, “Do not these statues differ from one another? And is this difference a defect?” It would be ridiculous to call them by different names, if they were not supposed to represent different and peculiar characters: sculptors should, in that case, never carve any thing but the statue of a *man*, the statue of a *woman*, &c. and this would be the name of perfection. This theory of art is not at any rate justified by the history of art. An extraordinary quantity of bone and muscle is as proper to the Hercules as his club, and it would be strange if the Goddess of Love had not a more delicately rounded form, and a more languishing look withal, than the Goddess of Hunting. That a form combining and blending the properties of both, the downy softness of the one, with the elastic buoyancy of the other, would be more perfect than either, we no more see than that grey is the most perfect of colours.

At any rate, this is the march neither of nature nor of art. It is not denied that these antique sculptures are models of the *ideal*; nay, it is on them that this theory boasts of being founded. Yet they give a flat contradiction to its insipid mediocrity. Perhaps some of them have a slight bias to the false *ideal*, to the smooth and uniform, or the negation of nature: any error on this side is, however, happily set right by the ELGIN MARBLES, which are the paragons of sculpture and the mould of form.—As the *ideal* then requires a difference of character in each figure as a whole, so it expects the same character (or a corresponding one) to be stamped on each part of every figure. As the legs of a Diana should be more muscular and adapted for running, than those of a Venus or a Minerva, so the skin of her face ought to be more tense, bent on her prey, and hardened by being exposed to the winds of heaven. The respective characters of lightness, softness, strength, &c. should pervade each part of the surface of each figure, but still varying according to the texture and functions of the individual part. This can only be learned or practised from an attentive observation of nature in those forms in which any given character or excellence is most strikingly displayed, and which has been selected for imitation and study on that account.—Suppose a dimple in the chin to be a mark of voluptuousness; then the Venus should have a dimple in the chin; and she has one. But this will imply certain correspondent indications in other parts of the features, about the corners of the mouth, a gentle undulation and sinking in of the cheek, as if it had just been pinched, and so on: yet so as to be consistent with the other qualities of roundness, smoothness, &c. which belong to the idea of the character. Who will get all this and embody it out of the idea of a *middle form*, I cannot say: it may be, and has been, got out of the idea of a number of distinct enchanting graces in the mind, and from some heavenly object unfolded to the sight!

4. *That the historical is nature in action. With regard to the face, it is expression.*

Hogarth's pictures are true history.

Every feature, limb, figure, group, is instinct with life and motion. He does not take a subject and place it in a position, like a lay figure, in which it stirs neither limb nor joint. The scene moves before you: the face is like a frame-work of flexible machinery. If the mouth is distorted with laughter, the eyes swim in laughter. If the forehead is knit together, the cheeks are puckered up. If a fellow squints most horribly, the rest of his face is awry. The muscles pull different ways, or the same way, at the same time, on the surface of the picture, as they do in the human body. What you see is the reverse of *still life*. There is a continual and complete action and re-action of one variable part upon another, as there is in the ELGIN MARBLES. If you pull the string of a bow, the bow itself is bent. So it is in the strings and wires that move the human frame. The action of any one part, the contraction or relaxation of any one muscle, extends more or less perceptibly to every other:

Thrills in each nerve, and lives along the line.

Thus the celebrated Iö of Correggio is imbued, steeped in a manner in the same voluptuous feeling all over—the same passion languishes in her whole frame, and communicates the infection to the feet, the back, and the reclined position of the head. This is history, not carpenter's work. Some painters fancy that they paint history, if they get the measurement from the foot to the knee, and put four bones where there are four bones. This is not our idea of it; but we think it is to show how one part of the body sways another in action and in passion. The last relates chiefly to the expression of the face, though not altogether. Passion may be shown in a clenched fist as well as in clenched teeth. The face, however, is the throne of expression. Character implies the feeling, which is fixed and permanent; expression that which is occasional and momentary, at least, technically speaking. Portrait treats of objects as they are; history of the events and changes to which they are liable. And so far history has a double superiority; or a double difficulty to

overcome, *viz.* in the rapid glance over a number of parts subject to the simultaneous action of the same law, and in the scope of feeling required to sympathise with the critical and powerful movements of passion. It requires greater capacity of muscular motion to follow the progress of a carriage in violent motion, than to lean upon it standing still. If, to describe passion, it were merely necessary to observe its outward effects, these, perhaps, in the prominent points, become more visible and more tangible as the passion is more intense. But it is not only necessary to see the effects, but to discern the cause, in order to make the one true to the other. No painter gives more of intellectual or impassioned appearances than he understands or feels. It is an axiom in painting, that sympathy is indispensable to truth of expression. Without it, you get only caricatures, which are not the thing. But to sympathise with passion, a greater fund of sensibility is demanded in proportion to the strength or tenderness of the passion. And as he feels most of this whose face expresses most passion, so he also feels most by sympathy whose hand can describe most passion. This amounts nearly, we take it, to a demonstration of an old and very disputed point. The same reasoning might be applied to poetry, but this is not the place.—Again, it is easier to paint a portrait than an historical face, because the head *sits* for the first, but the expression will hardly *sit* for the last. Perhaps those passions are the best subjects for painting, the expression of which may be retained for some time, so as to be better caught, which throw out a sort of lambent fire, and leave a reflected glory behind them, as we see in Madonnas, Christ's Heads, and what is understood by sacred subjects in general. The violences of human passion are too soon over to be copied by the hand, and the mere conception of the internal workings is not here sufficient, as it is in poetry. A portrait is to history what still-life is to portraiture: that is, the whole remains the same while you are doing it, or while you are occupied about each part, the rest wait for you. Yet, what a difference

is there between taking an original portrait, and making a copy of one! This shows that the face in its most ordinary state is continually varying and in action. So much of history is there in portrait!—No one should pronounce definitively on the superiority of history over portrait, without recollecting Titian's heads. The finest of them are very nearly (say quite) equal to the finest of Raphael's. They have almost the look of *still-life*, yet each part is decidedly influenced by the rest. Every thing is *relative* in them. You cannot put any other eye, nose, lip, in the same face. As is one part, so is the rest. You cannot fix on any particular beauty; the charm is in the whole. They have least action, and the most expression of any portraits. They are doing nothing, and yet all other business seems insipid in comparison of their thoughts. They are silent, retired, and do not court observation; yet you cannot keep your eyes from them. Some one said, that you would be as cautious of your behaviour in a room where a picture of Titian's was hung, as if there was somebody by—so entirely do they look you through. They are the least tiresome *furniture-company* in the world!

5. *Grandeur consists in connecting a number of parts into a whole, and not in leaving out the parts.*

Sir Joshua lays it down that the great style in art consists in the omission of the details. A greater error never man committed. The great style consists in preserving the masses and general proportions; not in omitting the details. Thus, suppose, for illustration's sake, the general form of an eye-brow to be commanding and grand. It is of a certain size, and arched in a particular curve. Now, surely, this general form or outline will be equally preserved, whether the painter daubs it in, in a bold, rough way, as Reynolds or perhaps Rembrandt would, or produces the effect by a number of hair-lines arranged in the same form as Titian sometimes did; and in his best pictures. It will not be denied (for it cannot) that the characteristic form of the eye-brow would be the same, or that the effect of the picture at a small distance would be nearly the same in either case; only

in the latter, it would be rather more perfect, as being more like nature. Suppose a strong light to fall on one side of a face, and a deep shadow to involve the whole of the other. This would produce two distinct and large masses in the picture; which answers to the conditions of what is called the grand style of composition. Well, would it destroy these masses to give the smallest veins or variation of colour or surface in the light side, or to shade the other with the most delicate and elaborate *chiaro-scuro*? It is evident not; from common sense, from the practice of the best masters, and, lastly, from the example of nature, which contains both the larger masses, the strongest contrasts, and the highest finishing, within itself. The integrity of the whole, then, is not impaired by the indefinite subdivision and smallness of the parts. The grandeur of the ultimate effects depends entirely on the arrangement of these in a certain form or under certain masses. The Ilissus or River-god (of which we have given a print in a former number) is floating in his proper element, and is, in appearance, as firm as a rock, as pliable as a wave of the sea. The artist's breath might be said to mould and play upon the undulating surface. The whole is expanded into noble proportions, and heaves with general effect. What then? Are the parts unfinished; or are they not there? No; they are there with the nicest exactness, but in due subordination; that is, they are there as they are found in fine nature; and float upon the general form, like straw or weeds upon the tide of ocean. Once more: in Titian's portraits we perceive a certain character stamped upon the different features. In the Hippolito de Medici the eye-brows are angular, the nose is peaked, the mouth has sharp corners, the face is (so to speak) a pointed oval. The drawing in each of these is as careful and distinct as can be. But the unity of intention in nature, and in the artist, does not the less tend to produce a general grandeur and impressiveness of effect; which at first sight it is not easy to account for. To combine a number of particulars to one end is not to omit them altogether; and is the

best way of producing the grand style, because it does this without either affectation or slovenliness.

6. The sixth rule we proposed to lay down was, that *as grandeur is the principle of connexion between different parts; beauty is the principle of affinity between different forms, or their gradual conversion into each other. The one harmonizes, the other aggrandizes, our impressions of things.*

There is a harmony of colours and a harmony of sounds, unquestionably: why then there should be all this squeamishness about admitting an original harmony of forms as the principle of beauty and source of pleasure there we cannot understand. It is true, that there is in organized bodies a certain standard of form to which they approximate more or less, and from which they cannot very widely deviate without shocking the sense of custom, or our settled expectations of what they ought to be. And hence it has been pretended, that there is in all such cases a *middle central form*, obtained by leaving out the peculiarities of all the others, which alone is the pure standard of truth and beauty. A conformity to custom is, we grant, one condition of beauty or source of satisfaction to the eye, because an abrupt transition shocks; but there is a conformity (or correspondence) of colours, sounds, lines, among themselves, which is soft and pleasing for the same reason. The average or customary form merely determines what is *natural*. A thing cannot please, unless it is to be found in nature; but that which is natural is most pleasing, according as it has other properties which in themselves please. Thus the colour of a cheek must be the natural complexion of a human face;—it would not do to make it the colour of a flower or a precious stone;—but among complexions ordinarily to be found in nature, that is most beautiful which would be thought so abstractedly, or in itself. Yellow hair is not the most common, nor is it a *mean proportion* between the different colours of women's hair. Yet, who will say that it is not the most beautiful? Blue or green hair would be a defect and an anomaly, not because it is not the *medium* of nature, but because it is

not in nature at all. To say that there is no difference in the sense of form except from custom, is like saying that there is no difference in the sensation of smooth or rough. Judging by analogy, a gradation or symmetry of form must affect the mind in the same manner as a gradation of recurrence at given intervals of tones or sounds; and if it does so in fact, we need not inquire further for the principle. Sir Joshua, (who is the arch-heretic on this subject) makes grandeur or sublimity consist in the middle form, or abstraction of all peculiarities; which is evidently false, for grandeur and sublimity arise from extraordinary strength, magnitude, &c. or in a word, from an excess of power, so as to startle and overawe the mind. But as sublimity is an excess of power, beauty is, we conceive, the blending and harmonizing different powers or qualities together, so as to produce a soft and pleasurable sensation. That it is not the middle form of the species seems proved in various ways. First, because one species is more beautiful than another, according to common sense. A rose is the queen of flowers, in poetry at least; but in this philosophy any other flower is as good. A swan is more beautiful than a goose; a stag, than a goat. Yet if custom were the test of beauty, either we should give no preference, or our preference would be reversed. Again, let us go back to the human face and figure. A straight nose is allowed to be handsome, that is, one that presents nearly a continuation of the line of the forehead, and the sides of which are nearly parallel. Now this cannot be the mean proportion of the form of noses. For, first, most noses are broader at the bottom than at the top, inclining to the negro head, but none are broader at top than at the bottom, to produce the Greek form as a balance between both. Almost all noses sink in immediately under the forehead bone, none ever project there; so that the nearly straight line continued from the forehead cannot be a mean proportion struck between the two extremes of convex and concave form in this feature of the face. There must, therefore, be some other principle of symmetry, continuity, &c. to account for the variation from

the prescribed rule. Once more (not to multiply instances tediously), a double calf is undoubtedly the perfection of beauty in the form of the leg. But this is a rare thing. Nor is it the medium between two common extremes. For the muscles seldom swell enough to produce this excrescence, if it may be so called, and never run to an excess there, so as, by diminishing the quantity, to subside into proportion and beauty. But this second or lower calf is a connecting link between the upper calf and the small of the leg, and is just like a second chord or half-note in music. We conceive that any one who does not perceive the beauty of the Venus de Medicis, for instance, in this respect, has not the proper perception of form in his mind. As this is the most disputable, or at least the most disputed part of our theory, we may, perhaps, have to recur to it again, and shall leave an opening for that purpose.

7. *That grace is the beautiful or harmonious in what relates to position or motion.*

There needs not much be said on this point; as we apprehend it will be granted, that whatever beauty is as to the form, grace is the same thing in relation to the use that is made of it. Grace, in writing, relates to the transitions that are made from one subject to another, or to the movement that is given to a passage. If one thing leads to another, or an idea or illustration is brought in without effect, or without making a boggle in the mind, we call this a graceful style. Transitions must in general be gradual and pieced together. But sometimes the most violent are the most graceful, when the mind is fairly tired out and exhausted with a subject, and is glad to leap to another as a repose and relief from the first. Of these there are frequent instances in Mr. Burke's writings, which have something Pindaric in them. That which is not beautiful in itself, or in the mere form, may be made so by position or motion. A figure by no means elegant may be put in an elegant position. Mr. Kean's figure is not good; yet we have seen him throw himself into at-

titudes of infinite spirit, dignity, and grace. John Kemble's figure, on the contrary, is fine in itself; and he has only to show himself to be admired. The direction in which any thing is moved has evidently nothing to do with the shape of the thing moved. The one may be a circle and the other a square. Little and deformed people seem to be well aware of this distinction, who, in spite of their unpromising appearance, usually assume the most imposing attitudes, and give themselves the most extraordinary airs imaginable.

8. *Grandeur of motion is unity of motion.*

This principle hardly needs illustration. Awkwardness is contradictory or disjointed motion.

9. *Strength in art is giving the extremes, softness the uniting them.*

There is no incompatibility between strength and softness, as is sometimes supposed by frivolous people. Weakness is not refinement. A shadow may be twice as deep in a finely coloured picture as in another, and yet almost imperceptible, from the gradations that lead to it, and blend it with the light. Correggio had prodigious strength, and greater softness. Nature is strong and soft, beyond the reach of art to imitate. Softness then does not imply the absence of considerable extremes, but it is the interposing a third thing between them, to break the force of the contrast. Guido is more soft than strong. Rembrandt is more strong than soft.

10. And lastly. *That truth is, to a certain degree, beauty and grandeur, since all things are connected, and all things modify one another in nature. Simplicity is also grand and beautiful for the same reason. Elegance is ease and lightness, with precision.*

This last head appears to contain a number of *gratis dicta*, got together for the sake of completing a decade of propositions. They have, however, some show of truth, and we should add little clearness to them by any reasoning upon the matter. So we will conclude here for the present.

W. H.

WAR SONG.

THE original strain, of which the following stanzas are an imitation, was wont to be sung, with patriotic enthusiasm, by the German and Prussian soldiers, in their encampments, on their marches, and in the field of battle, during the last campaigns of the allies against Bonaparte. This Tyrtæan lyric, therefore, contributed, in its day and its degree, to the deliverance of Europe.

1.

Heaven speed the righteous sword,
And freedom be the word !
Come, brethren, hand in hand,
Fight for your father-land.

2.

Germania from afar
Invokes her sons to war ;
Awake ; put forth your powers,
And victory must be ours.

3.

On, to the combat, on !
Go where your sires have gone ;
Their might unspent remains,
Their pulse is in your veins.

4.

On, to the combat, on !
Rest will be sweet anon ;
The slave may yield, may fly ;
We conquer or we die.

5.

O, Liberty ! thy form
Shines through the battle-storm ;
Away with fear, away !
Let justice win the day !

J. MONTGOMERY.

The Early French Poets.

JAN DE LA PERUSE.

THE works of Jan de la Peruse, one of those contemporary writers whom we shall see distinguished by Ronsard, were edited by Claude Binet, the affectionate friend of both. He has prefixed a preface to them, and added some verses of his own. The title of this book is, "*Les Oeuvres de Jan de la Peruse, avec quelques autres diverses Poesies de Claude Binet.*" A Lyon. Par Benoist Rigaud, 1577. 16mo. The first

poem is *Medee*, a tragedy. It is a mixture of twelve syllable verses ; the common verse, ten ; and lyrical, by the chorus. The opening is from Seneca ; but he has not servilely followed either that writer or Euripides. His odes, in the Pindaric style, are much worse than Ronsard's. The most striking thing I have observed in the collection is an ode that was written in his last illness, and which death prevented him from finishing.

Quelque part que je me tourne,
Tristesse avec moi sejourne ;
Tousiours mes tristes esprits
Sont d'une frayeur espris.
Si je suis en la campagne
J'oy une mortelle voix,
Le mesme son m'accompagne
Si je suis dedans les bois.

En quelque lieu que je soye
Il n'y entre jamais joye.
Si je vois dans un hostel
C'est un presage mortel.
Si des hommes je m'absente,
Cherchant les lieux esloignez,
Par le hibou qui lamente
Mes malheurs sont temoignés.

Si pres des fleuves j'arrive
Soudain l'eau, laissant la rive,
En fuyant devant mon mal,
Se cache dans son canal.
L'oiseau sur la seiche espine
Sans dire mot est perché,
Et le lieu ou je chemine
Seiche comme il est touché.

Si quelque amy d'aventure,
Plein de pitié, s'aventure
De me venir conforter,
Il sent ses sens transporter
Par une tristesse extreme.
Il sent un ennuy, un soin,
Et le pauvre a lui mesme
De bon confort grand besoin.

Unto whatever part I turn,
Sorrow with me abides ;
And, creeping o'er my spirit, still,
A secret terror glides.

A deadly sound is in mine ears,
If in the field I be ;
The self-same sound pursueth still,
When to the woods I flee.

Whatever house I enter in,
Mirth will no longer stay ;
A sad presage, whereso I come,
Makes all men haste away.

And if the people's haunts I shun,
Seeking a lonely place,
The owl shrieks out in witness to
My lamentable case.

If to the river side I go,
And stand upon the brink ;
Sudden the waters, fleeing me,
Within their channel shrink.

The bird upon the dry thorn sits,
And not a word saith he :
The very pathway, that I tread,
Dries up when touch'd by me.

If any friend perchance do come
In pity of my plight,
To comfort me ; he straightway feels
Himself a wretched wight.

A carking care, a woe extreme,
Upon his heart do feed ;
And he himself thenceforth, poor man,
Of comfort much hath need.

This is natural and pathetic. Jan de la Peruse, from the few poems he has left, seems to have been an amiable man, warmly attached to his friends, and not very solicitous to court the notice of the powerful. I have learnt nothing more concerning him, than that he was born at Angoulême, and died there in 1555, in the prime of his life.

The Twelve Tales of Lyddalcross.

TALE THE FIFTH.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

She slept—and there was vision'd to her eye
 A stately mountain, green it seem'd, and high ;
 She sought to climb it—lo ! a river dark
 Roll'd at its foot—there came a gallant bark,
 And in the bark were forms the eldest fiend
 Had shaped to mock God's image ; fierce they lean'd
 O'er the ship's side, and, seizing her, rush'd through
 The river wave, which kindled as they flew.
 Then to the bank came one and laugh'd aloud ;
 Bright robes he wore, stern was his look and proud,
 He stretch'd his arm, and hail'd her for his bride ;
 The shuddering waters wash'd his robe aside,
 And show'd a shape the fiend's tormenting flame
 Had sorely vex'd—she shriek'd, and faintness came.
 Then shouts she heard, and sound of gladsome song,
 And saw a stream of torches flash along.
 The feast was spread, the bridal couch prepared,
 Dread forms stood round, with naked swords to guard ;
 Nor look'd she long ; one whisper'd in her ear,
 Come, climb thy bed—for lo ! the bridegroom's near.
 She cried to heaven—at once the wedding joy
 Was changed to war shout and to funeral cry ;
 Swords in the air, as sunshine, flash'd and fell,
 Then rose all crimson'd—loud came groan and yell,
 And from the middle tumult started out
 A form that seiz'd her—blow, and shriek, and shout
 Came thick behind—down to the Solway flood
 Fast was she borne, it seem'd a sea of blood ;
 She felt it touch her knees, and with a scream
 She started back, and waken'd from her dream.

Legend of Ladye Beatrice.

The Fifth Tale was related by a lady. Her voice was slow and gentle, and possessed that devotional Scottish melody of expression which gives so much antique richness and grace to speech. Under the shade of a long veil she sought to conceal a face where early grief had bleached the roses, and impressed a sedate and settled sorrow on a brow particularly white and high. But her eye still retained something of the light of early life, which darkened or brightened as the joys, the sufferings, or the sorrows, of wedded and maternal love, gave a deeper interest or passion to her story.

When woman is young, said she, with a sigh, but not of regret, she loves to walk in the crowded streets, and near the dwellings of men—when she becomes wiser, has seen the vanities, and drunk of the miseries and woes of life, she chooses her walks in more lonely places, and, seeking converse with her own spirit,

shuns the joy and the mirth of the world. When sorrow, which misses few, had found me out, and made me a mateless bird, I once walked out to the margin of that beautiful sheet of water, the Ladye's Lowe. It was the heart of summer ; the hills in which the lake lay embosomed were bright and green ; sheep were scattered upon their sides ; shepherds sat on their summits ; while the grassy sward, descending to the quiet pure water, gave it so much of its own vernal hue, that the eye could not always distinguish where the land and lake met. Its long green water flags, and broad lilies, which lay so flat and so white along the surface, were unmoved, save by the course of a pair of wild swans, which for many years had grazed on the grassy margin, or found food in the bottom of the lake.

This pastoral quietness pertained more to modern than to ancient times. When the summer heat was high,

and the waters of the lake low, the remains of a broken but narrow causeway, composed of square stones, indented in a frame-work of massy oak, might still be traced, starting from a little bay on the northern side, and diving directly towards the centre of the lake. Tradition, in pursuing the history of this causeway, supplied the lake with an island, the island with a tower, and the tower with narratives of perils, and bloodshed, and chivalry, and love. These fire-side traditions, varying according to the fancy of the peasantry, all concluded in a story too wild for ordinary belief. A battle is invariably described by some grey-headed narrator, fought on the southern side of the lake, and sufficiently perilous and bloody. A lady's voice is heard, and a lady's form is seen, among the armed men, in the middle of the fight. She is described as borne off towards the causeway by the lord of the tower, while the margin of the water is strewn with dead or dying men. She sees her father, her brother, fall in her defence; her lover, to whom she had been betrothed, and from whom she had been torn, die by her side; and the deep and lasting curse which she denounced against her ravisher, and the tower, and the lake which gave him shelter, is not forgotten, but it is too awful to mingle with the stories of a grave and a devout people. That night, it is said, a voice was heard as of a spirit running round and round the lake, and pronouncing a curse against it; the waters became agitated, and a shriek was heard at midnight. In the morning the castle of the Ladye's Lowe was sunk, and the waters of the lake slept seven fathoms deep over the copestone.

They who attach credence to this wild legend are willing to support it by much curious testimony. They tell that, when the waters are pure in summer time, or when the winter's ice lies clear beneath the foot of the curler, the walls of the tower are distinctly seen without a stone displaced; while those who connect tales of wonder with every remarkable place, say, that once a year the castle arises at midnight from the bosom of the lake, with lights, not like the lights of this world, streaming from loophole and turret, while

on the summit, like a banner spread, stands a lady clad in white, holding her hands to heaven, and shrieking. This vision is said to precede, by a night or two, the annual destruction of some person by the waters of the lake. The influence of this superstition has made the Ladye's Lowe a solitary and a desolate place, has preserved its fish, which are both delicious and numerous, from the fisher's net and hook, and its wild swans from the gun of the fowler. The peasantry seldom seek the solitude of its beautiful banks, and avoid bathing in its waters; and when the winter gives its bosom to the curler or the skater, old men look grave and say, 'The Ladye's Lowe will have its yearly victim;' and its yearly victim, tradition tells us, it has ever had since the sinking of the tower.

I had reached the margin of the lake, and sat looking on its wide pure expanse of water. Here and there the remains of an old tree, or a stunted hawthorn, broke and beautified the winding line of its border; while cattle, coming to drink and gaze at their shadows, took away from the awe and solitude of the place. As my eye pursued the sinuous outline of the lake, it was arrested by the appearance of a form, which seemed that of a human being, stretched motionless on the margin. I rose, and, on going nearer, I saw it was a man; the face cast upon the earth, and the hands spread. I thought death had been there; and while I was waving my hand for a shepherd, who sat on the hill-side, to approach and assist me, I heard a groan, and a low and melancholy cry; and presently he started up, and, seating himself on an old tree-root, rested a cheek on the palm of either hand, and gazed intently on the lake. He was a young man; the remains of health and beauty were still about him; but his locks, once curling and long, which maidens loved to look at, were now matted, and wild, and withered; his cheeks were hollow and pale, and his eyes, once the merriest and brightest in the district, shone now with a grey, wild, and unearthly light. As I looked upon this melancholy wreck of youth and strength, the unhappy being put both hands in the lake, and lifting

up water in his palms, scattered it in the air; then dipping both hands again, showered the water about his locks like rain. He continued, during this singular employment, to chaunt some strange and broken words with a wild tone and a faulting tongue.

SONG OF BENJIE SPEDLANDS.

1.

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake ;
 Misery to them who dip their hands in thee !
 May the wild fowl forsake thy margin,
 The fish leap no more in thy waves ;
 May the whirlwind scatter thee utterly,
 And the lightning scorch thee up ;
 May the lily bloom no more on thy bosom,
 And the white swan fly from thy floods !

2.

Cursed be thou, O water, for my sake ;
 The babe unborn shall never bless thee ;
 May the flocks that taste of thee perish ;
 May the man who bathes in thy flood
 Be cross'd and cursed with unrequited love,
 And go childless down to the grave.
 As I curse thee with my delirious tongue,
 I will mar thee with my unhappy hands !

3.

As this water, cast on the passing wind,
 Shall return to thy bosom no more,
 So shall the light of morning forsake thee,
 And night-darkness devour thee up.
 As that pebble descends into thy deeps,
 And that feather floats on thy waves,
 So shall the good and the holy curse thee,
 And the madman mar thee with dust.

4.

Cursed may'st thou continue, for my sake,
 For the sake of those thou hast slain ;
 For the father who mourn'd for his son,
 For the mother who wail'd for her child.
 I heard the voice of sorrow on thy banks,
 And a mother mourning by thy waters ;
 I saw her stretch her white hands over thee,
 And weep for her fair-hair'd son !

The sound of the song rolled low and melancholy over the surface of the lake. I never heard a sound so dismal. During the third verse, the singer took up water in the hollow of his hand, and threw it on the wind. Then he threw a pebble and a feather into the lake ; and, gathering up the dust among the margin stones, strewed it over the surface of the water. When he concluded his wild verses, he uttered a loud cry, and, throwing himself suddenly on his face, spread out his hands, and lay, and quivered, and moaned like one in mortal agony.

A young woman, in widow's weeds, and with a face still deeper in woe

than her mourning dress, now came towards me, along the border of the lake. She had the face and the form of one whom I knew in my youth, the companion of my teens, and the life and love of all who had hearts worth a woman's wish. She was the grace of the preaching, the joy of the dance, through her native valley, and had the kindest and the gayest heart in the wide holms of Annandale. I rode at her wedding, and a gay woman was I ; I danced at her wedding as if sorrow was never to come ; and when I went to the kirking, and saw her so fair, and her husband so handsome, I said, in the simplicity of my

heart, they will live long and happy on the earth. When I saw him again he was stretched in his shroud, and she was weeping with an infant son on her knee, beside the coffin of her husband. Such remembrances can never pass away from the heart, and they came thick upon me as the companion of my early years approached. We had been long separated. I had resided in a distant part, till the loss of all I loved brought me back to seek for happiness in my native place, in the dwellings of departed friends, and the haunts of early joys.

Something of a smile passed over her face when she saw me, but it darkened suddenly down; we said little for a while; the histories of our own sorrows were written on our faces; there was no need for speech. 'Alas! alas!' said she, 'a kind husband, and three sweet bairns, all gone to the green church-yard! but ye were blest in the departure of your children compared to me. A mother's eye wept over them, a mother's knees nursed them, and a mother's hand did all that a mother's hand could do, till the breath went to heaven from between their sweet lips: O, woman, woman, ye were blest compared with me!' And she sobbed aloud, and looked upon the lake, which lay clear and unruffled before us. At the sound of her voice the young man raised himself from the ground, gave one wild look at my companion, and uttering a cry, and covering his face with his hands, dropt flat on the earth, and lay mute and without motion.

"See him, see him," said she to me, "his name is Benjie Spedlands, he was once the sweetest youth in the parish, but now the hand of heaven is heavy upon him and sore; he is enduring punishment for a season and a time; and heavy as was his trespass, so heavy has been his chastening." I entreated her to tell me how he had offended, and also how it happened that her appearance gave him such pain, and made him cry and cover his face. "It is a strange and a mournful story," she answered, "but it eases my spirit to relate it. O woman, I was once a merry and a happy creature, with a face as gladsome as the light of day; but for these eight long years

I have had nought but cheerless days and joyless nights; sad thoughts and terrible dreams. Sorrow came in a dream to me, but it will not pass from me till I go to the grave.

"It happened during the summer time, after I had lost my husband, that I was very down-spirited and lonesome, and my chief and only consolation was to watch over my fatherless son. He was a sweet child; and on the day he was two years old, when I ought to have been glad, and praised HIM who had protected the widow and the orphan, I became more than usually melancholy, for evil forebodings kept down my spirits sorely, and caused me to wet the cheeks of my child with tears. You have been a mother, and may have known the tenderness and love which even an infant will show her when she is distressed. He hung his little arms round my neck, hid his head in my bosom, and raised up such a murmur and a song of sorrow and sympathy, that I blessed him and smiled, and the bairn smiled, and so we fell asleep. It was about midnight that I dreamed a dream.

"I dreamed myself seated at my own threshold, dandling my boy in the sun: sleep gives us many joys which are taken from us when we wake, and shadows out to us many woes which are interpreted by sorrow. I thought my husband was beside me; but, though he smiled, his look was more grave than in life, and there seemed a light about him, a purer light than that of day. I thought I saw the sun setting on the green hills before me. I heard the song of the maidens as they returned from the folds; saw the rooks flying in a long black and wavering train towards their customary pines; and beheld first one large star, and then another, arising in the firmament. And I looked again, and saw a little black cloud hanging between heaven and earth; it became larger and darker till it filled all the air, from the sky down to the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. I wondered what this might mean, when presently the cloud began to move and roll along the earth, coming nearer and nearer, and it covered all the green fields, and shut out the light of heaven. And as it came closer, I thought I beheld the shapes of men, and heard voices more

shrill than human tongue. And the cloud stood still at the distance of a stone-cast. I grew sore afraid, and clasped my child to my bosom, and sought to fly, but I could not move; the form of my husband had fled, and there was no one to comfort me. And I looked again, and, lo! the cloud seemed cleft asunder, and I saw a black chariot, drawn by six black steeds, issue from the cloud. And I saw a Shadow seated for a driver, and heard a voice say, 'I am the bearer of WOES to the sons and daughters of men; carry these sorrows abroad, they are in number eight.' And all the steeds started forward; and when the chariot came to my threshold, the phantom tarried and said, 'A woe and a woe for the son of the widow Rachel.' And I arose and beheld in the chariot the coffins of seven children; and their names, and their years, were written thereon. And there lay another coffin; and, as I bent over it, I read the name of my son, and his years were numbered six; a tear fell from my cheek, and the letters vanished. And I heard the Shadow say, 'Woman, what hast thou done? Can thy tears contend with me?' and I saw a hand pass, as a hand when it writes, over the coffin again. And I looked, and I saw the name of my son, and his years were numbered nine. And a faintness came into my heart, and a dimness into mine eye, and I sought to wash the words out with my tears, when the shadow said, 'Woman, woman, take forth thy woe and go thy ways, I have houses seven to visit, and may not tarry for thy tears; three years have I given for thy weeping, and I may give no more.'

"I have often wondered at my own strength, though it was all in a dream; 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy commission is from the evil one, lash thy fiend-steeds and begone.' The shadow darkened as I spoke: 'Vision,' I said, 'if thy mission is from Him who sits on the holy hill,—the Lord giveth and taketh away, blessed be his name; do thy message and depart.' And suddenly the coffin was laid at my door, the steeds and chariot fled, the thick clouds followed, and I beheld them no more. I gazed upon the name, and the years nine; and as I looked, it vanished from my sight; and I awoke weeping, and found my

locks drenched in sweat, and the band of my bosom burst asunder with the leaping of my heart.

"And I told my dream, and all the people of the parish wondered; and those who had children waxed sorrowful, and were dismayed. And a woman who dwells by the Rowan-tree-burn came unto me, and said, 'I hear that you have dreamed an evil dream; know ye how ye may eschew it?' And I answered, 'I have dreamed an evil dream, and I know not how I may eschew it, save by prayers and humiliation.' And the woman said to me, 'Marvel not at what I may say; I am old, and the wisdom of ancient times is with me; such wisdom as foolish men formerly accounted evil—listen to my words. Take the under garment of thy child, and dip it at midnight in that water called the Ladye's Lowe, and hang it forth to dry in the new moon-beam. Take thy bible on thy knees, and keep watch beside it; mickle is the courage of a woman when the child that milked her bosom is in danger. And a form, like unto the form of a lady, will arise from the lake, and will seek to turn the garment of thy son; see that ye quail not, but arise and say, 'Spirit, by all the salvation contained between the boards of this book, I order thee to depart and touch not the garment.'

"And while this woman spake, there came another woman, the wife of one who had sailed to a distant land, and had left her with two sweet children, and the name of the one was Samuel, and the name of the other John. Now John was a fair and comely child, the image of her husband, but he was not his mother's joy, for she loved Samuel, who bore the image of one she had loved in her youth; and this made her husband sorrowful, and caused him to sail to a far country. And when she came in, she said, 'So ye have dreamed a bad dream, and ye have sought this ill woman of the Rowan-tree-burn to give the interpretation thereof; if evil is threatened, evil is the way you seek to avert it. Now listen unto me; the wind bloweth as it listeth; the ways of God will not be changed by the wisdom of man; providence may seek thy child for a saint; see that ye cast him not to the fiends by dealing with unholy charms and

spells, and with graceless hags. I have two fair children; one of them is his father's love, the other is mine; say, saw ye not the name of John written on one of those visionary coffins? for I hope my Samuel will long be the grace of the green earth before he goes to the dowie mools.' And the eyes of the woman of the Rowantree-burn flashed with anger, and she said, 'Hearken to the words of this shameless woman, she seeks the destruction of the child of wedlock, and wishes life to the child of wantonness and sin. Lo! I say, hearken unto her. But the evil of her ways shall be to her as sadness, and what has given her joy shall be to the world a hissing and a scorn; to her a scourge, and a curse. She will lose the sweet youth John, even as she wishes, but long and full of evil shall be the life of the child she loves.' And upon this, these two foolish women reproached each other with works of sin and with deeds of darkness; and waxing wroth with their words, they tore each other's raiment and hair, and smote and bruised one another, and the clamour of their tongues increased exceedingly.

"Now in the midst of all this folly, there came to my fireside a man cunning in the culture of corn, and versed in the cure of those evils which afflict dumb creatures. And when he saw the strife between the woman of the Rowantree-burn and the mariner's wife, he laughed aloud in the fulness of his joy. 'Strong may the strife be, and long may it continue,' said he, 'for pleasant is the feud between the raven and the hooded-crow, and the small birds sing when the hawks of heaven fight. That woman has destroyed the firstlings of the flock, has dried up the udders to the sucking lambs, and lessened the riches of men who live by sweet cheese and fattened herds. She hath also cast her spells over the deep waters of Annan and Ae; the fish have fled, and the nets of the fishermen are dipped in vain. The fowls of heaven too have felt the cunning of her hand; the wild swans have left the Ladye's Lowe, the wild geese have fled from the royal lakes of Lochmaben; and the black-cock and the ptarmigan come no more to the snare of the fowler. Let her

therefore scream and weep under the strong hand and sharp nails of her bitter enemy. And for the other woman, even she whose husband lives on the deep waters, and to whom she bears children in the image of other men, let her, I say, suffer from the fingers of witchcraft: pleasant is the strife between workers of wickedness; and woe to the wit, and sorrow to the hand, that seeks to sunder them. Now touching this singular dream of thine, I have a word to say, and it is this; believe it not, it is the work of the grand architect of human misery who seeks to draw people to sin in the dreams and shadows of the night. To men whose hearts are warm, and whose blood is young, he descends in soft and voluptuous visions. I have myself beheld a maiden with a languishing look, and an eye blue and ensnaring, standing at my bed-side, clothed out in a midnight dream with the shadowy beauty of a sleeping imagination; and this appeared too on that very night when my inward gifts and graces had raised me from an humble sower of seed-corn to become an elder of our godly kirk; praise be blest, and may the deed be lauded of men. But it is not alone to the staid and the devout that the enemy appears in dreams; he presents the soldier with imaginary fields of peril and blood, and blesses his ear with the yell and the outcry of battle, and the trumpet-sound. To the maiden, he comes in gallant shapes and costly raiment, with becks and bows, and feet which pace gracefully over the floor to the sound of flute and dulcimer, and all manner of music. To the sleeping eye of a mother he digs a deep pit for the babe of her bosom, and lays the child that sucks her breast by the side of a fathomless stream. He shows her shrouds, and empty coffins; figures stretched in white linen, and kirk-yard processions, and raises in her ear the wail of the matrons and the lyke-wake song. Heed not dreams therefore; they are the delusions of him who seeks to sink our souls. But bless thy God, and cherish thy child; keep his feet from the evil path, and his hand from the evil thing, and his tongue from uttering foolishness; and the boy shall become a stripling, and the stripling a man, wise in all his ways, and renowned in his gene-

ration, and thou shalt rejoice with abundance of joy.'

"While this devout person cheered my heart with his counsel, he was not unheard of those two foolish women; they liked not the wisdom of his words, nor his sayings concerning themselves, and they began with a fierce and sudden outcry. 'A pretty elder indeed,' said the woman of the Rowantree-burn, 'to come here in the shades and darkness of night to expound dreams to a rosie young widow. I'll warrant ye would not care if the man-child were at the bottom of the Ladye's Lowe, so long as a full farm, a well plenished house, and a loving dame in lily-white linen, were to the fore. I wish I were a real witch for his sake, he should dree a kittle cast.' The words of the mariner's wife chimed in with those of her antagonist. 'A pretty elder, truly,' said she, smiting her hands together close to his nose, 'he'll come here to talk of sinful dreams, and flutes, and dulcimers, and shaking of wanton legs, and the smiling of ensnaring eyes. And yet should the bairn of a poor body have a fairer look than ane's ain husband, he will threaten us with kirk censure and session rebuke, though it's weel kenned that mothers cannot command the complexion of their babes, nor controul the time when it pleases Providence to send them weeping into the world. There was my ain son Samuel; his father had sailed but ten months and a day when the sweet wean came; where was the marvel of that? If there was not an indulgence, and acts of wondrous bounty and kindness, and blessings in the shape of babes showered upon mariners, sorrowful would their lives be, dwelling so far from their wives in the deep wide waters.'

"'Woman, woman,' said the elder, 'I came not hither to hearken to thy confession; go home and repent, and leave me to admonish the owner of this house, touching the dream with which her spirit is sorely troubled.' 'Admonish!' said the mariner's spouse, 'I dare ye, sir, to use that word of scorn and kirk scandal to the widow of as dounce a man as ever stept in a black-leather shoe—admonish, indeed! If ye are so full of the gracious spirit of counsel and admo-

nition, wherefore have ye not come to cheer me in my lonesome home, where all I have is two bairns to keep sadness from my fireside? My husband is sailing on the great deep, and has not blest my sight these three long years; mickle need have I of some one to soothe my widow-like lot; I could find ye something like scripture warrant for such kindness which ye wot not of.' And the woman went her ways; the man tarried but a little while; and the woman of the Rowantree-burn departed also, admonishing me to remember her words and do as she had desired.

"It was on the third evening after I dreamed my dream, that I thought on the woman's words; and I debated with myself, if such seekings after future events by means of charms and spells were wise, and according to the word. But old beliefs, and legendary stories, and the assurances of many wise and venerable people, have ever proved too hard for the cunning of wisdom and the pure light of the gospel; and I thought on my grandmother, to whom the person of my grandfather, then in a remote land, was shown in a vision one hallowmass-eve, and so I went my ways. It was near midnight when I reached the Ladye's Lowe, and, seating myself on the place where I now sit, I looked sadly to the heaven, and sorrowfully to the waters. The moon had arisen with her horns half filled; the stars had gathered around her; the sheep lay white and clustering on the hill sides; the wild swans sailed in pairs along the quiet bosom of the lake; and the only sound I heard was that of the mother-duck, as she led her swarm of yellow young ones to graze on the tender herbage on the margin of the lake. I had wetted, as the woman bade me, the under garment of my child, and hung it forth to dry on a little bush of broom, and there I sat watching it and ruminating on my lot, on the sorrows and joys of a mother. Midnight came; the lake lay still and beautiful; the wind was heard by fits among the bushes, and gushed gently over the bosom of the water with a sweet and a lulling sound. I looked and I thought, and I thought and looked, till mine eyes waxed weary with watching, and I closed them for a time against the dazzling

undulation of the water which swelled and subsided beneath the clear moonlight. As I sat, something came before me as a vision in a dream, and I know not yet whether I slumbered or waked. Summer I thought was changed into winter, the reeds were frozen by the brooks, snow lay white and dazzling on the ground, and a sheet of thick and transparent ice was spread over the bosom of the Ladye's Lowe. And, as I looked, the lake became crowded with men; I beheld the faces of many whom I knew, and heard the curling-stones rattle and ring, as they glided along the ice or smote upon one another; and the din and clamour of men flew far and wide. And my son appeared unto me, a child no more, but a stripling tall and fair and graceful, his fair hair curling on his shoulders—my heart leapt with joy. And seven young men were with him; I knew them all, his school companions; and their seven mothers came, I thought, and stood by my side, and as we looked we talked of our children. As they glided along the ice, they held by each other's hands and sang a song; above them all, I heard the voice of my son, and my heart rejoiced. As the song concluded, I heard a shriek as of many drowning, but I saw nothing, for the ice was fled from the bosom of the lake, and all that was visible was the wild swans with the lesser water fowl. But all at once, I saw my son come from the bottom of the lake; his locks were disordered and drenched; and deadly paleness was in his looks. One bore him out of the water in his arms, and laid him at my feet on the bank. I swooned away; and when I came to myself, I found the morning light approaching, the lake fowl sheltering themselves among the reeds; and, stiff with cold, and with a heavy heart, I returned home.

"Years passed on—my son grew fair and comely, out-rivalled his comrades at school, and became the joy of the young, and the delight of the old. I often thought of my dream as I gazed on the child; and I said in the fulness of a mother's pride, surely it was a vain and an idle vision, coloured into sadness by my fears; for a creature so full of life, and strength, and spirit, cannot pass

away from the earth before his prime. Still at other times the vision pressed on my heart, and I had sore combats with a misgiving mind; but I confided in Him above, and cheered my spirit as well as I might. I went with my son to the kirk, I accompanied him to the market, I walked with him on the green hills, and on the banks of the deep rivers; I was with him in the dance, and my heart rejoiced to see him surpass the children of others: wherever he went, a mother's fears, and a mother's feet, followed him. Some derided my imaginings, and called me the dreaming widow; while others spoke with joy of his beauty and attainments, and said he was a happy son who had so tender and so prudent a mother.

"It happened in the seventh year from my dream, that a great curling bonspiel was to be played between the youths and the wedded men of the parish; and a controversy arose concerning the lake on which the game should be decided. It was the middle of December; the winter had been open and green; till suddenly the storm set in, and the lakes were frozen equal to bear the weight of a heavy man in the first night's frost. Several sheets of frozen water were mentioned: ancient tale, and ancient belief, had given a charm to the Ladye's Lowe which few people were willing to break; and the older and graver portion of the peasantry looked on it as a place of evil omen, where many might meet, but few would part. All this was withstood by a vain and froward youth, who despised ancient beliefs as idle superstitions—traditionary legends as the labour of credulous men; and who, in the pride and vanity of human knowledge, made it his boast that he believed nothing. He proposed to play the Bonspiel on the Ladye's Lowe—the foolish young men his companions supported his wish; and not a few among the sedater sort consented to dismiss proverbial fears, and play their game on these ominous waters. I thought it was a sad sight to see so many grey heads pass my threshold, and so many young heads following, to sport on so perilous a place; but curiosity could not be restrained—young and old, the dame and the damsel, crowded the banks

of the lake to behold the contest ; and I heard the mirth of their tongues and the sound of their curling-stones as I sat at my hearth fire. One of the foremost was Benjie Spedlands."

The unhappy mother had proceeded thus far, when the demented youth, who till now had lain silent and motionless by the side of the lake, uttered a groan, and starting suddenly to his feet, came and stood beside us. He shed back his long and moistened locks from a burning and bewildered brow, and looking steadfastly in her face, for a moment, said, ' Rachel, dost thou know me ? ' She answered only with a flood of tears, and a wave of her hand to be gone. ' Know me ! aye, how can ye but know me—since for me that deadly water opened its lips, and swallowed thy darling up. If ye have a tongue to curse, and a heart to scorn me—scorn me then, and curse me ; and let me be seen no more on this blessed earth. For the light of day is misery to me, and the cloud of night is full of sorrow and trouble. My reason departs, and I go and sojourn with the beasts of the field—it returns, and I fly from the face of man ; but wherever I go, I hear the death-shriek of eight sweet youths in my ear, and the curses of mothers' lips on my name.' ' Young man,' she said, ' I shall not curse thee, though thy folly has made me childless ; nor shall I scorn thee, for I may not scorn the image of Him above ; but go from my presence, and herd with the brutes that perish, or stay among men, and seek to soothe thy smitten conscience by holy converse, and by sincere repentance.' ' Repentance ! ' he said, with a wildness of eye that made me start—' of what have I to repent ? Did I make that deep lake, and cast thy son, and the sons of seven others, bound into its bosom ? Repentance belongs to him who does a deed of evil—sorrow is his who witlessly brings misfortunes on others ; and such mishap was mine. Harken, and ye shall judge.'

And he sat down by the side of the lake ; and taking up eight smooth stones in his hand, dropped them one by one into the water ; then turning round to us, he said : ' Even as the waters have closed over those eight pebbles, so did I see them close over

eight sweet children. The ice crashed, and the children yelled ; and as they sunk, one of them, even thy son, put forth his hand, and seizing me by the foot, said : ' Oh ! Benjie, save me—save me ; ' but the love of life was too strong in me, for I saw the deep, the fathomless water ; and far below I beheld the walls of the old tower, and I thought on those doomed yearly to perish in this haunted lake, and I sought to free my foot from the hand of the innocent youth. But he held me fast, and looking in my face, said, ' Oh ! Benjie, save me, save me ! ' And I thought how I had wiled him away from his mother's threshold, and carried him and his seven companions to the middle of the lake, with the promise of showing him the haunted towers and courts of the drowned castle ; but the fears for my own life were too strong ; so putting down my hand, I freed my foot, and, escaping over the ice, left him to sink with his seven companions. Brief, brief was his struggle—a crash of the faithless ice—a plunge in the fathomless water, and a sharp shrill shriek of youthful agony, and all was over for him—but for me—broken slumbers, and a burning brain, and a vision that will not pass from me, of eight fair creatures drowning.'

Ere he had concluded, the unhappy mother had leaped to her feet, had stretched forth her hands over him, and, with every feature dilated with agony, gathered up her strength to curse and to confound him. ' Oh ! wretched and contemptible creature,' she said, ' were I a man as I am but a feeble woman, I would tread thee as dust aneath my feet, for thou art unworthy to live. God gave thee his own form, and gave thee hands to save, not to destroy his fairest handiworks ; but what heart, save thine, could have resisted a cry for mercy from one so fair and so innocent ? Depart from my presence—crawl—for thou art unworthy to walk like man—crawl as the reptiles do, and let the hills cover thee, or the deeps devour thee ; for who can wish thy base existence prolonged. The mother is unblest that bare thee, and hapless is he who owns thy name. Hereafter shall men scorn to count kindred with thee. Thou hast no

brother to feel a brother's shame, no sister to feel for thee a sister's sorrow—no kinsman to mourn for the reproach of kindred blood. Cursed be she who would bear for thee the sacred name of wife. Seven sons would I behold—and I saw one,—wae's me!—dragged from the bottom of that fatal lake; see them borne over my threshold with their long hanks of fair hair wetting the pavement, as the lovely locks of my sweet boy did; and stretch their lily limbs in linen which my own hands had spun for their bridal sheets, even as I stretched my own blessed child,—rather than be the mother of such a wretch as thou! From this fearful malediction, the delirious youth sought not to escape; he threw himself with his face to the earth, spread out his hands on the turf, and renewed his sobbings and his moans, while the sorrowful mother returned to a cheerless home and an empty fireside.

Such was her fearful dream; and such was its slow, but sure and unhappy fulfilment. She did not long survive the desolation of her house. Her footsteps were too frequent by the lake, and by the grave of her husband and child, for the peace of her spirit; she faded, and sank away; and now the churchyard grass grows green and long above her. Old people stop by her grave, and relate with a low voice, and many a sigh, her sad and remarkable story. But grass will never grow over the body of Benjie Spedlands. He was shunned

by the old, and loathed by the young; and the selfish cruelty of his nature met with the singular punishment of a mental alienation, dead to all other feeling, save that of agony for the death of the eight children. He wandered into all lonesome places, and sought to escape from the company of all living things. His favourite seat was on a little hill top, which overlooks the head of the Ladye's Lowe. There he sat watching the water, with an intensity of gaze which nothing could interrupt. Sometimes he was observed to descend with the swiftness of a bird in its flight, and dash into the lake, and snatch and struggle in the water like one saving a creature from drowning. One winter evening, a twelvemonth from the day of the fatal catastrophe on the lake, he was seen to run round its bank like one in agony, stretching out his hands, and shouting to something he imagined he saw in the water. The night grew dark and stormy—the sleet fell, and thick hail came, and the winds augmented. Still his voice was heard at times far shriller than the tempest—old men shuddered at the sound—about midnight it ceased, and was never heard more. His hat was found floating by the side of the water, but he was never more seen nor heard of—his death-lights, glimmering for a season on the lake, told to many that he had found, perhaps sought, a grave in the deepest part of the Ladye's Lowe.

SONNET. TO NATURE.

THOU Spirit of Creation, breathing still
 O'er each wing'd year unwearied Time doth bring;
 Thou warmth, call'd Nature, whose mysterious skill
 Returns in glory to renew the spring,
 Awakening beauty in its wild extremes,
 As the earth quickens at thy wondrous power;—
 Hovering around us, like to pleasant dreams,
 With sudden visits of each leaf and flower;—
 Thou mighty Presence—thou all cheering Sun,
 That gilt Care's desert when the world begun;—
 Thou still remain'st, the poetry of life,
 The warmth that cherishes eternity;
 A joy that triumphs o'er the world's rude strife,—
 A Hope that pictures what he next may be.

LETTER FROM JANUS WEATHERCOCK, ESQ.

* * Janus Weathercock (Esquire, God wot) is alive ! We have received a right merry epistle from him, which we readily print, because it is so pleasantly impertinent, and so ridiculously critical. If any of our contributors should recognise his allusions to them, which his use of their occasional signatures may assist, we—wish him well !

Worshipful master ! I have a great deal of, I cannot
tell what, to say to you. Ford.

Sir, or Gentlemen.—I have not been a contributor to your invaluable miscellany (as "*Constant Readers*" have it) for a long time, and I doubt not but that your profits have been in correspondence with my leisure. The fact is, you have got a deal *too good* for me and my sentimentalities ; and I should never have troubled your compositor more if I had not fancied that you would also shoot ahead of the heavy-sailing public. From your last *Lion's Head*, (p. 303) I learnt that other folks are willing to serve you as the Caliph Omar did the Alexandrian library, and render the London *less full of literature*. Now, dear invisibilities, I would just hint, that *my* claims to be employed in this sort of service are more *legitimate* ; and, as a single proof in point, I shall simply adduce the well-established fact, that my hair-triggers will snuff a candle at twenty paces. Apply your organs of self-curativeness to this extremely perspicuous line of reasoning, and you will grant the Rob Roy* justice of my demands. This being arranged *amicably*, allow me to ask if you have properly considered the legitimate (an exceeding good word, as Justice Shallow says of *accommodate*) nature (by which I imply the customary and accustomed nature) of *Magazines* ? This must at first strike you as an odd question for the end of the fifth volume ; but a little thought will develop its pertinence. The vital aim of a *Review* was, and is staringly obvious ; viz. to furnish a little compendious way to the Stagyrite's chair, for those who lack the ability or the will (which is pretty much the same thing in effect) to

travel the regular ruddy road. The invention took wonderfully, for *now* any given laudably-ambitious Mister Staggy might make certain of six penn'orth of critical acumen, which he could disburse by judgmental pinches to an admiring circle of ladies and gentlemen, who had *not* seen the last * * * * Review. But the composers of this " literature made easy for the meanest capacities," have shown themselves shortsighted, for having succeeded in subverting all genuine existing literature, and rendered the ground nearly impracticable to the immediate future, they find their prospects assimilated to those of Epirian Pyrrhus, in his concluding engagements with the Romans. The public, at the expense of many half-crowns, has wormed out the secret of their fight, and is rapidly throwing off the trammels of its alarmed tutors ; which is as much as to say in King's English (which Sir Walter Scott cannot write) that any lady within the boundary of gentility (coloured *red* in Moggy's map) or out of it perhaps, can dissert on the merits or demerits of the afore-said Sir W.'s last novel, with as good emphasis, and better matter than any given peevish little Editor of a Review. But this is nothing to the purpose, I believe ; yet let it go for a huge parenthesis, in which article I ding old Chapman, our noble English Homer. Where was I ? Oh ! ah ! " nature of Magazines." Yes ! well, —I leave you to ponder over my query, satisfied that I have awakened you to a very weighty and necessary preliminary to improvement : yet before I put *your's faithfully*, &c. to this scrawl, (in the postscript to

* ——— The good old plan,
That those shall take who have the power,
And those shall keep who can.

Wordsworth.

which you will find a list of pretty books for sofas and sofa-tables) I cannot help forcing a word of advice. Don't act over again the fable of the Old Man and his Ass. You have entered a bold speculation in attempting to establish a real *literary Magazine*. Towards such a plan, no encouragement could be expected from the largest class of magazine readers, as magazines were originally got up; you had no recipes for the tooth-ache, no charades, no *disinterested* letters by Agricola ("with a wood-cut,") on the new propelling shafts, no paper on an ancient Highland knee-buckle, no drunken songs, no paltry French romances, and no scandal. You had to work your way into a new society, somewhat difficult of access at first, but whose ultimate acquaintance would repay all endeavours to obtain it; inasmuch as there only could your worthy matter be worthily entertained and censured. This introduction is accomplished; and, to spread the connexion still wider, it is only necessary that you should not be wanting to yourselves; therefore rouse up bravely in the warm spring time, and advance your outposts still higher up the mount of green-flowering Helicon.* Clap Elia on the back for such a series of good behaviour. Flog your strong horse,† "*Lyddal-cross*," up to the mark of Allan-a-Maut, or the King of the Peak, which will be a good swinging trot, like a gallop. Be so obliging as to ask our Idler‡ by the green sea, wherefore he gave up the fourteen syllable measure (which becomes him so well) in the Hymn to Ceres—remind him, too, that we have never had a satis-

factory specimen of an English Æschylus or Euripides; and that some good things might be picked out of Quintus Calaber and Nonnus—besides those already included in Mr. Elton's tasteful specimens. Mr. Living British Dramatists requires a pinch of snuff,§ high dried, judging from his last; but a parody on obscure inanity must be inane. The *original*, as my friend S***** says, is sufficiently satirical on itself. Entreat the lively observant Edward Herbert to keep out of bad company: the influences of Drury-lane green-room had an awful effect on the conclusion of his last, as he himself seemed aware.|| Give us some good serious poetry (if to be had any where:—why is the harp of Coleridge mute?) and contrast it with some such smart bubbles of wit as "Please to ring the belle." And now by what obliquity does the ablest scholar** of the day confine his attention entirely to the French Early Poets. Is not the *exquisite*, the still uncomprehended, Petrarch worthy of his close yet classic English? Why not alternate a noble canzone of Francesco with a sunny bird-like burst of music by Alayn Chartier, or Pierre Ronsard? And now I am interrogative, let your German Linguist look about him†† and be industrious. Are the stores of Goethe the all-grasping, and Wieland the witty, and Franz-Horn, and Tieck, and De la Motte Fouquè, exhausted? Are all these variously excelling authors become so well known 'here in England?' I should *guess* not, as the Jonathans say. Or, again, my jolly Almain Rutter! have you not Arndt, and Caroline

* Janus is *getting* critical. "The bad bit is coming, your honour," as Miss Edgeworth's postillion says. Mr. Weathercock lays about him handsomely, but, like the Irish duellist, he often hits the wrong man.

† We have no horse, "nor ass neither," among our contributors. Unfortunately for Mr. Weathercock's metaphor, the author of the *Tales of Lyddal-cross* is a very slight gentleman in delicate health.

‡ Qu. Rambler?

§ Mr. Living Dramatists does not take snuff.

|| Janus has certainly done for himself in the good opinion of Mr. Herbert, as he considers it the liveliest paper he has ever written; and has already quarreled with two of his best friends, who took the liberty to think otherwise.

** We do not know how to apply this advice, for we have several *ablest* scholars. Pierre Ronsard is, however, at the *Pit Door* of our Magazine, and is only prevented from entering by seeing "Pit full."

†† "Looking about," is not the way to be industrious.

de la Motte Fouquè, and Luise Brachman? very pleasant and fanciful people! Look to it, good master Wigginwagginhausen! Apropos. Who is that fellow with the Batavian, broad-bottom, tobacco-scented name—Wankin, Wynken, *Stinking Brooms** (as it has been said that Elia called him one day), who takes liberties with my appellation and style? Some broken picture-cleaner, or hackney drawing-master, I take it; though I recollect some one whispering that it was my Lord Stafford's dilettante porter.—Is that correct? At all events, make a clear Magazine of him; for the Fine Arts of England will never carry double; by which phrase I insinuate my intention of taking up all '*that sort of thing*,'† for the benefit of London, and without the definite article. "The post is just going out,"‡ (how

lucky!) so Heaven bless you and yours.

JANUS WEATHERCOCK.

PS. Haven't room for my postscript after all. Ready next month. Amazing thievery at Cosway's sale! Heard all about it, I suppose: one lady stopped on the staircase with two thousand pounds worth of prints in her pocket! "'Pon my life it's true, what'll you lay it's a lie?"—Fond of statues? Go see Giovanni di Medicis, by Michel, at Day's—worth a *day's* journey! A'nt that good? hey? But! gad! I think you're all statues yourselves, or the Mercandotti would have thawed you into an article § in praise of her Titianesque (don't blunder it into Titiannesque) foot. A pretty sum the education of that girl has cost my Lord F****!

NOTICES OF THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE society of Painters in Water Colours has commenced its annual exhibition under favourable auspices. The private view was most respectably attended, and on the very first day a considerable portion of the more interesting pictures were marked as sold. The collection is neither large nor glaring, but, altogether, it was to us exceedingly interesting. There is no affectation, no extravagance; with one or two exceptions, there is no substitution of tawdry mannerism for simplicity and nature, but by far the greater number of pictures exhibit a gratifying combination of the high qualities of genuine art. Mr. Cristall has not contributed so many as on some former occasions, but among the few subjects which bear his signature we observed two or three rich classical adaptations of scenery and figures. Barret has furnished some delightful compositions and views; his colouring and execution

are admirable, and if one or two of his co-exhibitors were absent, we should say that among all the rest he was *facile princeps*. His Richmond Hill is a felicitous combination of luxuriance and distinctness; and his Afternoon and Evening are admirable illustrations of poetic feeling. Copley Fielding has, as usual, been successfully diligent; his flat-scenery, of which he has several representations, is excellently managed; the view of Romney Marsh pleased us uncommonly. Cox is respectable. Wild and Cattermole have some good architectural drawings, and Miss Byrne has some elegant groupes of flowers and fruit. Varley's Destruction of Tyre is but little to our liking. Robson, with considerable talent, has not made so much improvement as we had anticipated; he is in some danger of getting feeble and mannered. Some of the most attractive paintings in the collection are from the indefatigable

* "Mercy on us! We hope," as Mrs. Malaprop says, "you are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once!"

† Mr. Janus seems disposed not only to take up "all that sort of thing," but "*every thing in the world*."

‡ See English Correspondence in general.

§ Let Janus go himself, and be thawed into an article, as he has undertaken "all that sort of thing."

pencil of Prout; his old buildings and architectural subjects, taken during his Continental tour, are treated with great spirit. The Views of Strasburg, Mayence, and Liege, are highly but not coarsely coloured,

and full of bustle and spirit. We regret that the Society should have attached any mark of its approbation to a picture in all respects so worthless as Mr. Smith's view of Naples. We missed Dewint sadly.

MR. MARTIN'S PICTURES.

We visited, last week, with considerable though not unmingled gratification, Mr. Martin's pictures now exhibiting in Piccadilly. Mr. Martin certainly displays great facility, both in conception and realization, but he will excuse us the friendly intimation that he appears to be in some danger of confounding glare with effect, and violence with genuine power. His *Herculaneum* is a fine picture, but there is in it too palpable an obtrusion of colour and attitude, as the vehicles of grandeur and pathos. He delights too much in the untempered effect of dazzling tint, and his reds and blues and yellows are dashed in with a fierce and indiscriminating

hand. We shall not repeat what has been so often said respecting his figures, but we would urgently recommend to Mr. Martin the close and unwearied study of the living and antique models. The *Bard* is altogether a failure, and we completely coincide with the just criticism of our very respectable correspondent, Mrs. Winifred Lloyd. Mr. M.'s earlier pictures strike us as his best; the *Storming of Babylon*, though not historically accurate, and the harrowing situation of *Sadak* in his efforts to reach the Fountain of Oblivion, are undeniable proofs of his great talents.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE have heard the approaching exhibition of the Royal Academy so highly spoken of by those who have access to the best means of information, that we look forward to a much more substantial feast for the eye and intellect, than has of late years been afforded us. A liberal discrimination has been exercised, and few applicants have had to sustain the mortification of exclusion. The President has sent in his fine portraits of the King and the Duke of York. Our unrivalled Chantrey has finished a bust of the sovereign with all that striking combination of simplicity and spirit, which forms the characteristic excellence of his style. Last year Mr. Baily exhibited a beautiful model of *Eve*; he has since transferred his design to marble, and in the truth and graceful loveliness which he has communicated to his work, has surpassed any of the female figures which Thorvaldsen has sent to this country. Flaxman's profound knowledge of classic principle has not, we understand, deserted him in his group of *St. Michael subduing the Great Dragon*. *Psyche*, a standing figure, executed by Westmacott, for the Duke of Bedford, is said to possess considerable grace; a statue of *Charity* has the faults of all allegorical produc-

tions,—it is cold and uninteresting. There is considerable talent in the group which obtained the gold medal for Mr. Frederick Smith, a pupil of Chantrey, but we can only accept it as a promise of far better things. He has evidently high power, but he must resolutely settle his mind to the achievement of excellence, by patient meditation and indefatigable labour. There is a bust, by the same hand, of John Keats the poet, which strongly recalls the gifted author of *Endymion* to our remembrance. We have heard favourable report of a portrait of the Duke of York, by Jackson. Northcote has sent in several pictures; we hope that we shall find among them a fair proportion of his spirited representations of animals. Howard again moves on classic ground; and Thomson has sought inspiration from Shakspeare. Wilkie's *Chelsea Pensioners hearing the Intelligence of the Battle of Waterloo*, exhibits a great variety of excellently disposed groups, in which the military costumes of the old and new schools are contrasted with the happiest effect. The humours of *Pay-day* among the battered veterans are expressively blended with the strong excitement produced by the reading of the *Gazette*. We are sorry to learn, that

Turner has contributed but one small picture. Hilton's *Meleager* is a most animated and richly painted display of the vigorous action and varied attitudes of the hazardous boar-hunt. The catastrophe of the *Broken Fiddle*, by Allan, is well conceived and expressed, though the picture is not, perhaps, fully equal to some of his former efforts. The old but inexhaustible subject of Hector reproving Paris, has been treated with great boldness and originality, by Mr. Wainewright. Mr. Rippingille has sent in two paintings,

the Recruiting Party, and the Burial by Torch-light of Camynge, the founder of Redcliffe Church. Collins exhibits four pictures executed in his usual interesting manner. We have heard only of one by Callcott; but from the same authority we entertain the strongest expectation of pleasure in its actual inspection. If we add to this rich, but, of course, imperfect anticipation, the names of Fuseli, Westall, and Leslie, we shall have held forth a promise of gratification, which, however large, gives little risk of disappointment.

ON WITCHCRAFT.

No. III.

On the Origin, Progress, and Decay of Witchcraft.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides? *Horace.*

These dreams and terrors magicall,
These miracles and witches,
Night-walking sprites, or Thessal bugs—
Esteeme them not two rushes.—

Abraham Fleming's Translation.

THE existence of the parent stock whence witchcraft was derived may be traced to a very remote period. The proneness of the human mind to pry into futurity, and the disposition which mankind, in the earlier ages of the world, have evinced to invest themselves and others with supernatural powers, commenced with the primary origin of society. An inquisitiveness as to future events, is, in some measure, a necessary consequence of the importance we attach to them; and where these events depend on circumstances which we cannot regulate, — a power which we cannot evade, and a will which we can neither scrutinize nor controul, — our anxiety will increase according to the magnitude of our hopes and fears. Hence, in all ages, some means have been resorted to for the discovery of that which was to come; and as, with our limited knowledge and observation, we are able, in some degree, to foresee what will follow from particular circumstances, or modes of action, in which persons of certain dispositions are engaged, — and also to determine the regular effects of physical causes, so do we readily infer that beings of a higher

order, who are endowed with a far more extensive intelligence, may and must be able to discern much to which our faculties cannot penetrate. To attain a similar extent of knowledge was the prime object of the magician and the astrologer; but there is a certain limit assigned to human wisdom, beyond which, even their consummate ingenuity could never pass without some powerful and extraordinary aid. They consequently endeavoured to accomplish their designs by an unhallowed intercourse with higher powers, and, giving full scope to their imaginations, they soon created an easy theory, the reality of which was readily confirmed by the casual occurrence of certain contingent circumstances. Did a victory ensue after an eagle had hovered over an army, or perched upon a standard, — the majestic bird became the omen of conquest. Did a gloomy dream disturb the rest of an anxious mind, and evil, previously apprehended, follow, — the dream was undoubtedly predictive. Had any one, whose birth was welcomed by the rising sun, or marked by the glorious brilliancy of a planet, risen to pre-eminence, and run a course of glory,

—the heavenly bodies indicated the fate of the hero's life, by their timely appearance at his birth. Such was the origin of Divination and Astrology; the root, as it were, of the magic art, and the stem from which a flourishing tree sprang up, affording numerous offsets and branches, as the "growth of ages" added to its magnitude.

There can be no doubt, that Witchcraft was nearly allied in the beginning to all the magical artifices of our ancestors. It was one of the *species* of an extensive *genus*, which comprised divination, astrology, omens, portents, chiromancy, sortilegy, catoptromancy, sorcery, and conjuration,—and it had flourished with much vigour in the several countries of Europe before it became firmly established in England. The first dealer in diabolical magic, is supposed to have been Zoroaster,* the king of the Bactrians, who lived Anno Mundi 2000. He was gifted with the knowledge of astronomy, and of the seven liberal arts, and was well versed in the nature and value of precious stones. "At his birth," observes an old writer, "he laughed: and his head did so beat, that it struck back the midwife's hand,—a good sign of abundance of spirits, which are the best instruments of a happy wit." Zoroaster was not long without imitators. Divination and astrology, with several other species of the *Μαγος τεχνη*, were adopted by the priests and philosophers of those times, and attained an admirable perfection under the fostering auspices of subsequent practitioners. The Chaldæ in Assyria, the Brachmans in India, the Druids in Britain, the Magi in Persia, and the priesthood of Greece and Rome, all sought assistance from one species or other of occult science, and with numerous well-devised stratagems, impressed upon the minds of their disciples an awful idea of their might and their holiness. We can easily imagine how necessary it must have been, in those early ages, to adopt some singular and extraordinary means of riveting the attention of a community of rude barbarians. Precepts and exhortations,

however congenial they might have been to their habits and feelings, became futile and invalid, unless recommended by some striking proof of their utility and goodness. Hence, the sages and instructors of old had recourse to other and more effectual measures than those of mild admonition, and established their dominion over the minds of the people by a skilful series of impostures, rather than by the force of reason, or the power of persuasion.

A remarkable proof of the supposed influence of magic in those early ages is to be found in St. Chrysostom's work, *De Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantment not exceeded by any romance of the middle ages. We suppose a spectator overlooking a field of battle, attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Δεικνύτο δὲ ἐν παρα τοῖς ἐναντίοις, καὶ πετομένους ἵππους, διὰ τίνος μαγανείας, καὶ ὀπλίτας δι' αἴρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσῃν γοητείας δυνάμιν, καὶ ἰδίαν.* "Let him then show him in the opposite armies horses flying by magic, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of enchantment." Whether St. Chrysostom himself believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or whether he merely endeavoured to enliven his description by such narrations, we have no opportunity of judging; but it is quite certain, that in his time such notions were eagerly received, and implicitly credited.

But they carried their faith in the utility of magic to a much greater extent in Spain; for there they had public schools at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca, where the principles of this mysterious science were regularly taught. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern, the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand. The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called by Ariosto Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo; he even held a professor's chair in the necromantic university; for so, observes Sir Walter

* Dr. Howel (*Instit. of Gen. Hist. Part I.*) is of opinion that Zoroaster, the Magician, lived many years after this king of the Bactrians; and Fabricius, (*Biblioth. Græc. tom. I. cap. 36.*) thinks it a difficult matter to adjust the time in which he lived, there being several of that name.

Scott, I interpret the passage "qu'en tous les sept ars d'enchantement, de charmes et conjurations—il n'y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le lassoit en chaise, et l'appelloit on maistre Maugis."*

But although magic had become thus introduced into the world, several centuries elapsed before witchcraft was practised with all its peculiar and abominable ceremonies. The first approach towards system in this respect, is to be found in the diabolical ingenuity of Theoris of Athens. This enchantress was put to death by the Athenians on the accusation of her servant and accomplice, who displayed to them the charms and medicaments by which her patroness wrought her miracles.† Theoris appears to have been the first witch who had recourse to charms, and we find that, shortly afterwards, these new instruments of preternatural power were greatly multiplied.

The appearance of our Saviour upon earth, and the inculcation of Christianity with all its mild and beautiful attributes, did not dispel the gathering evil by destroying the mummeries of the delusion. Magic, in many of its branches, flourished in full vigour; and even during the arduous ministry of Christ,—while he was yet wandering about the country preaching peace and salvation to man,—the abominable practices of pretended magicians were steadily persisted in, and their execrable impostures freely exercised. The following examples will show the prevalence of the delusion about the period in question:—

Anno Domini, 14. Tiberius put many honourable citizens to death, pretending that they had consulted with Chaldeans.

A. D. 19. Germanicus, the adopted son of Tiberius, died; and several unhallowed relics were found in his house. "Charms and curses, leaden tablets with his name inscribed thereon, pieces of human flesh, half-burnt ashes, and other things used in witchcraft." He was poisoned by order of his patron, and Tacitus thus relates the

event. "Tum Seleuciam digreditur, operiens ægritudinem, quæ rursum Germanico acciderat: sævam vim morbi augebat persuasio veneni a Pisone accepti: et reperiebantur solo ac parietibus erutæ humanorum corporum reliquæ, carmina, et devotiones, et nomen Germanici plumbeis tabulis insculptum, semiusti cineres, ac tabe oblii, aliaque maleficia, quis creditur animas numinibus infernis sacrari: Simul missi a Pisone incusabantur, ut valetudinis adversa rimantes." *Annal, lib. 2, cap. lxi.*

Pontius Pilate destroyed many of the most virtuous Jews, besides our blessed Saviour. I find, says Dr. Hutchinson, several quote the *Talmud* to prove that he executed many witches.

Simon was a noted magician, and most of the first heretics took their rise from him. Elymas, the sorcerer, opposed St. Paul.

A. D. 41. Claudius condemned a poor knight to die, because the egg of a serpent was found in his possession: he confessed that he carried it about with him for the purpose of securing a favourable termination to a law-suit then pending against him.

A. D. 54. Nero submitted to all the rites and preparations of magic, and performed the ceremonies of initiation with the most celebrated magicians of the day. He did not, however, receive any benefit for his pains, but discovered that all their art was pretension and deceit, and that they wrought no miracles save some unexpected cures which they performed with certain herbs and drugs, the virtues of which were not generally known. Menander, Basilides, and many of the first heretics, are said to have used magic.‡

The faith which the generality of mankind thus reposed in the capability and influence of magicians, placed the truly learned and virtuous in a situation of no small peril. Such individuals as were gifted with superior abilities, and with more extensive means of information than the people among whom they dwelt, subjected themselves to a suspicion at once dishonourable and dangerous; and the philosopher, who devoted all his time to the acquirement of an abstruse science, and longed, like the pupil of Faustus,

— Ardently to know,
— Whatever man may learn below,—

* Vide, the notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

† Demosthenes having occasion to mention Theoris, calls her, that Lemnian woman—that φαρμακίδα; and, in speaking of her, he uses the terms both of witchery and imposture,—(βάσκανος, μαγυνίω, φαρμάκω,) concluding with a jest upon her and her confederate, for pretending to cure others of their maladies, when they themselves were sick of all kinds of vices. Vide, *Demosthen. Orat. 1. advers. Aristogen.*

‡ Hutchinson's Historical Essay, p. 15, 16

All that we contemplate on earth,
And all that in the heaven hath birth,
To roam through learning's wondrous ways,
And comprehend all Nature's ways,

became, if successful in his pursuits, an object of reverence indeed to the vulgar,—but of envy and detestation to his equals in society. “Wonderful operations,” observes an amusing author, “astonish the mind, especially when the head is not overburdened with brains; and custom has made it so natural to give the devil either the honour or scandal of every thing that we cannot otherwise account for, that it is not possible to put the people out of the road of such an idea.”* Hence it was, that our predecessors imputed to the devotee of science more than an earthly share of power, and invested the philosopher with attributes above the reach of common capability; and hence, also, it was, that,—to borrow the words of Mr. Coleridge,—the real teachers and discoverers of truth were exposed to the hazard of fire and faggot,—a dungeon being the best shrine that was vouchsafed to a Roger Bacon or a Galileo!†

Under such circumstances as these we must not be surprised at the rapid extension of this credulity; but many years elapsed before it degenerated into witchcraft, “properly so called.” The propagation of this vulgar delusion must have been greatly accelerated by the proceedings of Pope Innocent VIII. who issued a bull in 1484, to the inquisitors of Almain, exhorting them to discover,

and empowering them to destroy, all such as were guilty of witchcraft.

Of this unlimited authority, the inquisitors took more than a due advantage. They hunted out and dragged to the torture with true inquisitorial sagacity, all suspected persons within their reach; and found, to their infinite delight, that no sooner had they destroyed one reputed witch, than, like the heads of the hydra, ten sprang up in her place. Now it was, that all the thunders of the Catholic church were directed to the destruction of witches and wizards; and the crafty priesthood, with the most remorseless and blood-thirsty eagerness, glutted themselves with streams of blood and slaughter.‡ Dreadful, indeed, was the havoc which ensued, and the following extract from Dr. Hutchinson's Chronological Table will show the extent and enormity of these vigorous proceedings.

A. D. 1485, Cumanus (an inquisitor) burnt forty-one poor women for witches, in the country of Burlia, in one year. He caused them to be shaven first, that they might be searched for marks.§ He continued the prosecutions in the year following, and many fled out of the country. *Hen. Inst.* p. 105, 161.

About this time, Alciat, a famous lawyer, in his *Parerga*, says, “One inquisitor burnt a hundred in Piedmont, and proceeded daily to burn more, till the people rose against the inquisitor, and chased him out of the country.” *Wicrus de Præstigiis Dæmon.* c. 22.

A. D. 1488. A violent tempest of thunder and lightning in Constance, de-

* *Defoe's Hist. of the Devil*, p. 380, where the following curious occurrence is quoted from the *Count de Rochfort's Memoirs*, p. 179. “The magistrates of Berne, in Switzerland, finding that a gang of French actors of puppet-show opened their stage in the town, upon hearing the surprising accounts which the people gave of their wonderful puppets, how they made them speak, answer questions, and discourse, appear and disappear in a moment, pop up here, as if they rose out of the earth, and down there, as if they vanished,—and abundance more feats of art, censured them as demons; and, if they had not packed up their trinkets, and disappeared almost as dexterously as their puppets, they had certainly condemned the poor puppets, and censured, if not otherwise punished their masters.”

† *Friend*, Vol. ii. p. 89.—Ed. 1818.

‡ Those who had seceded from the Catholic religion appear to have been the chief objects of cruelty. Dr. Hutchinson says, that, “from the time of this superstitious bull, the number of executions greatly increased; but chiefly in the places where the Waldenses and Protestants were most numerous.” *Historical Essay*, p. 22.

§ “One other caution is, that the witch must be shaven, so as there remained not one hair about her; for sometimes they keep secrets for taciturnity, and other purposes also, in their hair, and between their skin and their flesh. For which cause, I marvel they flea them not, for one of their witches would not burn, being in the midst of the flame, as Malleus Maleficar: reporteth, untill a charme written on a little scroll was taped to be hidden between her skin and her flesh, and taken away.” *Scot's Discovery* b. 2, c. 8.

stroyed the corn for four leagues round. The people accused one Anne Mindelin, and one Agnes, for being the cause of it. They confessed, and were burnt. *Bodini Lib. de Dæmonomaniâ, c. 8.*

About this time, H. Institor says, one of the inquisitors came to a certain town, that was almost desolate by plague and famine. The report went, that a certain woman, buried not long before, was eating up her winding sheet, and that the plague would not cease till she had made an end of it. This matter being taken into consideration, Scultetus, with the chief magistrate of the city, opened the grave, and found that she had indeed swallowed and devoured one half of her winding sheet! Scultetus, moved with horror at the thing, drew out his sword, and cut off her head, and threw it into a ditch, and immediately the plague ceased! and, the inquisition sitting upon the case, it was found that she had long been a reputed witch. See *Hen. Institor. Part 1. Quest. 15.*

A. D. 1524. About this time, a thousand were burnt in one year, in the diocese of Como, and a hundred *per annum* for several years together. *Barthol. de Spina, cap. 12.**

Hitherto we have seen that the practice of witchcraft was confined chiefly to foreign parts; the delusion, however, soon extended to our own country, and ran a similar career of absurdity and imposture.

A. D. 1541. The Lord Hungerford beheaded for procuring certain persons to conjure, that they might know how long Henry the Eighth would live. *Lord Herbert's Life of Henry VIII.*

A. D. 1562. This year, being the Fifth of Queen Elizabeth, the Countess of Lennox, and four others, were condemned for treason. They had consulted with some pretended cheating wizards, to know how long the Queen should live. *Camden's Elizabeth.*

A. D. 1574. Agnes Bridges, and Rachel Pindar, of eleven or twelve years old, had counterfeited to be possessed by the devil, and vomited pins and clouts; but were detected, and stood before the preacher at Paul's cross, and acknowledged their hypocritical counterfeiting. *Stowe's Survaie.*

A. D. 1575. The Windsor witches executed at Abingdon. The relation was printed by Richard Gallis. In that, he said, he came to the *God speed*, and with his sword and buckler, killed the devil, or at least wounded him so sore, that he made him stink of brimstone.† *Ibid. B. 2, c. 3, &c.*

Thus was witchcraft, in all its squalid and disgusting vulgarity, firmly established in Great Britain, and the witch was speedily invested with attributes—not only above her comprehension, but such as she could never have imagined.

"They tel us," says Gaule, "(and the vulgar second them with numberless traditions) of their reading in the moon all things that shall come to passe for a thousand generations. Of their reading by star-light what another has writte in his closet a thousand miles off. Of causing the voyces of two in conference to be mutually heard, although as distant one from another as the east is from the west. Of their being metamorphosed or turned into beasts, bears, dogs, wolves, goats, cats, hares, &c. Of their cutting one another's heads off, and setting them on again; suffering their limbs to be plucked asunder, and knitting them to again immediately. Of their flying in the aire, and walking invisible. Of their riding long and tedious journeys upon broomes and distaffes; and their sayling over seas in egg-shells..... Of their eating up whole fieldes of corne or hay, and drinking up whole rivers in seives. Of presenting a curious banquet upon the table, and inviting thereto their guests from fairie land. Of making a garden of delicate flowers to spring up in your parlour in the dead of winter. Of raising stormes and showres out of tubs; turning streames backward, haling ships laden, against wind and water, with hairens or twined threads. Of making a cock or a flye to draw the hugest beame. Of giving potions to make people love or hate as they please..... Of making bodies impenetrable or shot free; anyointing the weapon, and curing the wound, without the least virtuall contiguity; and turning all metalls into gold. Drinking off a glasse of clarret, and make it to spoute out of the forehead presently. Showing you such and such faces in glasses, &c.... What should I tell you of their feates wrought by figures, characters, spells, ligatures, circles, numbers, barbarismes, images of wax, or clay, crystallis, looking glasses, basons of water, herbes, powders, unguents, sawes, knives, pins, needles, candles, rings, garters, gloves, &c. &c. I feare I have even cloyd, while I talked but of giving a taste.

.....
Some worke their bewitchinge only by way of invocation, or imprecation: they wish it, or will it, and so it falls out. Some by way of emissary, sending out their impes, or familiars, to crosse the way, justle, affront, flash in the face, barke,

* Hutchinson's Historical Essay, p. 22, 23, 24.

† Ibid. p. 24, 25, 26.

howle, bite, scratch, or otherwise infest. Some by inspecting, or looking on; but to glare, squint, or peep at one with an envious or evil eye, is sufficient to effascinate (especially infants, and women with child). Some by a demisse hollow muttering, or mumbling. Some by breathing and blowing on; the usuall way of the venefick. Some by cursing and banning. Some by blessing and praising. Some revengefully, by occasion of ill turnes. Some by leaving something of theirs in your house. Some by getting something of yours into their house. Some have a more speciall way of working by severall elements; earth, water, aire, or fire. But who can tell all the manner of wayes of a witch's working; that works not only darkly and closely, but variously and versatilly, as God will permit, the Devil can suggest, or the malicious hag devise and put in practice?"*

In process of time, the practice of witchcraft became almost exclusively confined to the oldest and ugliest of the female sex;† and the measures adopted for the destruction of this miserable race were in general sufficiently atrocious; but, in Scotland, even a greater refinement of cruelty than that which we have detailed, was practised. The innocent relations of a suspected criminal were tortured in her presence to wring from her, by the sight of their sufferings, what no corporeal pain inflicted on herself could extort. Thus, in 1596, a woman being accused of witchcraft; her husband, her son, and her daughter, a child of seven years old, were all tortured in her presence, to wrest from her the reluctant and condemning confession; and several other contrivances, equally unfeeling and atrocious, were resorted to for the purpose of ridding the world of witches.

The mischievous tendency of such proceedings must appear evident,

even to the most superficial observer. In addition to other extensive evils, these severe regulations, together with the statutes enacted against witchcraft, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, gave rise to a species of informers, whose industrious efforts materially contributed toward the extension and support of this most popular credulity. We allude to the very creditable fraternity of *witchfinders*, whose peculiar interest it was to foster a delusion by which they profited so abundantly.

These inquisitors were a most villainous and crafty set. They were particularly careful not to visit a town unless they were likely to experience a favourable reception. No "sticklers" must be there to thwart their designs, or to controul their actions; and if they could not secure beforehand an unanimous approval of their iniquitous proceedings, they would not venture upon their scrutiny. We have already related one ceremony which they practised, for the purpose of detecting witches; we add another equally painful and cruel.

"Having taken the suspected witch," says Mr. Gaule, "she is placed in the middle of a room upon a stool or table, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture, to which, if she submits not, she is then bound with cords. *There is she watched and kept without meat or sleep for the space of four and twenty hours; for (they say) that within that time they shall see her imp come and suck. A little hole is likewise made in the door for the imp to come in at: and lest it should come in some less discernable shape, they that watch are taught to be ever and anon sweeping the room, and if they see any spiders or flies to kill them. And if they*

* Select Cases of Conscience, touching Witches and Witchcraft, p. 110, 111, 112, and 128, 129.

† Two or three reasons have been assigned by the learned for the more extensive prevalence of *witches*, rather than *wizards*. "One writer," says Dr. Hutchinson, "giving the reason how it came to pass, that there were so many *women* that were *witches*, more than *men* that were *wizards*, fetches an argument from the derivation of the word *Fæmina*. For, he saith, it comes from *Fe* and *minus*. *Fe*, he saith, is the same as *fi*, and *fi* stands for *fides*; and thence comes the word *Fæmina*, *quia minorem Fidem habent*. Varius (*Lib. de Fascinatione*) attributes the cause to the stronger passions of the fair sex, and their more general fickleness of nature; while King James declares that, "The reason is easie: for as that sexe is frailer than man is, so is it easier to be entrapped in these grosse snares of the divell, as was over well found to be trew by the Spirit's deceiving of Eva at the beginning; which makes him homelier with that sexe sensine." *Dæmonologie*, Book ii. Chap. 5. We beg our fair readers to observe, that these are not our notions of the cause.

cannot kill them, then they may be sure they are her imps!"*

From the view which we have thus taken of our subject, it may appear that we have leaned too much to the side of witches, and divested them of that rancorous malignity, which they are said to have extended towards those who were obnoxious to them. From this we cannot dissent, nor do we wish to do so. That there were individuals, who, from some interested motive, imposed upon the world by a pretension to many of the appalling attributes of witchcraft, we will not deny. Indeed, we have given more than one instance of the fact; but, then, we have seen that, in most cases, the poor persecuted wretches were compelled to a practice which their better reason taught them to abhor. A great deal depended upon the opinion which the vulgar entertained on the subject; and when it really did happen that a miserable old woman actually attempted to practise the mysteries of witchcraft, it was usually the effect of a deranged intellect; of the credulous dotage of old age; or of provoked malevolence and passion. There is one example on record, which proves that even a virtuous incitement urged a criminal to confession. An old woman, tried at Lancaster, during the early part of king James the First's reign, accused herself, from a vain hope of saving the life of her daughter, who was charged with participation in the crime. The judges, partly it may be suspected, with a view of flattering the prejudices of the king, exhibited the most disgraceful eagerness for the conviction of the prisoners; and one of them was guilty of the remark, "that such apparent proof was not to be expected against them as others, *their's* were deeds of darkness."†

But we are inclined to think that, in most instances, the witch was either an instrument in the hands of wicked and designing persons, or a victim of the infamous machinations of the wicked and the indigent. The condemnation of the Pendle-forest witches, which was occasioned by

the artful contrivance of a boy and his father, and to which we alluded in our first paper, affords one instance of the effect of the malicious artifices of two individuals, whose object was evidently the obtainment of a reward for impeaching witches. A very remarkable case also of this kind is that of William Perry, or the "Boy of Bilson," as he was called, who practised his ingenious stratagems in the year 1620, to the manifest admiration and surprise of the beholders.

"The boy returning homeward from school to Bilson, in Staffordshire, where he dwelt, an old woman unknown met him, and taxed him, in that he did not give her good time of day, saying, that he was a foul thing, and that it had been better for him if he had saluted her. At which words the boy felt a thing to prick him to the very heart. In fine, the boy came home, languished some days, and at length grew into extream fits, that two or three (though he was a child of twelve years of age) could hardly hold him. The parents, seeing the extremity, sought help of Catholics; and with cap and knee did solicit a zealous gentleman, who, overcome by their suit, did rede some prayers, and exorcisms, allowed by the Catholic church, with whose prayers the force of the spiritual enemy abated. The gentleman insisting to know how many was in him; to his thinking, he said, three."

This artful child, though not more than twelve years of age, had address and perseverance enough to counterfeit the most agonizing distortions. He accused an old woman, whose name was Joan Cock, and she was committed to Stafford Gaol. At the assizes, however, the penetration of the judges detected the imposture, and the boy was ultimately induced by Dr. Morton, Bishop of Coventry, to make full confession.

Such were the delusive artifices which imposed upon the easy faith of our forefathers; and wretched, indeed, must have been the state of society, when such revolting practices were carried on to the destruction of all moral and intellectual excellence. There could not have been, even at a comparatively late period, any religious feeling among the peo-

* Cases of Conscience, p. 78.

† Aikin's Memoirs of the Court of King James I. vol. I.

ple; any of that pure and holy principle, which leads the heart to admire with gratitude the benevolence of an omnipotent Deity, and to receive with thankfulness the blessings of an indulgent providence. All was dark and gloomy, and terrible. Confidence between man and man was destroyed, and people glared upon each other with eyes of suspicion and malevolence. The witches themselves were considered altogether as hags,

—That for a word, or look,
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,
Children, and cattle;

and the peevish malediction of an irritable old woman infused terror and dismay, even into the bravest bosoms.

The disgraceful proceedings which we have thus endeavoured faithfully to narrate happened, for the most part, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but a period was approaching, when all the detestable jugglery of witchcraft was to be overthrown, no less by the flourishing luxuriance of literature and science, than by the benevolent firmness of the English judges. In 1694, and the four succeeding years, only eleven persons were tried for witchcraft, and every one was acquitted by Chief Justice Holt. "So changed," observes a modern writer, "were the times, that even confession failed to produce conviction, and the absurdities of a disordered imagination sunk to their real worth." The decisions of my Lord Holt appear to have been the first effectual effort that was made to cut short the career of this prevailing delusion; and the witchfinders were consequently greatly discouraged. Their proceedings received another check shortly afterwards, from the declaration of Lord Chief Justice Parker, whose humanity made them somewhat more sparing of their cruelties towards the

suspected witches. "At the summer assizes, held at Brentwood, in Essex," says Dr. Hutchinson, "our excellent Lord Chief Justice of England, the Right Honourable the Lord Parker, by a just and righteous piece of judgment, hath given all men warning, that if any dare, for the future, make use of the experiment of *swimming* the witches, and the party lose her life thereby, all they that are the cause of it are guilty of *wilful murder*."

But, notwithstanding these humane and judicious provisions, the popular belief in the existence and power of witches was not to be easily overthrown. The vulgar still continued to look upon the aged and the ugly with the eye of hatred and prejudice; and it was not till knowledge became more extensively disseminated, by the writings of the learned of the reign of Anne, that witchcraft became an object of but little importance to the people. The salutary effect which the diffusion of knowledge produced was followed by the abolition of the existing laws against witchcraft; and in the ninth year of the reign of George the Second, the mischievous statutes were repealed,* in consequence of the following occurrence. In the year 1751, a publican, named Butterfield, residing at Tring, in Hertfordshire, giving out that he was bewitched by one Osborne and his wife (who were harmless people above seventy), had it cried at several market-towns in the county, that they were to be tried by ducking on such a day. A vast concourse of people being thus collected together, the poor wretches were seized, and *stripped naked by the mob, their thumbs tied to their toes, and then dragged two miles, and thrown into a muddy stream*. Osborne escaped with his life, though dangerously bruised, but his wife expired under the hands of her brutal perse-

* When these statutes were repealed it was enacted, that no prosecution should for the future be carried on against any person for conjuration, witchcraft, sorcery or enchantment. But the misdemeanor of persons pretending to use witchcraft, to tell fortunes, or to discover stolen goods by skill in the occult sciences, is still deservedly punished with a year's imprisonment, and standing four times in the pillory. Blackstone's Comment, b. 4, c. 4, § 6. It may be necessary to add, that there is still unrepealed an Irish statute, inflicting capital punishment on witches. It was passed 28 Eliz. c. 2. and is as minute as the statute of James in its descriptions, &c. It provides also for a person charged with the crime. See Lord Meuntnorris's *Hist. of Irish Parliaments*, vol. i. p. 420.

cutors. One of the ringleaders of this atrocious outrage was convicted of the murder, and hung in chains near the spot where the crime was perpetrated.* Since this horrible occurrence, little has been heard of the spells of witches, and the skill of mortals in the occult sciences has degenerated into the palmistry of the gipsy, or the vague prediction of the vagabond conjuror. The relicts of actual witchcraft, it is true, still lingered among the people, but in a condition too trivial and innocuous to be attended with any ill effect. It is probable, indeed, that even at this period some scattered particles of the delusion exist, more especially in the retired districts of the kingdom. We ourselves have a distant recollection of an aged individual, who resided, several years ago, amidst the green and secluded hills of North Wales. She was a very old and singular-looking woman, and was always to be seen in fine weather, sitting with her distaff and spindle amidst her bees in a little garden, which occupied the declivity of a "Sunny Knoll," behind her humble cottage. Here would she sit, basking in the sun, and holding converse with no living creature except her bees, to which she was particularly attached; and it was believed that these bees, which buzzed about her person with perfect liberty, were the unhallowed ministers of her will and pleasure. She was a harmless, and, we have heard, a good-natured being; but had, by her singular habits and taciturnity, established a degree of fame among the peasantry, of which she seemed perfectly conscious. The cause of this singularity was never known, but many conjectured that some evil doings in early life (for she was not a native of the village) had rendered her thus unsocial and secluded. Thus it often happens, that a slight deviation from the common course of life is sufficient, even in this enlightened age, to impress on the minds of the untutored and superstitious, an awful idea of supernatural power.

We have thus laid before our readers a brief, but, we believe, a

sufficiently complete account, of a system of deception and persecution which claims no unimportant place in the history of the human mind. We have endeavoured to illustrate the effects of fear and delusion, by references to examples at once tragical and ridiculous; and we are not aware, that we can close this long detail of credulity and ferocity, more appropriately than with the following citation from Reginald Scot, containing a convenient Pharmacopœia of approved antidotes.

"But now it is necessary to show you how to prevent and cure all mischief wrought by charmes and witchcraft. One principal way is, to nail a horse-shoe at the inside of the outermost threshold of your house, and so you shall be sure no witch shall have power to enter thereinto. And if you mark it, you shall find that rule observed in many countrey houses. Otherwise, let this triumphant title be written crosswise in every corner of the house thus: *Jesus ✠ Nasarenius ✠ Rex ✠ Judæorum ✠*. *Memorandum.* You may join herewithall the name of the Virgine Mary, or of the foure Evangelists; or *Verbum caro factum est*. Otherwise, in some countreys, they naile a wolfe's head to the doore. Otherwise, they hang scilla (which is a root, or rather in this place garlic) in the roofof the house, for to keepe away witches and spirits; and so they do Alicium also. Otherwise a perfume made of the gall of a black dog, and his bloode besmeared on the postes and walles of the house, driveth out of the doores both devills and witches. Otherwise, the house where herba betonica is sown is free from all mischeefes. Otherwise, it is not unknown, that the Romish church allowed, and used the smoke of sulphur to drive spirits out of their houses, as they did frankincense and water hallowed. Otherwise, Apuleius saith, that Mercury gave to Ulysses, when he came neer to the Inchantress Circe, an herb called verbascum, which, in English is called mullein, or tapsus barbatus, or longwort, and that preserved him from the enchantments. Otherwise, Pliny and Homer both do say, that the herb called moly is an excellent herb against enchantments; and all say that thereby Ulysses escaped Circe's sorceries and inchantments. Otherwise, diverse waies they went to worke in this case, and some used this defensive, and others that preservative against incantations." + B. 12. ch. 18. R.

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1751, Part I. and Lord Mountnorris, *ubi supra*.

+ From a passage in Kenilworth (p. 238, vol. i.) it appears, that a sprig of clun, sewn in the neck of a doublet, was also considered as a preservative against witchcraft.

THE DRAMA.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Miss Grimani—cum multis aliis.

THIS fine comedy, the *School for Scandal*, has, within the last month, been played at both houses; at Covent Garden, with all the aid of good actors, and full houses; and at Drury Lane, with all the drawbacks of empty benches, and raw, inexperienced performers. The *School for Scandal* (that *School*, which knows no vacation in this world!) can never want for scholars, so long as life, and wit, and elegant satire, are permitted to house together. The *School for Scandal*, indeed, must live! What can be more delightful, more spirited, more airy, than this inimitable comedy, with its rich contrasting characters, and pungent dialogues? In it, life seems to have resolved itself into an essence, and conversation to have lost all its "outward limbs and flourishes," and to have become a spirit only. All the glancing lights and shades of character are caught; all the ingenuities and intricacies of situation are fixed, and made thrice interesting and effective; all the points of a conceit are touched at to perfection. The author has boxed the compass of wit. To remember the personages of this caustic and exquisite play, is to revive the recollections of brave wits and elegant satirists, and to keep the best and the brightest company. There is Charles Surface, the easy, gentlemanly, ruined, airy Charles Surface; with his delightful picture-sale, and his tenderness for "the little ill-looking fellow over the settee!" What a relish is he on the lips of Scandal, with his handsome person, his youth, his graceful half-melancholy love for Maria, and "his most blest conditions!" Then, as a fine contrast, there is Joseph (what a name!) Joseph, with his cold, calculating, sententious morality, the plotting, avaricious, heartless Joseph, with his luckless amours, and *French plate* charities. Then, can there be a richer personage than old Sir Peter? falling out of his batchelorship, late in life, as if he had met with an accident; and tumbling, through the fond anxieties of a florid and healthy old age, into all the turmoils and ter-

rors of the marriage state. How utterly does he appear to have broken the neck of his happiness over a young giddy wife! What a lecture is his passion! What lessons are couched in his alternate tetchy tendernesses and jealousies! How his hopes seemed to wave in the tossings of Lady Teazle's feathers! How his will seems to turn with her "remarkably elegant turn of the head!" What dear fretful family quarrels is he eternally embroiled in! The fall of the screen appears to be the downfall of his house! And can any thing be better than his varying use of the word "Joseph," before and after the luckless discovery? In the last act, it drags on his lip like a fly in honey! Old Sir Oliver,—Sir Noll,—is round and cozey as his name! You at once see the rich Indian uncle, the Nabob, returning up to his ears in rupees and powder, and glorying in getting into the thick of his relations and generousities! Lady Teazle, with her gallant powers of scandal; her virtue, wavering through thoughtlessness; her charming self-restoration, and her constant inimitable spirit, is an elegant comedy in herself! She is the *Divina Commedia*, not of Dante, but of womanhood! There is in her a slight touch of the country hoyden, softened down by the graces of polished life, that carries her through her scandal, her domestic broils, and her pleasures, with a vivacity and a spirit perfectly enchanting! In all these characters, all that is perfect in wit and spirit is concentrated,—and then by what a circle are these delightful creatures surrounded! They themselves are indeed bright stars; but, oh! how bright satellites attend them! After the Teazles and the Surfaces, come a goodly troop. All the scandal school-boys and school-girls,—bitter little Crabtree,—Sir Benjamin Backbite, with his puny weakling of an epigram,—honest Master Rowley,—Trip, the Servant, with his "*post obit* on the blue and silver,"—quiet tiny Moses,—Careless, and Sir Harry, two empty, walking, claret-flasks!—and wicked, orderly Mr. Snake.—What a company!—The ladies too are no less curious. Easy, natural

Mrs. Candour, who gives the medicine of scandal in honey itself; and poor lost Lady Sneerwell, with a heart "bitter as the dregs of Coliquintida!" Maria is, perhaps, a little insipid, but what chance has she in such a biting throng? She is scarcely better off for companions than Polly in the Beggar's Opera!

It is not the place here,—neither have we the time or the space,—to dissert upon the beauties of the most interesting and spirited scenes in this matchless comedy. But we cannot refrain from just hinting at that brilliant scandal meeting, in which Lady Teazle, like the lovely Marcia, "towers above her sex," and at which Sir Peter stands, contemplating the terrible scandal storm, "like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven!" Characters in this cutting scene are conjured up, beaten, snipped, pinched, and cuffed, by the whole party, and finally damned into nothing by a *finisher* from one of the set. The auction of pictures, and the screen-scene, are never to be surpassed, or we know nothing of perfection! The first, for its gay brilliancies of dialogue; the last, for its highly wrought interest. Perhaps the finest piece of wit in any modern English play is contained in the following snatch of dialogue.

Lady Sneerwell. Ha! ha! ha!—Well said, Sir Peter! But you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others!

Sir Peter Teazle. Ah! Madam! True wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your Ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teazle. True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united!

We have said a great deal more about our admiration of this play than there was any occasion for; but having been led to see the New Drury-lane actress, Miss Grimani, and being called upon in our critical capacity to notice her Lady Teazle, we could not resist the opportunity of indulging in a few reminiscences, common enough perchance, yet pleasanter than a thousand living thoughts of things present or to come.—We are loth to speak ill of a lady, but we must, as in duty bound, confess that Miss Grimani is the very worst Lady Teazle it was ever our misfortune to witness. We

never saw Miss Farren, who received a title for her performance! Miss Duncan (we will not weaken her acting by saying Mrs. Davison) was harsh and broad; but she was at the same time spirited and natural. Others have failed on the side of ardour, eagerness, vigour; but it fell to Miss Grimani's lot alone, to make the joyous, generous, easy, whimsical Lady Teazle, a sentimental and sober-solemn lady of sentimental comedy. Miss Grimani appears to be a quiet, and not insensible person; but she is no more calculated to play Lady Teazle than we are to dance the tight-rope at Astley's, or to ride upon four horses at once. She has a slight, yet not altogether ungraceful person; and her features are strongly marked, but neither her person nor her features become Lady Teazle. Her voice is drawling and monotonous. This lady may improve in other characters; and if she should succeed, we will instantly notice her achievements. But, as Lady Teazle, we can, as just judges, hold out to her no hopes.

The other characters in the comedy were badly filled. Elliston made an amusing Charles, allowing for a little gout,—say—indolence,—tenderness,—call it what you will; but Mr. Cooper, in Joseph, made us wish that even Mr. Winston had been allowed to read the part. Has this same good gentleman, Mr. Cooper, no feeling of his work, that he dresses, acts, and speaks the part so miserably, so despicably? Why, a common play-struck apprentice would know better than to clothe Joseph Surface in a dress-coat, with a modern vulgar red under-waistcoat. And we would eat our two-and-twenty pens, if even Claremont would indulge in a clownish scratching of his hair (we will not say *head*) through the refined scenes of the School for Scandal, and in the finished part of Joseph Surface. We might say to Mr. Cooper, what old Hardcastle says, while drilling his raw servants—"Take your hand out of your pocket, Sir,—and out of your hair!" Munden was admirably dressed in Sir Peter Teazle, in light blue,—the gentlemanly colour of the old school; but he seemed puzzled with his own countenance, for he has made faces so long, that his faces are now really

ready made. Mr. Penley did for Sir Benjamin Backbite: and Harley farcified old Crabtree.

At Covent Garden Theatre things are better ordered. Charles Kemble plays Charles Surface (by the bye, we heartily congratulate him on his accession to the throne of this theatre). Young preaches Joseph; Farren realizes Sir Peter Teazle; and Liston lounges in Sir Benjamin Backbite. In talking of this play it is natural to think of those who have the best hit off the characters; and we cannot, therefore, but be pleased when we see certain old ladies and gentlemen interlock their slow fingers at the mention of this comedy, and hear them, with a tender elevation of the eyes, "remember" Miss Farren in Lady Teazle, and King in Sir Peter, and Palmer, dear John Palmer, in Joseph Surface, the Joseph; and Smith, (gentleman Smith!) in Charles; and Parsons in Crabtree; and Dodd in Sir Benjamin Backbite; and Miss Pope, natural delightful Pope, in Mrs. Candour! The list, to be sure, is a bright recollection; and though we never saw "a one of them," we feel, from the famous sounding of their names, that they were no common folk. That they were, indeed, the Teazles, the Backbites, the Surfaces, the Candours! and in the earnest faith of impressive fame, we bow to their superiority, and feel ourselves spelled to confess, that we shall never, never see the play so filled again!

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Almorán and Hamet,

"A new Eastern Tale of Enchantment," as the bills entitle it, was on Easter Monday produced at Drury-lane; but who that knows a tittle of tales of enchantment, can find any novelty in the stale sentimental allegory of *Almorán and Hamet*, on which the tawdry after-piece of Drury-lane is founded? A more cumbrous load upon the imagination cannot be found; and we sincerely pity those jackalls of the house that cannot, in their search after food for the great Lion-Lessee, stumble upon better meat. Custom calls for some pantomimic display at Easter; and yet, with this well-known necessity staring the manager in the face, the present production bears no marks of long and active preparation; no

sign of careful forethought and prudent selection: the new tale of enchantment, in its scenery, dialogue, and dresses, seems to speak but of hasty choice and rapid execution. If it be absolutely necessary that recourse should be had to Eastern romances for the supply of gaudy dramas, we must think that the Arabian Nights' Entertainments are *agrandy* in themselves. They are ever new—ever wondrous! And the pictures they give of oriental magnificence, and Eastern customs and manners, are at once brilliant and faithful. The dramatists of Drury-lane, however, prefer the tarnished finery, and trimmed imagination of a Mrs. Sheridan or a Dr. Hawkesworth, who must write from reading, and not from experience; and who, therefore, filter down the Arabian Nights for the use of schools and playhouses.

The original story of Almorán and Hamet (*original* forsooth!) is pretty strictly adhered to, though the incidents of it are far from being very strikingly dramatic. Almorán's assumption of Hamet's person was contrived by a change of dress, which, as the actors of the two parts were not, like the legs of Poins and Prince Hal, "both of a bigness," made the trick far from imposing; and, indeed, served but to astonish many good people from Dowgate, Portsoken, and the precincts of Farringdon Without, how the princess Almeida could be bamboozled by a mere piece of gold and green silk. Almorán's departure with the Evil Genius down a square trap-hole was as like one of Dr. Hawkesworth's Eastern inventions as heart could wish; and we never saw such a happy mixture of the moral with the imaginative—the oriental with the downright English! He knelt down in all his spangles, bowed his drum-head of a turban towards the earth, pressed his tinsel heart, and descended into as well-dug and square a looking grave as sexton ever picked and trimmed in the church-yard of Cripplegate. Mr. Cooper was really too good for Almorán, and that is saying a bold thing. Those tragic talents which fall short of the mark in Iago, or Richmond, "sticke fiery off indeed" in the noisy villain of a modern oriental afterpiece. He was very great. Mr. Penley, too, was "something more than natural." His tall hand-

some person flamed away in crimson satin, and quite satisfied us of the Pit. We never saw him to such advantage. Mr. Powell, in the First Minister of State, *kangaroo'd* "with his little short fore-puds" much to our admiration. This gentleman is really a very improving actor; and if he thus goes on we know not where he will stop! Why does he not try the theatre at the Australian settlement? not that we wish to lose him, but we think his peculiarities would recommend him in that land of short arms and confined action. Mr. Barnard looked melancholy; but he was *real Turkish*, like the Cheapside rhubarb. Mr. Bromley (who is Mr. Bromley? is it Bromley from Kent?) was surrounded by a pair of magnificent trowsers. Harley, in a foolish Janissary, let off his winks, and went *peacocking* up and down before the lamps, in his usual facetious manner. He sang a very silly duet with Miss Povey, which the sillier audience enjoyed. Miss Povey, however, has a charming voice which only wants a little decent tutoring. The Princess Alneida completely put out poor little Miss Copeland.

We had heard from some foolish play-going people, and had read in the newspapers, (those "evil communications that corrupt good manners,") of the beautiful scenery of this "new Eastern Tale of Enchantment;" but we were indeed grievously disappointed. The Necromantic Temple is one cluster of flaming pillars;—in and out of which bounce a set of half-dressed awkward girls, followed by a group of painted and sprawling scene-shifters. The lady, in particular, who presents the magic cup to Almorán, should be very careful on these cold nights to dress herself the moment she quits the stage. The royal Harem allows of a tambourine dance, by Miss Tree, much in the style of those little clock-work tambourine-dancers at the corners of streets: the interior of the Mosque "with the grand bridal procession" is an old stager, if we are not mistaken. And the Seraglio gardens by moonlight, with a real fountain, the very *moral* of that which squanders its water in the basin of the Green Park, are mighty common-place. Indeed, we must honestly say, that we never saw a duller piece of dullness,

nor a more tawdry piece of splendour, than this new Tale of Enchantment, since we first smelt the lamp.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Cherry and Fair Star; or the Children of Cyprus.

The favourite fairy tale which the Countess D'Auniois filched so prettily from the story in the Arabian Nights, has been chosen by Mr. Farley for his Easter offering:—And if the most enchanting scenery and dresses can attract an audience, then, we predict, will the pit of this Theatre nightly overflow. All persons that have ever been young, and we know but of one gentleman who has never been in this predicament, will recollect the story of Fair Star—sweet, sweet, Fair Star, "from whose long hair the combed emeralds fell."—We shall not, therefore, hazard the tediousness of a twice told tale, but say what little we have to say, upon the scenery and the performers.

The Enchanted Wood and Fairy Vision make good the titles. The distant prospect through an eastern atmosphere is rich beyond all bounds. The Port of Cyprus, with the entry of the Grecian galley, is also admirably managed,—and such a Bridal Vessel, with its snow-white sails and golden broidery, might well come missioned from a fairy isle to carry young lovers over a summer sea. The Bower of Illusion, is the looking-glass contrivance, and cleverly managed,—though the confusion it works is not very amusing or interesting. The burning forest is too hot to look at; and much as we generally like woodfires, we must own that there is such a thing as having too much of what is good. The performers did their duty,—their fairy duty. Farley was earnest in the Corsair, and Miss Foote interesting in Fair Star. Mrs. Vining made a pretty Prince, and Miss E. Dennett played an Ariel-sprite with infinite vivacity. But could she not contrive to be *dumb*? We hint at this, however, with diffidence. Poor Grimaldi in Topack, a slave, had a very little to do, but he beat it out like gold. He is certainly one of the tip-top actors of Covent-Garden Theatre.

The dialogue of the piece—but, however, we hate to find fault.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MR. ADAM BLAIR, MINISTER
OF THE GOSPEL AT CROSS-MEIKLE.*

WE certainly should not have noticed this book in our pages, if a few gossiping novel readers, and several periodical publications, had not pronounced it to be a work of pathos and beauty, far exceeding all the Julia De Roubignés, and Charlotte-and-Werters in the whole romantic world of letters. We have been entreated by several soft readers, to walk, as a short cut to the temple of pure feeling, through some of the passages in Mr. Adam Blair's life;—and we have at length yielded to these intreaties, and tried this literary *halfpenny hatch* leading through the gardens of sensibility and the flowers of morality to the temple itself. The dust (we use the mildest word)—the gloom,—the tediousness of these “passages” have been to us so offensive, that we have determined upon running our critical broom through them, to make the way clearer, and the darker turns lighter, for all future travellers in the tender line.

The title of this book would lead all simple hearted Christians into the belief that it treated of struggles of the spirit,—that it contained heart-searching admonitions,—fearless and patient controversies,—lonely and pious meditations—reasonings,—exhortations,—prayers! Let such readers put up the little swindler on the shelf again, and return to some old favourite and assured author; for Mr. Adam Blair is not the man for their money. If there be any controversies, they arise between Mr. Adam the minister, and the husband of his “adored Charlotte;” if any meditations exist, they are the meditations of a couple of holy and young Scotch creatures, who make love in a moonlight churchyard, on the tombstone of the deceased and buried Mrs. Blair. If there be any heart-searching admonitions, they are merely uttered by the young clergyman, to reprove the fallen wife for the errors into which he had helped her. In short, the lovers of Tillotson, and

South, and Taylor, and of those who have breathed consolation to the miserable, and spoken quiet happiness to the good,—must stand aside, and turn a *deaf eye* to the present discourse. But let the followers of the Rev. Mr. Werter, and the Rev. Mr. De Roubigné, and the Rev. Mr. Lovelace, and the Rev. Mr. Abelard, and, indeed, of all the canting ministers in the sect of sensibility, come around us, while we expound the dark passages of the Life of Mr. Adam Blair, of Cross-meikle! We can promise a genuine love-feast to the tenderly devout, at least. And now seeing (in our mind's eye) a goodly congregation of the maudlin flock gaping in their parlour-pews, we will shortly tell the good tale our own way, expounding as we proceed.

Mr. Adam Blair is the minister of Cross-meikle, and appears to be very comfortably settled in life, and in the first passage, with a comely wife and a decent allowance of bairns; in fact, a very moderate allowance for a gentleman of his cloth, his children being four only in number. Mrs. Blair and himself are unlucky in their rearing of them, and three of the little cherubs are carried off with the measles, or some such inelegant but fatal disorder. It occurs to us, that Mrs. Blair is not like most mothers, if the book is to be credited; for it states, that “after the death of the last of these three infants Mrs. Blair dried her tears:”—however, this was her business and not ours; and, perhaps, her subsequent regular death may be some atonement. She dies in the third or fourth page, which is certainly early work; and, indeed, we had fears that the *denouement* was coming at the wrong end of the book; but we soon found, as we shall explain anon, that the minister had to undergo “severer chastening,” or, in other words, that with all the domestic happiness of the *Dean and Chapter* (the *first chapter*) all the extacies were to come. Immediately after the lady's death, what

* Edinburgh, 1822.

does the Rev. Mr. Blair do?—Why, after closing “the stiffening eye-lids over the soft but ghastly orbs; kissing the brow, the cheek, the lips, the bosom” of the defunct; he rushes bareheaded into the fields, and then listen what follows:—

There is an old thick grove of pines almost immediately behind the house; and after staring about him for a moment on the green, he leapt hastily over the little brook that skirts it, and plunged within the shade of the trees. The breeze was rustling the black boughs high over his head, and whistling along the bare ground beneath him. He rushed he knew not whither, on and on, between those naked brown trunks, till he was in the heart of the wood; and there, at last, he tossed himself down on his back among the withered fern leaves and mouldering fir-cones.

Mr. Blair, in this situation, dreams, with his eyes open, of a young radiant woman (Mrs. Blair that was), “blushing, trembling, smiling, panting on his bosom, whispering to him all her hopes, and fears, and pride, and love, and tenderness, and meekness, like a bride;”—and “all that sort of thing.”—He soon returned home in considerably better spirits, and his servants let him in, and went to bed.

The minister takes on sadly, and really appears to grieve after the style of La Roche, and almost as perfectly as the original. He gets his wife's picture, and puts it opposite his bed; and he gets together all her odd volumes of the Lady's Magazine and the Novelists; and diets his fancy on her early prettinesses. The little Sarah too, the pledge of their affection (the only *unredeemed* one), the young and interesting Adamite, the flower of Cross-meikle, calls for education, and he pores over Mrs. Barbauld's Early Lessons through the livelong day; Bell's System was then in its bud. During this period of melancholy, and ministerial romance, the “passages” take a turn, and give some account of the waggishness of the presbytery, to which Mr. Blair belonged, and a little history of Mrs. Semple, the widow of the minister's patron. Mrs. Semple is a good woman, and is very kind to Sarah. At her house Mr. Blair's sorrow begins to thaw, and there is every promise of a mild spring, when the widow is called to Edinburgh, and the widow-

er is left to pine away as usual at Cross-meikle.

At this time Mr. Blair receives a letter from Mrs. Charlotte Campbell, an old friend of Mrs. Blair (these young old friends of a first wife are extremely dangerous cattle) offering him a visit, as her husband, Mr. Campbell, in the India service, would not be home for a twelvemonth. She gives no opportunity for a refusal, as she follows her letter *instantly*. Captain Campbell, it appears, is a second husband of the youthful and elegant Charlotte; and in proof of her delicacy and refinement, we give the description of the lady's choice.

The Captain Campbell of Charlotte was, in almost every respect, unlike the curly-headed boy who had preceded him in her good graces. He was a thick-made, square-built, sturdy Highlander, with what are commonly called heather-legs, (*Anglice*, bandy). His nose had been blown up a good deal by snuff and brandy, or both; his eyes were keen grey; his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, bristly red; his bob-major dressed *a merveille*; and his Dutch uniform fine as five-pence.

Mrs. Campbell arrives, pale and comfortless, from a discontented marriage (as the author shrewdly hints); but a very short time at the parsonage plumps up her cheeks, and makes her quite another woman. Mrs. Campbell strays out in the mid-night to the tomb of Mrs. Blair, of course to read Blair's grave. She reads the inscription on the tomb, and then reflects—and then moralizes—and then philosophizes—and then—

Sighs and passionate sobs burst together unchecked and unresisted, and the bruised heart poured out all its luxury of tears.—She lifted her eyes to the moon and the stars, and the beautiful heavens, and her eye spake reproachfully to their beauty. “Why, oh why are ye, eternal bright eyes, not shining on my grave—on my repose? Isabel loved, and was loved, and was happy! I loved, and was never loved again! I sought refuge where the foolish seek it, and I found what they find. Oh, why was I not the wife of Blair! One year—not ten long blessed years—would have been enough for me, and I should have slept sweetly where I knew his eyes would every day rest upon my grave! Ye cold, cruel stars, when shall I be laid at rest beneath your beams!”

Mrs. Campbell looks up, and lo!—there stood Adam Blair (of course, say all novel readers.) She was in

her night dress, and Adam was quite astounded.

But the touch of Blair's hand upon Charlotte's neck, and still more, something already alluded to, had effectually disturbed the tenor of her meditations.

Mr. Blair and Mrs. Campbell read, walked, talked together; and he became more cheerful, and she fattened and became merrier; and, in short, the good-natured people at Crossmeikle began to gossip about the holy, friendly, and fascinated pair. The Minister, and the wife of the Indian, talk on matters of religion until they get tender: Charlotte is all the better for Adam's lectures, and he is the better for giving them. At length she becomes candid, and Mrs. Campbell tells Mr. Blair her long story, which ends thus confidently:—

"I toiled for him," said she, (it was of Campbell she spoke)—"I toiled for him—I banished myself for his sake—I made myself his drudge, his slave, his victim. I had been bred in abundance, and he was not poor; yet, because he chose it should be so, I lived as if I had never known what plenty was.—But what was this?—What would I have cared for this had I been requited with affection?—I would have starved myself,—yes, Adam Blair, I would have starved myself, and gladly too, could I have been sure of one kind look—one tender kiss, Adam, when the night closed in upon my misery. But no—things went on from worse to worse, and to all I submitted. I left Scotland—a weary hateful Scotland it was *then* to me—and I went to Holland, and we were gay, and my husband's face was lighted up, except only when his eyes fell upon mine. Oh, Adam, why should I tell you the weary tale over again? Suspicion, black, false, detestable suspicion—black and false it was than ever the devils made hell or found it—suspicion, distrust, scorn,—these are the bitter ingredients that have at last made my cup run over. Adam, if I have borne any part of all these last miseries well, it is you I have to thank for doing so. I have breathed more freely, dear Adam, since I came back to your shelter: any body else would have refused such shelter to such a creature as me. I have had many faults, but I trust I have never been an ungrateful creature. Pray for me, dear Adam, I have much need of your prayers."

Once more they shed sympathetic tears, and once more they parted.

On one very fine June day, Blair proposed to Charlotte to walk to Semplehaugh, (Mrs. Semple's)

and they took Sarah and realized the proposal. On this occasion Mrs. Campbell never looked better;—the Author says, that if Titian had seen Charlotte he would have jumped at her.

Her form, although with somewhat of a matron-like air, had preserved its outline as perfect as it was at bright seventeen;—her full arms were rounded with all that delicate firmness which Albano delighted to represent in his triumphant Sea-nymphs;—the clear brown of her cheek had banished its once steady roses, but that did not prevent an occasional flush of crimson from being visible;—if the curls of her hair were not quite so silky and slender, they were darker and richer, and more luxuriant than they ever had been;—and a slight heaviness about the lids, did not diminish the effect of her beautiful black liquid eyes, whenever they ceased to be downcast. It was the fashion of the day to wear two or three long ringlets of hair down on the shoulder, and never did glossier ringlets float upon a fairer bosom than hers.

The day passes "mighty agreeable," and the party dine, and walk, and chat very innocently. In the midst of the most interesting dialogue between a bunch of old tabbies, a violent scream alarms the reader and the company. Mr. Blair and Miss Sarah are floundering about in the pond, and Mrs. Campbell (having been bit in her youth by a Newfoundland dog) plunges in and saves the Minister by the hair of his head (mercy on us! had he been an English Bishop, his wig would have been his ruin!).

We will now shew the water party just landed; and we must say, the wet appears to have completely taken the starch out of their morals.

Mrs. Campbell was on her knees, stooping over the child, soothing and caressing her with whispers and kisses, and apparently quite unconscious either of what she herself had undergone, or of the state in which her exertions had left her person. Her hair, as we have already seen, had been flung loose at the beginning;—she had lost her shawl, her neck-kerchief, her cap, all the lighter parts of her dress, in the progress of the struggle; and, in short, she was now as thinly and as moistly clad as any goddess or nymph of the sea that ever Guido drew, or Flaxman modelled. Mr. Blair, who had stood for a moment with his arms folded upon his breast, as if half bewildered with so many sudden transitions, now fell upon his knees close beside Charlotte and his child, and throwing one

arm round each, he drew them both towards his bosom, and began to kiss them alternately, cheek, and brow, and lip, and neck, hastily and passionately, as if ignorant or careless that they were within sight of any one.

Mrs. Semple, who has an eye to decency, gets the lady to retire and take a little rest. The trio subsequently return to Cross-meikle. From the time of this ducking, the Minister, and the Indianan's wife, begin to get confused, watchful, confounded, affectionate;—confoundedly affectionate, in short. By the way, on their return home, this infatuated Adam, with another man's Eve, meets with an old beggar, who greets them as man and wife; and who tells the lady that she "will not sleep the less soundly, with her head in his bosom, for having an old man's blessing." He wishes them "a sweet sleep, and braw pleasant dreams." And Mr. Blair and Charlotte blush like a couple of dog-roses. Never, in fact, was there such a pair of Scotch passion-flowers. Adam dreamt at night of the pond incident,—and during his snooze, to his holy and agitated mind, "beautiful women's shapes, smiling eyes, and burning blushes, darted in glimpses here and there from amidst the thickest of tumults."

At this passage a Mr. Duncan Strahan, W. S. comes suddenly to Cross-meikle to confer with Mrs. Campbell. He talks a little in the garden with her, and frightens the lady into her bed-room, and her bonnet. She immediately determines on going to Edinburgh, and Blair has a word or two with the Writer (not the author),—the Writer to the Signet. On quitting, Charlotte kissed Sarah, and on Blair, "pale as marble," handing her into the chaise, "she squeezed his hand with hot and trembling fingers, at the same moment sprung into the carriage, and flung herself back in the corner of it!"—leaving the Divine all of a fluster in his sensibilities.

Mr. Blair, in the deepest agitation, betakes himself, unaccountably as we think, to the sober pastime of fishing. He thinks of Charlotte, and keeps a very dull eye on his *brown palmer*. His thoughts break out into words, and neglecting his rod, he says,

Poor Charlotte! she does not blame me, but well might she do so if she knew what a dastard I have been. Poor beautiful

Charlotte, alas! what a dark fate seems to hang over the whole of an existence that seems as if it had been formed for happiness! What rivers of tears have been shed by those lovely eyes! How gaily they would have sparkled had she found a tender bosom to recline upon!

The fishing rod drops into the water, for no man can throw the fly and philosophize at the same time. He returns home, *minus* a winch, a rod, a line, and three flies.

An old parishioner brings Mr. Blair a letter,—a letter from Charlotte,—prettily written, without dashes, and intended as a spur to Adam's morality—begging him to go to Edinburgh to quiet the naughty Writer's suspicions. At the same time, Dr. Muir, one of the Presbytery, calls, and tenderly touches on the parish gossip. Adam reflected a little after the departure of the Doctor, and after a night's *un-rest*, ordered his horse to be saddled, and, bidding adieu to sleeping Sarah, rode away like the master of Ravenswood, with the speed of an evil spirit dismissed by the exorcist. He rides till he reaches the Bay of Greenock, and getting into "a small wherry," as a man might at Hungerford Stairs, is rowed to Lochfine. He never rests till he reaches the Tower of Uigness (So ho—Mrs. Campbell!)—He knocks!—bang!—like Dr. Pangloss at Cicely's door. Charlotte answers from within, after the manner of a ventriloquist, and indulges in abuse, thinking the knocker,—the living knocker,—is no other than Duncan Strahan. Charlotte looks out of window, with a volunteer's sabre in her hand, and seeing and hearing Blair, she drops the weapon, so as very nearly to cut off the Minister and the catastrophe. This is an ingenious and moving incident!

A moment after, the bolt was withdrawn; the door sprung open, and Charlotte, rushing out half naked as she was, had flung her arms around his neck, and buried her face in his bosom, ere he was able either to meet or to reject the proffered embrace.

She drew herself back, gazed upon his face through visible tears, and then again folded herself round him. "Oh, Adam," said she, "God has heard my prayer—God has not deserted me—but now I was alone—now I have you with me, and I shall fear nothing." She uttered a short convulsive laugh, and added in a whisper,

"No, no, I shall not be afraid of a hundred Mr. Strahans now."

Mrs. Campbell takes the Divine up a dark staircase into an upper chamber, piles wood on the fire, rubs his hands, fetches the tray, and prepares for a cozey evening.

"Eat and drink, dear Adam, we shall have time enough for talking and thinking hereafter. Drink, Adam," and she poured a large glass from a flask of wine as she spoke, "drink, drink, dear Adam, and I will pledge you, I will pledge you gaily—Come, drink, Adam, for your own sake, or for mine."

Blair drinks like a fish,—the *cloth* being quite removed from the table and the memory of the Minister,—and he becomes so fevered that he goes to the window for a little fresh air. Charlotte follows him, and leans upon his shoulder. Anon,—

Mrs. Campbell took Blair's hand and withdrew him from the window. She re-seated him by the table, poured another glass of wine, and again forcing him to swallow it, began to tell him, in broken syllables, the story of her insults.

Had she never told that story, perhaps Adam Blair had never been a fallen man—nor

"The moon hid her light
From his heaven that night."

After this fine "passage" about the moon (that seems as if it led to something), we turn the leaf, and find eight-and-twenty *stars* all winking as slyly and mysteriously as possible. The morning dawns, and an old Highland crone enters Mrs. Campbell's room.

And having been in bed long before Mr. Blair's arrival the night before, it may be more easily imagined than described with what surprise she beheld her mistress asleep in the arms of a man—and a stranger.

She stood for some minutes as if unable to believe her eyes, and at last, seeing Blair toss his arm aloft and turn himself on the couch, she withdrew hastily, and the massy door swung after her with a heavy slap when she quitted the guilty chamber.

Blair hears a church-bell, turns *Magdalen*, and, leaving Charlotte in a doze, goes out upon the hills. He sits down by a pool, like Wordsworth's leech-gatherer, only with infinitely less to do. He becomes bewildered, and is in the very act of once more taking the water, when he is again prevented by Charlotte, who

seems really to be a sort of walking cork-jacket to him. She speaks:—

"Stop, rash man! what dost thou? Wilt thou slay thyself?—Look back, faint heart! Look back on me! Art thou alone miserable?"

Blair turned round and met her wild eyes;—"Lost woman," said he, shaking himself from her grasp, "what dost thou? What brings thee here? Wilt thou not leave me to myself—to my misery? It is all thou hast left me."

"Adam Blair, what hast thou left to me?"

"To fly, woman, to repent—to weep,—perhaps, not to weep for ever."

Adam, it seems, after his fall, not like his predecessor, stands upon high ground! (we do not merely allude to the hills.) But surely he lays the fault a little too much upon the lady. But then, to be sure, she ought to have remembered that he was a Clergyman before she allowed him to seduce her. She binds him by oath not to kill himself, and then they agree to part; Charlotte watches him walk away with himself, and then bursts out as follows—her speech speaks for itself.

Oh, God! dark and inscrutable are thy ways; if indeed thou regardest us; if indeed it be true that the doings of earth are heeded from above?—Is there indeed an above?—Is there indeed a God?—Are we more than clay—than dust?—Shall we indeed be more than dust hereafter? Alas! Oh God! all is blindness—blackness—utter blackness.—God have mercy upon me, a sinner.—God have mercy on me, there is no other eye to pity.—Great God! look down upon me, in compassion.—Jesus, Saviour, gentle Saviour, pity me—hear the cry of a bruised heart.

Mrs. Campbell in a very short time determines to follow Adam, and away she goes as fast as her wicked feet can carry her. She finds Blair in a foggy cottage, lying in a state of stupor, and a plaid. She fetches water (water again!—It is better than Velno's vegetable syrup!) and sprinkles the Divine to life. He sits up, talks of dying, and relapses into fainting-fit the second. Mrs. Campbell gets the Highlanders to make a litter,—not such a *litter* as is in the passages of Adam Blair's life—and by such means he is carried back to the Tower of Uigness. He has a fever, and gets better.

In seven days, he wakes after a long sleep, and hears a pipe, which

is, in fact, the death-music of Charlotte. She dies, as in duty bound. Blair gradually recovers, in the course of about 40 pages, which we now hastily pass over (being really weary of this interesting and pathetic story). Captain Campbell returns, and forgives the Minister. Adam is suspended in his parish by the Presbytery, at a meeting where he pleads guilty, and in the course of ten years of humility, and *all that*, is restored to his post; "and lives very happy ever after!"

Such are the passages in the life of Adam Blair! Such is the story which the idle readers of the day pronounce to be matchless for its morality and its pathos! We have given a very faithful abstract of its follies, its impieties, and its cant; and we cannot dismiss the volume without seriously and earnestly protesting against this parody on feeling; this mockery of pathos; this mad and wicked brawl of intemperate and unnatural passion. We

know not what real and pure interest can be excited, by this filthy betrayal of vice in characters and in situations to which we are accustomed to look for the decencies, the virtues, and the white enjoyments of life!—For what worthy end religion is thus to be stained and insulted we cannot conjecture, and we should be very glad if those persons who laud it would communicate to us the causes of their eulogies. Is it absolutely necessary that crime should be prepared as a *dram* for the world;—that women should be wives before their seduction; and that the adulterers,—the Lovelaces,—should be in holy orders!—That a man should woo a woman at the tomb of his dead wife,—and that prayer and religion should be made the panders to immorality? Having shown the book in its true colours, and spoken strongly of it as we feel,—we hurl it aside;—and rejoice that it is not from the English press, that so dirty and helpless a volume has issued.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

A NEW Opera, with some claim to public consideration, has been this month brought out, and it is the work of Signor Mosca, a composer of some celebrity on the Continent, but hitherto known in England only by a few detached but elegant morceaux. His little air, *Amor perche m'accendi*, has been for some years a favourite in private circles; and Signor and Madame de Begnis have brought an excellent comic duet of his into notice at the late Oratorios and the public concerts, *To sono di contento*. The plot of *I due Pretendenti* is constructed upon the supposition, that a lady obtains her favoured lover by impressing two disregarded suitors, (of whose importunities she wishes to rid herself,) with the belief that she is a vixen, and mistress of sundry other repulsive qualities which they had failed to discover. Thus deceived, they join in procuring for her the man she prefers.

Elegance, facility, delicacy, and airy melody, are the prominent characteristics of the music; which, like Rossini's, is calculated to charm by its levity, and fix itself by its spright-

liness. The scenes between *Procopio* (De Begnis) and *Emilia* (Madame de Begnis) are particularly animated, and one duet *Dolce dell'anima* for the tenor (Curioni) and *Emilia* is very superior in graceful expression. Curioni sang remarkably well; indeed he has scarcely had fair play since his engagement in England. He was lost in the secondary part of *Gianetto* in *La Gazza Ladra*, and still more unfortunate last year in *Il Turco in Italia*. His voice is certainly limited in power and compass, but he is a scientific singer. The regular and established concerts are proceeding in their course. At the Oratorios, a composition by Lord Burghersh, called *Bajazet*, was performed and well received. It is of the modern fashion, not remarkable for any quality beyond a general suavity, illuminated by occasional gleams of brilliant ornament. Whilst his Lordship has been charged by some with want of originality, marked character, and design in his music, he has also been lauded to the skies by other critics. The fact appears to be, that he has studied and refined his taste by the best models, and that, consequently,

in his passages is to be found a frequent recurrence to classical examples; all that, perhaps, can be expected from a composer at this advanced period of the art. His production seems to show that the study of music is cultivated by some of the higher classes in this country with assiduity and success, and that Italy has not to boast that her nobility only give the best and highest proofs of musical virtù.

At the Philharmonic, M. Mazas, the Parisian violinist, has made his *débüt*; Mr. Kiesewetter succeeded him at the last concert. In addition to these celebrated names, it is reported that Lafont and Vaccari are both on their way to this country. There will then be no scarcity of eminent violin players, and our champion Mori will have to sustain the honour of his native England against new competitors.

The vocal Concerts have not by any means been attended with their former fashion or success. This is but too clearly indicated by advertisements of a half subscription for the remaining three nights. Yet there are the same conductors, the same excellence in the performers, and the same taste in the selections. The truth is, probably, that the fickleness of fashion is already diverted to some of those novelties which are offered. The Opera Concert Room is again opened, for four concerts at a two-guinea subscription, and they are to be supported principally by the band and singers of that theatre.

There are, however, several concerto players of great eminence, Mademoiselle Pallix, a harpist from Paris, Puzzi, Bochsa, William Lindley, and among the rest Mr. Kalkbrenner. Pianoforte players have certainly arrived at prodigious acquirements. Mr. Moschelles and Mr. Field have each done wonders; although taking the combination of force and delicacy in expression, and of fire, rapidity and sweetness in execution, we doubt whether Mr. Kalkbrenner, on the whole, is exceeded or equalled; while Mr. John Cramer continues to receive the honour which is justly due to the beauty, polish, and sensibility with which he plays.

On Friday the 12th of April, a grand selection of music was performed at the Surrey Chapel, for the

benefit of the Surrey Alms-houses. One circumstance which attends the increasing passion for music in this country, is the corresponding employment of its powers in works of charity; and it is one which deserves to be pointed out and dwelt upon with a fixed regard. From the frequency of these contributions of art to the purposes of benevolence, they are less particularly remarked; but, both in the metropolis and in the provinces, the pecuniary aids thus obtained are most important in their amount and application. There is scarcely a county hospital in the kingdom which does not derive a considerable income from this source. The instance of Birmingham stands conspicuous; and we again take occasion to recommend to the governors of charities the benefit derivable to such institutions from concerts of magnitude. At the Surrey chapel, the performance was conducted by Mr. Jacobs, the organist of the chapel, a professor well known for his admirable style of organ-playing. Amongst the principal singers were Mr. Goulden and Mr. Blackburn. The former gentleman has been heard as a counter-tenor at the Oratorios last season, when he came to London from Canterbury. His voice is good; and he is much improved in his style, which is chaste and pure. Mr. Blackburn is a bass, and has not, to our knowledge, been often heard in public, except in glees; his voice is sound, but limited in volume, and his manner is modest and unassuming. The females were Miss Goodall, Miss S. Travis, and Miss Tattet; and the choruses were numerous and well supported by the gentlemen of the choral fund and other similar societies. Mr. Harpur, who is rising into celebrity as a trumpet player, accompanied many of the obligato songs with effect.

Madame Catalani has concluded her successful tour through the northern and western provinces, and announces some concerts (in London) previous to her quitting England, and, as it is reported, the profession. If so, she is wise, and will leave behind her only the impression of unimpaired powers. The first will be on the 25th of April.

The month of May will, probably, produce a prodigious number of be-

nefit concerts. Those of Messrs. Cramer, Mr. Grotto, Mr. W. Knyvett and Mr. Sapio, are already announced.

The publications this month, though numerous, are scarcely in such superabundance as the musical spring-time produces; they are, however, of a higher quality than usual. *La Bella Biondina*, by Rawlings, is a lesson of great elegance. The introduction shows much imagination and contrivance. The second movement is an expressive Andante, leading to an air from Mozart's Opera of *Il Seraglio*, *Ebbene ti lascio*, which is treated with variety and brilliancy. Mr. Rawlings's compositions are always attractive from their melody, brilliancy, and invention; and *La Bella Biondina* cannot fail to become a favourite.

Kiallmark's Divertimento Scozzese, in which are introduced the airs *Charlie is my darling*, and *We're a' Noddin*, with variations for the Pianoforte. The airs selected as the subjects for this piece are now so popular, that little additional composition is required to recommend them. Mr. Kiallmark has been, however, very happy in the additions he has made; and, with the exception of the second variation, which is common-place, his divertimento is a very spirited and agreeable piece, and much above his usual manner.

The 18th number of the *Dramatic airs*, by Steil, the subject *A me tutte le Belle* from *La Modista Baggiratrice*, once a great favourite when sung by Viganoni. The lesson, in the form of a Rondo, is bold and animated, without, however, being vulgar. A very elegant and melodious passage is introduced at page 5, in B. flat, and the entire piece is striking and effective.

Rondeau brilliant pour le Pianoforte, composé par J. Moschelles. This piece is better adapted to the execution of the generality of Pianoforte players, than any of the compositions Mr. Moschelles has yet published; still it contains many of the difficulties of his particular style, although they are not so appalling as those of his *Characteristic Sonata*, &c. He appears, in the present case, to have written less for himself, and more for others. The subject of the *Rondeau* is very graceful, and its beauty is in-

creased by the various forms in which it appears in the course of the piece; the skill so apparent in this instance is observable throughout; but this display of science is admirably adapted to heighten the effects of melody and expression. The composition is another proof of Mr. Moschelles's fine taste and eminence in his art.

A Barcarolle, with variations for the Pianoforte and flute, ad lib. by Latour, opens with an introduction of great feeling and elegance. The Barcarolle is composed by Mazas, the great violinist, and has been played by him at the Philharmonic Concerts, and is original and graceful. Mr. Latour has seized the moment of inspiration; for his compositions must have been very rapidly produced, Mr. M. having played only a fortnight since. In the variations, he has manifested his accustomed good taste. The flute part is so arranged, that it may be omitted without injuring the effect of the performance, although it has more in it than an ad libitum accompaniment is usually allowed.

The second Number of Mr. Burrowe's *Hibernian Airs* has appeared. The subjects are *Gramachree Molly*, and *Planxty Kelly*. This number is at least equal, we think it superior, in merit to the first.

Pastorale Rondo pour le Pianoforte, par F. Kalkbrenner. There is great beauty and originality in the subject of this composition; the passages have a smoothness and flow which are highly agreeable, and well suited to its particular style. The lesson contains several cadences of a very novel form, and is difficult both in regard to expression and execution. In the former respect it is very peculiar.

Messrs. Birchall have reprinted, in a very handsome manner, the fine old music of Matthew Lock to *Macbeth*, with an introductory part containing the music to the *Witch*, a Tragic-comedy, by Middleton, from which Shakspeare, it has been conjectured, caught the first idea of his supernatural imagery, and Lock, the themes for his music. It is curious thus to trace the rise and the expansion of subjects, which still justly engage the admiration of the present as they have done that of former ages.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE affairs of the last month have possessed very little interest either of a foreign or domestic nature. The great powers of Europe in whom the question, perhaps, virtually lies, are still coquetting on the subject of the Turkish war. Continual movements of messengers—rumours, now of immediate hostilities, and now of the renewed influence of Lord Strangford, succeed alternately, and are alternately contradicted. In the mean time a grand sitting of the Divan has taken place, the details of which as published must be interesting, or at least novel, to the English reader. The question was, whether or not the Russian ultimatum should be accepted. The Sultan himself is said to have been present, concealed behind the curtain of a window opening from his cabinet into the council room. All the councillors of the Porte then at Constantinople attended; an invitation was also sent to the chiefs of the Janissaries and of the Ulemas. The question of peace or war was supposed to hang, as it very likely did, on the decision. The Mufti and the chiefs of the Ulemas, in the first place, declared that several of the demands of the Muscovites were contrary to the principles of Islamism, and to the dignity of religion. After this significant and ominous commencement, the Grand Vizier, as president of the Divan, demanded—"Is it just and conformable to the principles of the Holy Koran, to raise the standard of the great Prophet, and to call to arms the mussulmen of the east and of the west, when demands like these are addressed to the Prince of the faithful?" On which all the Muftis answered, "It is just." These words were then re-echoed by the Ulemas. The next proposition was—"Is it just and wise to withdraw the mussulmen from the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, while the Muscovites have assembled on the frontiers a numerous corps which they will not dissolve?" To which all present unanimously answered—"No, it would not be just—it would not be

wise!" The following questions were then discussed—"Can the administration of the two frontier provinces be intrusted in future, as it has hitherto been, to the perfidious and traitorous Greeks or Boyars?" Unanimously answered—"No, that is impossible."—"Can we restore to the rebellious Rajahs all their churches and their privileges, so long as they obstinately persist in their disobedience to the sublime Porte?"—"No, that cannot be!"—The Sultan approved all these decisions, and gave orders to the Grand Vizier to cause his intention to be notified by the Reis Effendi to the foreign ambassadors, and to explain to them, at the same time, the reasons which had induced the Porte to come to such a resolution. It was affirmed that in the same Divan it was resolved, that in case of a new war with Christendom, some mysterious plan, which was under consideration during the war of the Porte with Austria and Russia, in the reigns of Joseph and Catherine, but which was frustrated by the victories of Suwarrow and Prince Coburg, should be put in execution. In consonance with this decision of the Divan, a sort of demi-official rejection of the Russian ultimatum has been published, in language, if it be authentic, quite sufficient to excite even the frozen blood of a northern autocrat. In pursuance of this, the Sultan was said to have ordered a general impressment of seamen, which was carried into execution with great rigour, and without any respect to persons. The city of Constantinople is represented to be as light during the night as it is in the day-time, in consequence of the fires of the bivouacs; by day or night, it resembles a large camp; and the people are so elevated at the idea of the plunder of the "accursed infidels," that the Sultan's determination seems scarcely voluntary on his part. The consequence of this has been a grand council at Vienna, to which the foreign ambassadors were invited, and at which a renewed and simultaneous remonstrance of the

Christian powers to the Porte was resolved upon; but such was the spirit of the Turkish people, that it was supposed the acquiescence of the Sultan must produce a catastrophe at Constantinople, attended by the massacre of all the ministers. The Russian letters give equal "note of preparation." They say, that the army assembled on the Pruth, and ready to take the field, consists of 280,000 men, of which a very large proportion is cavalry; the dragoons alone are estimated at 26,000 men. The Russian park of artillery is stated to consist of 500 pieces of cannon. In the mean time, the death of Ali Pacha does not seem to have produced so favourable an effect upon the affairs of the Porte in Greece as might have been expected. The accounts from Albania and the Epirus are favourable to the insurgents. Chourschid Pacha is so occupied with the Suliotes and Albanians, that he has been unable either to execute the orders of the Sultan or to proceed with his army to the Morea. The whole Pachalik of Joannina is represented to be in arms, and determined in every way to resist the removal of Ali's treasures. While upon this subject, we may mention a strange report, that Ali has escaped alive, and that the head sent to Constantinople was really not his, but that of an old soldier! It is not impossible that by our next something decisive may be communicated on this important question, as the Russian troops are generally accustomed to commence operations by the middle of April.

The state of France continues pretty much as we represented it last month, and as it probably will continue till a general explosion takes place. The Bourbons seem to be exactly in the same situation as they were on the landing of Napoleon from Elba;—not a whit more secure. Our readers may form some idea of this, from the fact of an universal consternation having seized all the authorities on the perusal of a song in a number of the *Morning Chronicle*! The song related to the "*Cordon Sanitaire*;" and immediately on its appearance all the numbers of the *Journal* containing it were seized by the police. This was followed by an intimation, that it was expected that

his Most Christian Majesty's ambassador in London would do his duty! In what a state must the throne of that country be, whose monarch trembles at a song! The Chamber of Deputies has been adjourned, after many stormy discussions, the result of one of which was, after ample provocation, a duel between Generals Foy and Semele, which, after three shots each, terminated without bloodshed. A very curious exposé took place, by M. Girardin, during one of the sittings, of the practices pursued in the French Post-office. He said that, after passing through the ostensible office, by merely touching a secret door, you found yourself altogether in a new world—surrounded by all the instruments and artifices of *espionage*. Cauldrons of boiling water to soften wafers—furnaces to melt wax—artists to forge seal-engravings—scientific men to unfold cyphers—all under the immediate inspection of the Director of the Posts, and all, said M. Girardin, "so carefully concealed, that they who were employed to discover the secrets of the world, were themselves a secret to all the world." The *Times Newspaper* asserts, that this practice was introduced into England at the accession of the house of Brunswick, at which time it was partially adopted, under the apology of a disputed crown. It is stated, that after all the efforts made to apprehend General Berthon, he has at length succeeded in escaping with his principal officers by sea to St. Sebastian, where he was most favourably received. The following has been given as an authentic statement, in one of the French papers, of the number of English who have visited Paris from 1815 to 1821, both inclusive. In 1815, 13,822; in 1816, 15,512; in 1817, 16,618; in 1818, 19,838; in 1819, 18,720; in 1820, 19,040; in 1821, 20,184! The city of Paris has surely, in this estimate, a good set-off against the spoliation of the Louvre.

An important message has been transmitted by the President of the United States to the American House of Representatives, recommending the recognition of the South American provinces as an independent country. It recites the strict neutrality which the American govern-

ment has hitherto preserved with respect to the belligerents, but pointedly observes, that when the result of such a contest is manifestly settled, the new government have a claim to recognition from other powers, which ought not to be resisted. The President enters into the following detail of the progress of the revolted provinces, which is important, as its authenticity cannot be doubted, coming from such a quarter. Buenos Ayres, he says, assumed her rank as an independent state, by a formal declaration in 1815, and has enjoyed it since, free from any invasion by the parent country. The provinces composing the Republic of Columbia, after having separately declared their independence, were united by a fundamental law of the 17th of December, 1819. The provinces on the Pacific have likewise been very successful. Chili declared her independence in 1818, and has since enjoyed it undisturbed; and, of late, by the assistance of Chili and Buenos Ayres, the revolution has extended to Peru. Of the movements in Mexico, Mr. Monroe does not profess to give such authentic information; but he says it is distinctly understood that the new government has declared its independence, and that there is now neither an opposition to it there, nor a force to make any. Under these circumstances, he recommends an immediate recognition of these countries by the United States; a recommendation which no doubt will be acceded to, as it cannot fail to be followed by very considerable commercial advantages. It is surprising with what perseverance the government of the United States endeavours to facilitate the communication with the various ports of Europe. A New York paper asserts, that there is an establishment of twelve regular packets between that place and the port of Liverpool alone! Three of these start every month, so that the intercourse seldom suffers the interruption of a week! What would have been said if this had been prophesied thirty years ago?

Some proceedings have lately been instituted against the press in India, which render completely nugatory all the pretended freedom which was

lately affected to be vouchsafed to it in that country. Mr. Buckingham, the Editor of a paper in Calcutta, has been menaced with transportation, for an article remotely wounding the feelings of the Lord Bishop! It is a very humiliating anomaly in the law in India, that an Englishman only is subject to this punishment, at the discretion of the government. It seems, had Mr. Buckingham been an humble Hindoo, he might have defied even the Christian Lord Bishop to banish him.

An Easter recess, of a very unusual length, has left us but little to say on the score of parliamentary intelligence. One important debate has, however, taken place since the house resumed its sittings; we allude to that produced by the motion of Sir John Newport, on the state of Ireland. The motion was for an Address to his Majesty, and was evidently, and indeed avowedly made, not so much with a view to its being carried, as to provoke a discussion on the subject. The discussion was provoked, and ended pretty much in the same way as all such discussions have done since the junction of the parliaments. Every one admitted the misery which Ireland suffers—each speaker attributed that misery to a different cause, and none proposed a single remedy! Sir J. Newport declared that the evils chiefly arose from not granting Catholic emancipation and reforming the tithe system. Mr. Ellis, of Dublin, said they arose from the exclusive miscreancy of the Catholic population—and Mr. Goulburn, the new Irish Secretary, dilated at some length upon the policy pursued in the days of Strongbow. The speech of the member for Dublin was most eloquently and indignantly reprobated by Mr. Plunket, who went at considerable length into the question. We have already expressed our opinion on the merits of this gentleman. There is not certainly, either in or out of the house, any person more capable of elucidating the affairs of Ireland, if he turns his mind seriously to the topic; and we are gratified in hearing from him that the government, of which he is now a member, are inclined to give it a serious consideration. The subjects to which

he adverted, as calling for immediate attention, were fourfold; namely, the tithe question—the police—the magistracy—and the education of the poor. These are certainly prominent topics; but when these are exhausted, many of equal consequence will remain—we could instance two, at the moment, absenteeism and the Catholic question—but even then a host would remain behind, and no man knows that better than Mr. Plunket. The filth of six centuries has accumulated, and turned that country into an Augean den, which it will require a political Hercules to purify. There is not a single department in Ireland which is not covered with the slime of the reptiles that have successively crawled through its darkness, seeking what they might devour. We will venture to say, that when the report of the commissioners lately appointed to investigate the Irish revenue meets the public eye, there is not even a veteran speculator in this country who will not laud himself as a Saint, from his comparative purity. As some trifling elucidation of the system generally acted on there, we would just refer to the Tenth Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Courts of Justice in Ireland. The Accountant-general, on his oath, states his appointment to have been made out in consequence of his *exchange of his seat in parliament*; and, after various lamentable details of his subsequent disappointments, ends by pathetically terming himself “*the oldest official fixture in his Majesty’s service!*” He makes all this statement in such a quiet kind of tone, that, as was well remarked in parliament, he appeared to think a transaction of this nature a mere *matter of course*. And so, no doubt, he does; and he must be a very stupid man, if, being so long an “*official fixture*,” he had so little

profited by his experience as to consider it any thing else. The same document describes a patent office held by the present Lord Lieutenant, the reversion of which was further granted by patent in 1808, to Richard Wellesley, Esq. for life. The office is a sinecure—it is called Chief Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer—salary, 69*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*—gross amount of *fees*, 4,532*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*!!! To this office, having such arduous duties, there is also attached a Deputy Chief Remembrancer, appointed *by the patentee*—salary *none*—gross amount of *fees*, 3,740*l.*!!! There are some trifling disbursements, which reduce the salaries a few hundred pounds.

We have to record since our last the death of Sir John Sylvester, the Recorder. He is succeeded in his office by Newman Knowlys, Esq.; and Mr. Denman has been elected, after a very active contest, to the vacant office of Common Serjeant.

A very melancholy event has taken place in Scotland, the death of Sir Alexander Boswell (eldest son of Johnson’s biographer), in a duel with a Mr. Stuart. The message was sent by the latter, in consequence of an anonymous lampoon inserted in the Beacon newspaper, and acknowledged by Sir Alexander to be his composition. The libel was severe, and so was its retribution.

A long programme has been published in some of the foreign papers, of his Majesty’s intended summer tour on the Continent. If true, it must occupy considerable time. His Majesty has returned from Brighton in good health and spirits. He held a levee, and afterwards a drawing-room on his birth-day, both of which were numerous attended. Sir B. Bloomfield has been again restored to favour, with additional honours.

April 26, 1822.

MONTHLY REGISTER,

MAY 1, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE most prominent feature that presents itself this month, is the second report from the committee appointed to inquire into the agricultural petitions. The main premises resemble very nearly those stated in our last article but one. The most curious part of this document is the declaration with which it sets out, that the committee have made no inquiry into the cause or the extent of the excessive supply which they state the corn markets to exhibit. It is scarcely credible that any set of grave men should thus mistake their way in an investigation so momentous; or, that after having so blundered at the outset, they should hazard such a spontaneous exposition of their error. For, upon the nature of the cause alone must entirely depend the nature of any remedy to be proposed; the excessive supply either proceeds from superabundant production at home, or from too great a supply from abroad,—two circumstances so essentially different in their operation and effects, that it must be obvious to the shallowest mind, that what might be an alleviation in the one case, would be found an injury in the other. The two expedients which we anticipated in our last, are formally proposed; first, to expend or advance a million upon corn to be warehoused by those who may choose so to dispose of their stock; and, secondly, to lay a duty of 15s. per quarter when the ports are opened, lowering the rate at which importation is in future to be allowed, to 70s. instead of 80s. We need not again go over the grounds of objection. It is sufficiently obvious that neither of these plans can benefit the farmer. If the growth be equal to the consumption, by warehousing he would only hold stock to compete with himself at the expiration of a year or eighteen months,—the term to which it is proposed to limit the loan. If, on the contrary, the home growth is inadequate, such a measure would only tend to open the ports *the sooner*, and the kingdom would be deluged for years to come, with the superabundance of the foreign corn, which now loads the granaries of England, America, and the Continent. The question always turns on one point—*i. e.*—upon the necessity that may or may not exist for an

occasional foreign supply; for if at any future period such a necessity should exist, as the measure of the want must be indefinite, so also must be the measure of the supply. This report contemplates only a temporary relief; we contend that there can be no such thing as a temporary relief. The farmer must be put in possession of the means to calculate his expenses, and the price of his commodity, upon just and certain grounds; if not, his trade will be mere gambling, mere speculation, which must be alike destructive to himself, and to those who subsist on his labours. Parliament must legislate for the whole, not for a part of the community; and as the first report very justly stated in almost the only valuable part of its complicated and contradictory contents, the country could not bear, nor would any government venture to impose duties sufficiently heavy to countervail the expenses under which the farmer now stands. Duties then are fallacies, even according to the committee's own showing, fallacies ruinous to the country, ruinous to the individual, and therefore ruinous to the state.

It appears from these arguments, that the committee have taken the contrary direction to that which reason suggests. Instead of vainly endeavouring to raise the price of corn,—the object of all the provisions hitherto suggested, they should have endeavoured to bring about an immediate reduction of the farmer's expenses, and this is chiefly to be effected by a reduction of taxation, the *only* solid plan for bettering his condition, and the only part of the question palpably evaded by the committee.

When the Marquis of Londonderry assumed that five per cent. upon the rent was a fair estimate of the taxation that falls upon the farmer, he grossly mis-stated or mistook the facts. Taxation must be drawn from the production; and the relation which the total amount of the one bears to the total amount of the others, shows the true quantum of the pressure. Colquhoun, in 1812, computed the one to the other, as 1 to 8, or thereabouts. He then estimated the price of wheat (to meet a supposed average of years) at 76s. 9d. per quarter, although it was at the time at 140s. and

had not been of late years so low as he computed. He made the agricultural production 216 millions. The pressure of taxation must now be nearly double what it then was, even taking his calculation as the ground of our own, and comparing it with present prices; but, in point of fact, it is almost quadruple; the *fair* average of price of wheat now being scarcely above 40s. per quarter. And if we consider that the landlord and the clergyman, as all other trades do, lay their taxation, and that of those they employ, upon their commodity, upon land, and upon tythes; it is clear that production must ultimately pay such taxation.

The particular evil now is, that the farmer cannot make his cost price of his article; therefore, whilst others are taking their taxes, &c. from him, he alone stands in the gap, and pays for all out of his capital. If taxation does not afford the reason why the landlord and the clergyman cannot make adequate abatements, it comes to this. Their expensive habits of life, which forbid their accepting lower sums, must in any event be abridged, and consequently revenue must diminish as individual expenditure is contracted. The same effect would therefore follow; a reduced taxation must come. In the one instance, it may be voluntarily done by the government; in the other, it must be done to meet the defalcation of revenue. At present, one of the most curious phenomena of the times is, that the revenue does not appear to fall off; but, on the contrary, to be a little on the increase, in diametrical opposition to all general reasoning, and to the contraction of expenditure which must be presumed to follow reduction of income among the agricultural classes; to the decrease of the foreign trade which must happen from the cessation of the barter in corn; to the diminution of all duties *ad valorem*, in consideration of the depression of prices generally. But we consider the effects of the wide-spreading ruin amongst the landed interest, to be yet far from their height. It is well known, that there are many landlords who wait for their arrears of rent till the barns be filled, when they will not again suffer themselves to be fore-stalled by the tax-gatherer. The land owners have hitherto hesitated as to reducing their establishments, in hopes of parliamentary or other aid; but now they see their case is without hope, the work of retrenchment will begin. We are assured on authority, that one nobleman high in the agricultural world, will dismiss fourteen domestic servants at the close of the London season, and the same informant adds, that there are not less than one hundred gentlemen living in the neighbourhood of St. James's Square, who will cut down

their establishments in a similar proportion. It will not be then till about Michaelmas next, or soon after, that the urgency of the distress will be most apparent; when, if Providence should bless (curse in the language of ministers) the land with a fine harvest, the further reduction of prices will add to the universality of the ruin amongst the agricultural classes.

In the meanwhile they are upon the alert; and county, and hundred, and district meetings are continually petitioning for the reduction of taxation to begin, and for reform to complete the remedy. Norfolk, hitherto the most opulent, perhaps, in respect to its farmers, sets the strongest example; near twenty of the hundreds have met, and the unanimous declaration of the resolutions, whether emanating from Tories or Whigs, is, that taxation is the grand cause of the distress. In one instance only has a protecting duty been prayed for; in most of the others it has been as decidedly reprobated. This mode of procedure presents the most efficacious means of producing a powerful effect upon the House of Commons; for, if followed up with energy, it will command success, and never was there a time when every individual seemed to consider it so much his duty to use his greatest exertions as at this instant. We would second this feeling to our utmost, for upon its exercise depends, as we esteem it, the salvation of the landed interest, perhaps of the monarchy and the constitution. We touch upon the very verge of violence. For the proof, unhappily, we may still refer to the burnings of agricultural property, and the more open destruction of rural machinery in Norfolk and Suffolk, where, though the most energetic means have been used for the suppression of these disgraceful proceedings, and where some of the perpetrators have been executed, the disorders still continue. It cannot perhaps be much wondered at, when starving unemployed labourers are told by the servants of the crown that abundance is the cause of the distress, that these deluded men should practically enforce the theory of ministers.

The weather at the end of March, and till the close of the first week in April, has been as favourable as could be to the operations of the field; the lambing season has been forward, and the drop abundant beyond all memory. Barley sowing has proceeded well and rapidly, and much Talavera wheat has been sown again this season, not as a substitute for winter wheat, but for barley, it takes the same place in the course of crops, and clover may succeed as well. The cold northern and easterly winds which prevailed during a few days, accompanied with hail and sleet, affected the appearance of wheats which had looked

yellow previously, and which, since the cold, have assumed still more of that colour, but it is not considered that they are injured. The effects are much more visible upon the leaves of the hedge rows, which are in many places as black as if burned. The clovers look remarkably well and forward. The appearance of beans varies according to soil and culture, some being strong and healthy, as those that are drilled in Oxfordshire, while in stiff countries, as Bedfordshire, it is feared some of those ploughed

in will scarcely get up. The turnips are all in flower, and, in most parts, it is difficult to find means of consuming them; the grass is very forward; the general business at the fairs has been as dull as the stock show has been abundant. Wool is declining in price. The mutton trade in Smithfield was decidedly worse on Monday, the beef market remaining much the same.

April 20, 1822.

HORTICULTURAL REPORT FOR MARCH AND APRIL, 1822.

THIS is the season of gratification to him whose delight it is to trace the ever varying processes of vegetable life. As the morning of the year advances, the plants, the herbs, the flowers, throw forth their riches to the lengthening day; the garden and the field spread their brilliant tapestry beneath a genial sun; and the florist scans his 'gay parterre' with a joyous but discriminating eye.

March 20th.—The lightly verdant leaflets of the white raspberry, (*Rubus idæus*) are emerging from their scaly envelope. 21. Those of the eringo are also rapidly expanding. The blossoms of the red currant are generally opening, fair promise of a crop, "fresh, delicious, keen."

The melancholy hyacinth, that weeps
All night, and never lifts an eye all day,

has unfolded the first of its pendant flowers. 23. The blossom of the gooseberry has likewise "opened to the sun," and is thronged with bees, "busy and with unwearied hum:"—these social insects should find a place in the garden of every lover of nature. 24. The wrinkled leaves of the filbert (*Corylus avellana*); the acid ones of the barberry (*Berberis vulgaris*); and the downy ones of the jeannotin apple, are rapidly developing themselves. The crown imperial, in despite of the transient, yet chilly blusterings of the north-western gales, has displayed her crimson umbels.

————— Ever bent on earth,
Favouring her secret rites and pearly sweets.

The garden mice have become more destructive; the most effectual mode of destroying them is to scatter peas, which have for some days been soaking in a strong decoction of *nux vomica*, over those beds which are likely to suffer from their depredations. 27. The clustered bloom of the white blossomed sloe (*Prunus spinosa*) is

now spangling the hedges, and contrasting with the leafless branches, "makes desolation grin the more supreme." The tunicate shoots of asparagus have pierced the surface of their beds. 29. The leaves of the medlar (*Mespilus germanica*) are rapidly developing; this fruit tree, above all others, appears the least subject to disease of any description. All advancing crops of peas, beans, &c. are exceedingly healthful and vigorous, though by no means so forward as the temperature of the season might warrant us to expect. The plantations of cabbages (*Brassica*) are among the few which are not benefited by a mild winter; many are advancing to seed, without producing for the table of "that all-glutton, man." This serviceable vegetable is one of the most faithful of his horticultural attendants; wherever he can exist, the cabbage will flourish. I have seen it growing within a few paces of the sea, and M. Candolle found it upon the Alps, "at every height that man can take up his abode." 30. The glutinous leaves of the horse chesnut (*Æsculus hippocastanum*) are rapidly expanding. Thus terminated the month, and no variation have we to report in the temperature of its close; to the last it breathed "ethereal mildness;" no ruthless blasts, no piercing colds, cast a gloom on its farewell, or strewed o'er the trace of its footsteps with blossoms untimely stricken; but—

Smiling came the nymph and gay,
Smiling too she passed away.

April 1. The buds of the red raspberry, and of the guelder rose (*Viburnum opulus*) "exist as buds no more." The once self-enamoured boy has opened his flowers, still turned towards the fatal pool,—

The pale narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.

The blossom of the gooseberry promises an abundant crop, and that of the currant a very partial one, whilst that of the various plums augurs "a path betwixt the wide extremes." 6. The young grey and downy leaves of the laburnum (*Cytisus*) are taking a determinate form. The fruit of the apricot has set in abundance, and they are rapidly increasing in size. 8. The jonquil has opened her starry flowers—

——— Loads with potent breath the air,
And rich in golden glory nods.

The blossom of the cherry is opening in boundless profusion, fair but falsely flattering promise of an abundant fruitage:—cherries, of all fruits, are the most uncertain; they often wither and fall, when on the point of assuming a ruddy tinge; "you are never certain of them," a gardener will tell you, "until you have them in your mouth:"—the blossom of this plant, as well as that of wall-trees, &c. is characterised by a fragrance which is commonly designated "almondy;" this, as well as the

flavour of the bay-leaf, and of the kernels of stone-fruit in general, is caused by the presence of prussic acid, perhaps the most deadly of poisons, a single drop of it, when pure, being fatal to human life. 13. The lily of the valley (*Convallaria maialis*) has thrust its shoots above the soil. The last few days have been excessively cold, with the wind at the E.; there has not, however, I trust, been a sufficient reduction of temperature to injure the wall-fruit. The numerous varieties of pears are in succession unfolding their delicate blossom; as are also the leaves of the apple tribe:—in doing so, these last betray an incipient destruction; caterpillars are visible in their curled-up leaflets, the edges of which are cut and withered by the keen winds; "ill bodes the aspect of the times," for this certainly portends—

Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,
And which no care can obviate.

Essex.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, April 23.)

WE have observed on a former occasion that the proceedings in the present session of parliament respecting commerce, would probably be of the highest interest and importance; and we have likewise stated the opinion generally entertained, that the measures to be adopted were likely to give a great impulse to the foreign commerce of the empire. As the session proceeds, the most intense anxiety is directed to the measures brought forward. Among them are the following:—The West-India Islands and Settlements to be declared free ports; British and foreign flags to be admitted with cargoes indiscriminately, and all goods legally imported may be re-exported; also the produce of the settlements to all European countries; free intercourse with South America and the United States to be also allowed; the produce of the latter, such as lumber, corn, flour, &c. to be subject to a small duty, to give some advantage to the British Colonies in North America. As it would far exceed our limits to give the particulars of the bills introduced, so it would be useless, in fact, to abridge them, as persons interested will naturally have recourse to the Acts themselves. We will, however, add the titles of some of them. "A Bill for the encouragement of Navigation and Commerce, by regulating

the Importation of Goods and Merchandise, so far as relates to the Countries from whence, and the Ships in which such Importation shall be made;" the second, "A Bill to repeal certain Acts, and parts of Acts, relating to the Importation of Goods and Merchandise;" and a third, "A Bill to repeal divers ancient Statutes and parts of Statutes, so far as they relate to the Importation and Exportation of Goods and Merchandise from and to Foreign Countries;" but they are too extensive, and go too much into detail, for insertion; and, as they relate to very old Acts of Parliament, they would be of little interest unconnected with the whole voluminous particulars.

The following is an abstract of a Bill to regulate the Trade between his Majesty's Possessions in America and the West Indies, and other places in America and the West Indies.

All former Acts regulating the Importation and Exportation of certain articles into and from certain Colonies in America and the West Indies, repealed.—Act not to discharge any seizure, forfeiture, or penalty, already made or incurred.—Goods in table B. may be imported into Ports mentioned in table A. either in British or foreign vessels, whether belonging to the subjects of

any European sovereign or otherwise.—Not to allow the exportation of Arms or Naval stores without licence of his Majesty's secretary of state.—Certain articles may be exported from any of the Ports mentioned in the Acts in such foreign vessels on certain conditions.—The articles enumerated in table (B.) may be exported to any other British colony, or to the United kingdom.—The legality of the importation to be made appear to the satisfaction of the principal officers of the customs.—The privileges of this Act not to extend to vessels of such states and countries as do not give equal privileges to British vessels.—His Majesty may extend the provisions of this Act to other articles and ports than those enumerated in the tables.—No articles, except such as are enumerated in the tables, to be imported in foreign vessels, on any pretence whatever.—How Penalties and Forfeitures are to be recovered.

With respect to the commerce with Spanish South America, some uncertainty still prevails. The United States will probably recognize the new governments of that Continent, as now sufficiently consolidated to enter into permanent relations. The President having recommended this recognition, and his suggestion having been approved by the committee, there can be little doubt of its being carried into effect. What effect such a step may have on the conduct of the European governments cannot be anticipated; but there are persons who think that France will not long delay to recognise the new Republics. At all events, it may be expected, that these states will be ready to give superior advantages to the subjects of the governments which shall recognise them; and, in fact, we learn by the Paris papers, that Mr. Zea, the agent from Columbia, has delivered to the minister for foreign affairs, and to the foreign ministers at the French Court, a note, in which, after a long preface, showing the reasonableness of acknowledging Columbia as an independent State, he declares it to be the intention of that government to allow full liberty of commerce to the subjects of those governments which shall recognise the Republic; to prohibit all intercourse, commerce with the ports, or residence there, and in the territory of Columbia, to those whose governments do not recognise it; and even to prohibit all merchandise coming from the countries whose governments refuse or delay the recognition sought.

The long expected Russian tariff is not yet published; the last accounts, however, say that it was printed; but that having undergone several modifications, it would be found to differ materially from what had been asserted in German and English journals.

It is stated in the Times of the 24th April, that a vessel arrived at Hamburg on the 13th, from St. Petersburg, after a quick passage, and brought an extract from the new tariff. We give the first articles. Sugar in loaves and crushed, *prohibited*. Ditto raw, white and brown, per pood, 1 r. 50 cop. Coffee *unaltered*. Rum arrack, Cognac *unaltered*; but only to be admitted at St. Petersburg. We must observe, however, that the Hamburg papers up to the 16th inclusive, have no later intelligence from St. Petersburg than of the 1st of April, and merely say, the tariff would be published the ensuing week. Nor does the Borsen Hall list (answering to Lloyd's list) of the 15th and 16th, notice any arrival at Hamburg from St. Petersburg on the 13th.

Cotton.—The state of the cotton market has been favourable and improving for this month past. Bengals, in particular, have been in great request. The sales during the last five weeks, that is, since March 19, have been about 16,000 bales; of which, upwards of 11,000 bales were Bengals. The most considerable business was done in the week ending April 2, of which the following are the particulars as reported: "There has been a general and rather extensive demand for cottons for exportation; the request has been chiefly directed to the Bengal descriptions, of which the shippers have taken about 2,000 bales; the other purchases chiefly for resale. They consist of 5,000 bales, viz.—in bond, 4,000 Bengals, ordinary $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ and $5\frac{1}{2}d.$, good $5\frac{1}{2}d.$; 200 Surats good fair $6\frac{1}{2}d.$; 147 Bowed good fair and good $9\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $9\frac{1}{2}d.$, a few $9\frac{1}{2}d.$; 56 Smyrnas good $8d.$ a $8\frac{1}{2}d.$; and duty paid, 160 Demerara, ordinary $10\frac{1}{2}d.$, good fair $10\frac{3}{4}d.$ and $11d.$, superior $12\frac{1}{2}d.$ and $12\frac{1}{2}d.$; 30 Surinams good $11\frac{1}{2}d.$; 111 Spanish, ordinary $8\frac{1}{2}d.$, good $8\frac{3}{4}d.$ and $9d.$; 400 Bahias fair $10\frac{1}{2}d.$ "

In the two following weeks, the demand continued to be general and extensive, chiefly for exportation, the sales being 2,800, and 3,200 bales; without any remarkable variation in the prices. In the week ending this day, (23d,) the demand has been very considerable; the purchases are nearly 4,000 bales, viz.—350 Surats $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ middling, $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ fair, $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ good fair; 2,950 Bengals $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ ordinary, $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ fair and good fair, $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $6d.$ good, and 23 packing fair $5\frac{1}{2}d.$; 150 Smyrna good fair $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $8d.$; 62 Bowed fair $9d.$, good $9\frac{1}{2}d.$; 6 Sea Islands good $20d.$; 10 Bahias fair $10\frac{1}{2}d.$ all in bond; and duty paid, 100 Demerara TF fine $12d.$, 108 fair common $10\frac{1}{2}d.$ a $10\frac{1}{2}d.$, and 50 middling $9\frac{1}{2}d.$

At Liverpool, the demand during the same period has been regular and clearly though not remarkably brisk. The sales

have amounted to 37,000 bags. In the course of the week, ending April 20, the demand was rather more limited than it had been; the sales being only 5,570 bags.

Sugar.—The market has been in general heavy and languid for this month past. Yet the decline in price has not been very considerable on the whole; being about 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt. on inferior Muscovades; the finer sort having nearly maintained their prices. The refined market, however, has been exceedingly heavy, and goods have been pressed upon the market, especially in the first week of April; some persons seemed resolved to sell at all events, and a parcel of brown lumps was stated to have been sold as low as 76s. 6d. The market, however, immediately recovered this depression, and several sales were effected at 77s. 6d. and 78s.

We have adverted on a former occasion (in the London Magazine for February, 1822) to the great decline in the refined sugar trade. A petition, it is said, will shortly be laid before government by the refiners, stating the great depression of their trade, its progressive decline for a series of years, and praying to be allowed to refine from Havannah and other foreign sugars. Should the particulars of the Russian tariff above mentioned prove authentic, the consequences will be highly injurious to the refiners.

The following are the particulars of the market for the week ending to day:—The reduction of 1s. to 3s. 6d. per cwt. in the prices of low Muscovades by public sale on Tuesday last was confirmed by private contract last week; the market was exceedingly heavy at the decline, and the purchases reported quite inconsiderable: the good and fine sugars nearly maintained the late prices.

This forenoon there was a steady, but not extensive request; the sales effected fully supported the prices of last week. The wholesale grocers and refiners are stated to be out of stock, but they hold off from purchasing to any extent, in the anticipation that the late westerly winds will bring considerable new supplies to market, and that they will probably succeed in purchasing at lower rates.

The request for refined goods for the home-trade was last week very languid; the prices of all the good and fine descriptions were 1s. lower. For the low goods there was some demand for export to the Hans Towns. Molasses were in good demand, and this forenoon there is no alteration, the market steady at 25s.

By public sale last week, 945 chests Havannah sugars went off freely; the ordinary and middling white at higher prices; the good white, the yellow, and brown, at the previous currency.—White, good, 37s.

to 38s. 6d.; ordinary and middling, 34s. to 36s.—Yellow, good and fine, 26s. to 27s. 6d.—Brown, good, 25s. to 25s. 6d.—On the same day, 8 chests middling white Brazil sold at 34s. to 34s. 6d.

Average prices of raw sugars, by Gazette:—

March 30.....	34s. 0d.
April 7.....	34s. 10d.
14.....	34s. 7½d.
21.....	34s. 3½d.

Coffee.—The quantity brought forward towards the close of last month, being too considerable for the demand, had the effect of rather depressing the market. But this had the natural effect of rendering the demand more brisk; in the first week of this month the market regained fully the previous currency; good and fine ordinary Brazil sold 102s. a 104s. 6d.; afterwards nearly the same quality realized 104s. a 106s.; 448 bags good ordinary Cheribon sold so low as 100s. a 103s.; ordinary and good ordinary Cuba, 97s. a 99s. 6d.; good ordinary St. Domingo, 104s.; a large parcel of Porto Rico coffee sold at very high prices, middling, 118s. fine ordinary, 111s. a 113s. good ordinary, 108s. a 110s.

In the following week, the public sales of Coffee brought forward were considerable, consisting of 388 casks and 912 bags, exclusive of the India sale: the market was in a very uncommon state, generally heavy, and little business doing by private contract; yet the public sales went off with great briskness; the Demerara and Berbice descriptions were much wanted for home consumption, and sold freely at prices 5s. per cwt. advance; Havannah sold at a similar improvement, good ordinary 107s. fine ordinary, 110s. a 111s. The other descriptions were without variation; ordinary and good ordinary St. Domingo, a little broken, went off at 100s. a 102s.

Baltic produce.—In hemp and flax but little has been doing, and few sales are reported. The report of the low state of the tallow market had the effect of bringing large orders from the country, but generally limited to rates which were too low. The news from St. Petersburg received in the middle of the month, seeming to favour the opinion that hostilities were inevitable, had some effect on the tallow market. The letters received yesterday from St. Petersburg were to the 30th of March; the Exchange was a shade higher, 9½d. It was reported there would be an export duty on tallow.

Oils.—There is little doing in Whale Oil; yet, from the heaviness of the market, purchases may be made a shade lower: for the present season's fishing some inconsiderable parcels have been contracted for at 23½. Seed Oils are quoted at a small reduction.

Tobacco.—There is very little doing in Tobacco; the sales since our last are confined to a few low Leaf Virginia, purchased at a small reduction in the prices.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There has not been much briskness in the Rum markets of late, and a large sale on Tuesday last (16th) of 243 puncheons 11 hogsheads had an unfavourable effect on the market, but the prices have since recovered. Brandies are exceedingly heavy, and may be purchased at a small decline.—In Geneva there is no alteration.

Indigo.—An inconsiderable sale (726 chests) at the India-House on the 9th instant, had but little effect on the market. About 60 chests were bought at 6*d.* a 9*d.* per *lb.* higher than the last sale prices.

Corn.—There have been only such fluctuations in the prices as arise from the greater or less quantity brought to market; but there is nothing to encourage an expectation of relief to the farmer by any considerable rise.

Aggregate averages of the six weeks, including February 15, by which importation is regulated:

Wheat, 47 <i>s.</i> 2 <i>d.</i>	Oats, 15 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i>
Rye, 22 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i>	Beans, 21 <i>s.</i> 7 <i>d.</i>
Barley, 19 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i>	Pease, 23 <i>s.</i> 5 <i>d.</i>

An account of all grain, wheat, meal, and flour, warehoused under the act 55 Geo. 3, c. 26; and remaining in the said warehouses on the 5th of January, 1822:

	qrs.	bu.
Barley.....	35,255	3
Beans.....	24,897	3
Indian Corn.....	226	0
Oats.....	400,196	0
Pease.....	10,063	7
Rye.....	900	2
Wheat.....	678,669	7
Potash..	858,949	6
Wheat, meal, and flour, 133,652 cwt.		
1 qr. 3 lb.		

In addition to the official list of Foreign Grain, under bond, in the different Ports of the kingdom, 5th January, it is calculated there are since arrived 6000 qrs. Wheat, 20,000 qrs. Oats, Barley about 7000 qrs.; and in Flour there is a reduction of about 14,000 barrels.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Riga, 29th March.—**Flax.** The last prices paid were, Druiania and Thiesenhausen Rackitzer, 42*r.*; for cut Badstüb, 37½*r.*; Risten Thieband, 30*r.*; the supply is still slack, and it is therefore difficult to find sellers.—**Hemp.** That upon the spot is in demand, but very little has lately been purchased upon contract. A parcel of clean Ukraine has been sold at

108*r.*; ditto Pass, 82*r.*; for delivery and all the money down the prices are, Ukraine Outshot, 80*r.*; Polish ditto, 85*r.*; Ukraine Pass, 70*r.*; Polish ditto, 80*r.*; ditto Torre, 47*r.*—**Hemp Oil.** Is nominally, 95*r.*; both on the spot and on delivery.—**Potashes.** Contracts for Polish crown for the end of May have been made for 102½*r.*; all the money down.—**Tallow.** For yellow crown to be delivered at the end of May, 130*r.* all the money down are asked; 128*r.* are offered for it. There is no inquiry after other kinds.

Gottenburg, 30th March.—At the iron fair at Christianham, which is just finished, the greatest part of the iron contracted for was sold with the condition of fixing the price afterwards, a minimum of 16 rix dollars banco, and a maximum of 17½ being assumed. The real price will be determined by the general prices at this place from the commencement of the arrival of the new supply, till the middle of July. These high prices are in consequence of the uncommon mild winter, by which the working of the mines has been so much hindered, that it is calculated, that no more than two-thirds of the usual annual quantity can be delivered. Hence 10 rix dollars banco are still paid for raw iron.

Though a large quantity of bar iron has been contracted for, yet a still larger quantity will be consigned hither, and this with what we may expect from other Swedish ports will probably prevent a rise in the prices.

A grand repair of the sluices of the canal of Trollhatta will keep back the supplies from the interior till the end of May, which is the more disagreeable, because we have several orders here to be executed immediately, and our remaining stock, still undisposed of, hardly amounts to 5000 ship pounds of not well assorted iron articles.

Since the beginning of this year four American ships, one loaded, have arrived here to fetch iron.

Hamburgh, April 18.—**Coffee.** In the course of this week there was sold 20,000*lb.* of small Portorico, several small parcels of Brazil, 100 sacks of Batavia (mostly at 11½), and about 20,000*lb.* of Domingo at 11½. There was more demand for the latter yesterday, but none was to be had of equally good quality at that price.—**Cocoa** is in some request, and the prices consequently more firm.—**Dyewoods.** The sales are inconsiderable, and the prices unchanged.—**Spices.** There have been some purchases of pepper, and its price keeps up, as also that of Pimento.—**Rice.** The prices of the common sorts are a little advanced, but the better remain unchanged.—**Sugar.** Very little has been doing as well in the fine as in raw goods, which

is probably owing to the holidays. The holders, however, endeavour to maintain the late prices.

Amsterdam, April 20.—In consequence of the petitions of several landowners and farmers, representing to the States General the depressed state of agriculture, a report on the subject has been laid before the Second Chamber of the States General, by the Committee of Petitions. The Chamber has ordered the report to be printed. We find from this report that the landowners in the Netherlands are making precisely the same complaints as the agri-

culturists in England, respecting the depreciation of all kinds of produce, and the too great facility afforded to the importation of foreign grain. Neighbouring countries, they say, (meaning, we suppose England and France), protect and encourage agriculture by a wise legislation, by which they are prohibited from carrying their overplus to these countries as they formerly did, while foreign grain is freely admitted into the ports of the Netherlands. They, therefore, ask for prohibitory laws, high protecting duties, &c.

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Where the Town or City in which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the Neighbourhood. So also of the Residences of the Attorneys, whose names are placed after a [.

T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.

Gazette—March 23 to April 16.

- March 23.—Atherton, W. Everton, Liverpool, brewer. [Hinde, Marshall-street, Liverpool. C. Brandwhite, P. Bristol, fringe manufacturer. [Vizard, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C. Harrison, I. Mount-terrace, Whitechapel-road, flour-factor. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street, Cheapside. C. Jullion, J. Holborn, jeweller. [Hannam, Piazza-chambers, Covent-garden. T. Lyes, W. Cheltenham, coal-merchant. [Bousfield, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street. C. Robinson, W. Botesdale, Suffolk, maltster. [Stocker, New Boswell-court. C. Wickham, W. jun. Chichester, butcher. [Ellis, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.
- March 26.—Buckle, C. Manchester, draper. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C. Hoyle, T., J. Lord, J. Chatburn, and W. Fothergill, Irwell Springs, Lancaster, calico-printers. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row. C. Hughes, M. B., and J. Horton, Dudley, Worcester, iron-founders. [Clarke, 109, Chancery-lane. C. Lacey, J. Bristol, dealer. [Woodhouse, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C. Travaskiss, J. Sidney-place, Commercial-road, tailor. [Hindman, Basinghall-street. T. Trowbridge, J. Shaftsbury, Dorset, stocking-manufacturer. [Buchanan, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C. Turner, W. Ruckholt-house, Leyton, Essex, dealer in horses. [Griffith, 103, High-street, St. Marylebone. T.
- March 30.—Barmby, T. Ossett-common, Dewsbury, York, clothier. [Fisher, Thavies-inn. C. Baylis, J. Dunton, Warwick, coal-merchant. [Hall, 15, Great James-street, Bedford-row. C. Brown, S. Vine-street, Lambeth, cooper and can-teen maker. [Branscomb, Wardrobe-place, Doctor's-commons. T. Cooper, R. Stratford, Essex, grocer. [Sheffield, 25, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields. T. Dean, R. W., and T. W. Cooke, Bethnal-green, brewers. [Coren, 20, Salisbury-st. Strand. T. Duckworth, E. Ribchester, Lancaster, victualler. [Appleby, 11, Gray's-inn-square. C. Evans, J. Sheerness, haberdasher. [Spence, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T. Firmstone, J. jun. Lower Mitton, Kidderminster, dealer. [Whitaker, Broad-court, Long-Acre. C. Foulds, A. Love-Clough, Lancaster, cotton-spin-ner. [Mackinson, Temple. C. Frost, G. Sheffield, cheesemonger. [Wilson, 16, Greville-street, Hatton-garden. C. Garnett, A. Liverpool, merchant. [Batty, Chan-cery-lane. C. Gannat, W. Armley, Leeds, cloth-manufacturer. [Stocker, New Boswell-court, Carey-street, Lin-coln's-inn. C. Hawksley, J. Birmingham, merchant. [Long, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C. Ivatts, J. Gerrard's-hall, Basing-lane, wine-mer-chant. [Jones, Sise-lane. T. Jeremy, D. Strand, linen-draper. [Richardson, New-inn. T. M'Clure, S. Wigan, Lancaster, shopkeeper. [Gaskill, Wigan. C. Major, J. W. Frome Selwood, Somerset, clothier. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office of Pleas, Lin-coln's-inn. C. Murphy, P. Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury square, wine and spirit merchant. [Gaines, Caroline-street, Bedford-square. T. Richardson, J. 10, Webb's County-terrace, New Kent-road, corn-factor. [Lester, 2 New-court, Crutched-friars. T. Ripley, J. Wapping High-street, mathematical instrument-maker. [Noy, Great Tower-street. T. Young, W., and J. Renard, Downs-warf, Hermit-age, wharfingers. [Beetholme, 9, Staple-inn. T.
- April 2.—Baker, W. Rew, Devon, farmer. [Andros, 58, Chancery-lane, C.
- Barthrop, W. sen. and jun. Lincoln, wool-staplers. [Styan, 4, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C. Boulbee, T. Lichfield, coal-master. [Scudamore, 11, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C. Furnival, W. and J. Hardy, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick, corn-merchants. [Taylor, John-st. Bedford-row. C. Richardson, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, corn-dealer. [Rosser, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. C. Standen, T. Lancaster, slater. [Armstrong, 11, Staple-inn, Holborn. C. Westbrook, J. Redbern, Hertford, innkeeper. Hodgson, St. Mildred's-court. T.
- April 6. Birmingham, F. Wellington-brewery, Charles-street, City-road, common-brewer. [Miller, 35, Castle-street, Holborn. T. Friend, J. Bristol, maltster. [King, 6, Gray's-inn-square. C. Hudson, W. Ebenezer-place, Commercial-road, ship-owner. [Seale, Covent-garden Chambers. T. Miles, S. Ludgate-street, watch-maker. [Rosser, Great Ormond-street. T. Pexton, J. Skipton, York, innkeeper. [Beverley, 3, Garden-court, Temple. C. Pitstow, J. jun. Witham, Essex, miller. [Wil-son, King's Bench-walk, Temple. T. Ramsden, W. Leeds, victualler. [Batty, Chan-cery-lane. C. Reynolds, H. Cheltenham, saddler. [Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C. Sanders, T. Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, coal-merchant. [Tyrrell, Guildhall-yard. T. Smethurst, J. sen. and R. Hindle, Torkington, Chester, calico-printers. [Milne, Temple. C. Steele, J. Liverpool, Lancaster, map and chart-seller. [Smith, 17, Austin-friars. T. Tate, W. Cateaton-street, bookseller. [Dickin-son, 35, St. Swithin's lane. T. Tomlinson, J. Bedford-bury, woollen-draper [Nethersole, Essex-street, Strand. T. Watton, W. Lichfield, brewer. [Constable, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane. C. Welsford, W. Tower-hill, merchant. [Wood-ward, Token-house-yard. T. Westlake, J. Moreton-Hampstead, Devon, serge-maker. [Brutton, 55, Broad-street. C.
- April 9.—Gratty, W. and M. Moss, Liverpool, cordwainers. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C. Handforth, D. Manchester, victualler. [Adling-ton, Bedford-row. C. Jeaffreson, W. Framlingham, Suffolk, apothecary, [Edwards, Framlingham. C. May, W. Newbury, Berks, maltster. [Hamilton, 31, Berwick-street, Soho. C. Monnington, W. Chepstow, Monmouth, grocer. Evans, Hatton-garden. Penrith, W. Bath, draper. [Jenkins, 8, New-inn. C.
- April 13.—Abbotts, T. and R., Skinner-street, wine-merchants. [Heath, 10, King's Bench-walk, Temple. T. Betham, G. of the East-India ship, Asia, master-mariner. [Tatham, Castle-street, Holborn. T. Corbett, E. Liverpool, common-brewer. [Adling-ton, Bedford-row. C. Croston, T. West-houghton, Lancaster, manufac-turer. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row. C. Davidson, W. and A. Garnett, Liverpool, mer-chants. [Batty, Chancery-lane. C. Good, P. P. Clapton, insurance-broker. [Ste-vens, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T. Loutten, G. West Teignmouth, Devon, rope-maker. [Hore, 1, Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C. Pickersgill, J. Wood-street, Spitalfields, silk-ma-nufacturer. [James, Bucklersbury, Cheap-side. T. Pickett, J. Caroline-street, Commercial-road, builder. [Heard, Hooper's-square, Lemon-st. Goodman's-fields. T. Quirk, P. jun. Liverpool, corn-merchant. [Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn. C. Robinson, M. Sebright-place, Hackney-road, plumber. [Norton, 37, Old Broad-street. T.

Steel, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance-broker. [Baker, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street. T.

April 16.—Arnsby, S. Jun. and T. Arnsby, sen Fishtoft, Lincoln, horse-dealers. [Wright, Inner Temple. C.

Browne, W. J., and W. Kermode, Liverpool, merchants. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.

Emmott, W. Leicester-square, tailor. [Collett, 62, Chancery-lane. T.

Garnett, J. Liverpool, linen-draper. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.

Herbert, P. and J., London, merchants. [Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-st. T.

M'Shane, M. Foley-place, Portman-square, upholsterer. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.

Miller, W. 48, Chapel-street, Pentonville, merchant. [Kearsey, King-street, Cheapside. T.

Paul, W. Bolehall, Warwick, tanner. [Hicks, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. C.

Robinson, R. Liverpool, corn and flour-dealer. [Chester, 3, Staple-inn. C.

Sharpley, J. York, merchant. [Walker, Exchequer-office of Pleas. C.

Vincett, N. Northampton-place, Old Kent-road, draper. [Wilde, College-hill. T.

Willcock, W. F. Tavistock, Devon, dealer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.

April 20.—Ackland, H. Leadenhall-market, butcher. [Pearce, Swithin's-lane. T.

Barnes, W. Liverpool, merchant. [Chester, Staple-inn. C.

Chalmers, J. sen. High Holborn, boot and shoemaker. [Duncombe, 6, Lion's-inn. T.

Findley, J. L. Sparrow-corner, Minorics, clothes-salesman. [Sheffield, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields. T.

Hobson, G. Middleton, Lancaster, corn-dealer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.

Holmden, W. Milton, Kent, grocer. [Pitches, St. Swithin's-lane. T.

Rodd, C. W. Broadway, Worcester, maltster. [Martindale, Gray's-inn-square. T.

Sharp, J. Houndsditch, auctioneer. [Cockayne, 5, Lyon's-inn. T.

Thomings, E. and J. Dimmack, Stafford, pig-iron-makers. [Williams, 1, Swithin's-lane. C.

Thornicraft, J. Coventry, victualler. [Hall, 15, Great James street, Bedford-row. C.

Walter, G. Upper-street, Islington, linen-draper. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jury. T.

April 23.—Burr, J. Hales Owen, Salop, iron-master. [Long, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.

Child, J. St. Ives, Huntingdon, boat-wright. [Ellis, 43, Chancery-lane.

Coates, C. Earith, Huntingdon, liquor-merchant. [Long, 4, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.

Evans, F. Cirencester, Gloucester, corn-dealer. [Bever, 2, Cook's-court, Lincoln's-inn. C.

Firmstone, J. P. Wolverhampton, Stafford, iron-master. [Hicks, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. C.

Fowler, W. Staines, Middlesex, linen-draper. [Fisher, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.

Hannum, E. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, insurance-broker. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street. T.

Hirst, J. Awkley, York, ironfounder. [Lever, 5, Gray's-inn-square. C.

Holland, S. P. Worcester, hop and seed-merchant. [Cardale, Gray's-inn. C.

Kent, C. Chorlton-row, Manchester, shopkeeper. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.

Smith, A. J. and I. Shepherd, Brierley, Stafford, iron-masters. [Tooke, Gray's-inn. C.

Smith, J. K. Farnham, Surrey, upholsterer. [Fisher, Furnival's-inn. T.

Warren, P. Warminster, Wilts, mealman. [Lowden, 17, Clement's-inn, Strand. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—March 19 to April 16.

Brown, W. merchant, Lawhill, Saltcoats.

Brown, H. merchant, Saltcoats.

Macarthur, G. grocer, Glasgow.

Sorby, J. jun. ironmonger, Glasgow.

Wood, W. sen. ship-owner, Dunfermline.

M'Leod, Rev. J. builder, Glasgow.

Hill and Pattison, and N. Hill, spirit-dealers, Glasgow.

M'Lean, A. cattle-dealer, Mark, Kirkmabreck.

M'Queen, D. and L., cattle-dealers, Drumquharnie, Inverness.

Mitchel, W. grocer, Maybole.

Brash, J. ironmonger, Edinburgh.

Drysdale, J. grocer, Glasgow.

Ferguson, P. jun. slater, Glasgow.

M'Alpine, J. general-merchant, Corpach, Fort-William.

Liston, W. merchant, North Bridge-street, Edinburgh.

Stewart, R. cattle-dealer, Blairtarnock, Glasgow.

Brown, J. merchant, Saltcoats.

Cranstoun, T. merchant, Edinburgh.

Anderson, J. builder, Inverkeithing.

Hunter, R. merchant, Greenock.

BIRTHS.

March 22. In Arundel-street, the lady of W. Yatman, Esq. a son.

24. At the residence of Henry Bankes, Esq. MP. Old Palace-yard, the lady of the Hon. T. Stapleton, eldest son of Lord Despencer, a daughter.

26. At Densworth Cottage, the lady of N. Newnham, Esq. a son.

— At Deal Castle, the Hon. Mrs. Crewe, a son.

— At Milton-house, Stamford, Lady Milton, a daughter.

29. In Whitehall-place, the Right Hon. Lady James Stuart, a son.

April 1. Lady Frances Ley, a daughter.

— At Batterssea, the lady of C. Rippon, Esq. a son.

2. At her brother's, E. Lonsada, Esq. Bedford-place, the lady of M. Gatteres, Esq. of Sidmouth, Devonshire, a son.

5. In Bolton-street, the lady of the Hon. T. Knox, MP. for Dungannon, a daughter.

— At Viscount Northland's, in Upper Grosvenor-street, the lady of the Hon. Capt. Knox, RN. a daughter.

6. In Great Maddox-street, the lady of Major Carlyon, a son and heir.

— At Wheathamsted, Herts, the lady of the Rev. G. T. Pretyman, a son.

8. At Colchester, the lady of the Rev. Dr. George Holt, a daughter.

9. At Bifrons, near Canterbury, the Marchioness of Ely, a son.

— At Coley-park, the lady of J. B. Monck, Esq. MP. a son.

13. In Baker-street, the lady of W. James, Esq. MP. a son.

— In Portland-place, Lady Ravensworth, a daughter.

— At Walton-upon-Thames, the lady of W. Parker, Esq. a daughter.

14. In Park-street, the lady of Sir T. Jones, a daughter.

— In Burton-crescent, the lady of J. R. Burchett, Esq. a daughter.

15. In St. James's-square, the Hon. Lady Vane Stewart, a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Gilstone-house, Fifeshire, the lady of Captain Parsons, a son.

At Edinburgh, the lady of R. Montgomery, Esq. a son.

IN IRELAND.

At Dominick-street, Dublin, the Duchess of Leinster, a daughter.

In Dawson-street, Dublin, the lady of Lieutenant-Col. Verner, a son and heir.

ABROAD.

At Bombay, the lady of R. Baxter, Esq. of Camomile-street, London, a son and heir.

At Paris, the lady of T. Ashmore, Esq. a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone Church, by the Hon. and Rev. Hugh Percy, the Hon. Chas. Percy, youngest son of the Earl of Beverley, to Ann Caroline

grand-daughter of Bertie Bertie Greenthead, Esq. of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire.

- March 27. By special licence, at Hulton chapel, in the parish of Runcorne, by the Rev. Dr. Blackburn, Warden of Manchester, Sir James Milles Riddle, of Ardamarchan and Sunart, Bart. to Mary, youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present Sir Richard Brooke, of Norton, Bart.
28. Nicholas Harris Nicholas, Esq. of Inner Temple, and of Waterloo Villa, Cornwall, to Sarah, daughter of the late John Davison, Esq. of the East India-house.
30. At Flamstead, by the Rev. A. Franks, Frederick Franks, Esq. to Emily, second daughter of Sir J. Saunders Sebright, Bart.
- John Savage, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late T. Patrickson, Blackheath.
- April 4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Wm. Lawrence, Esq. of Southampton Cottage, Camberwell, to Agnes, only daughter of J. Willan, Chester.
4. At All Saints, Southampton, H. Walker, Esq. to Amelia, youngest daughter of S. Medina, Esq. of Guildford-street, Russell-square.
8. At St. George's Bloomsbury, H. Mullineux, Esq. of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, to Miss Edwards, of Gloucester-street, Queen-square.
- At Great Saling, Essex, J. Humphreys, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Charlotte Dorothy, sixth daughter of B. Goodrick, Esq. of Saling-grove, in that county.
- John Bourke Ricketts, Esq. son of the late G. Ricketts, of Ashford-hall, in the county of Salop, to Isabella, daughter of T. J. Parker, of Portland-place, and niece to C. N. Pallmer, Esq. of Norbiton-house, Surrey.
9. At Mary-le-bone Church, by the Rev. Archdeacon Heslop, DD. John Francis Davis, Esq. of Birdhurst-lodge, near Croydon, to Emily, fourth daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Humphreys, of the Bengal Engineers.
- The Rev. Richard Tomkyns, Rector of Great Horwood, Bucks, to Louisa, daughter of the Rev. J. Preedy of Winslow.
- At St. Lawrence's Church, Thanet, George Frend, Esq. of Canterbury, to Ann, third daughter of R. Tomson, Esq. of Ramsgate.
10. At St. George's Hanover-square, the Rev. H. Moore, of Tackbrooke, in the county of Warwick, to Rebecca Harriot, youngest daughter of the late L. Huntingdon, Esq. Deputy Receiver-General of the Stamp Duties.
- At Islington, Mr. T. Bourke, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of A. Bruce, Esq. Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square.
11. At Marlborough, Wilts, Mr. G. J. Squibb, of Orchard-street, Portman-square, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Meyler.
- At St. Mary's Church, Bathwick, by the Rev. F. Festing, Vicar of Wingham, Edmund Haynes, Esq. of the Island of Barbadoes, to Lucy, third daughter of G. Reed, Esq. of Dockfour, Demarara, and Johnstone-street, Bath.
15. At Richmond, the Hon. Pownall Bastard Pellew, MP. eldest son of Lord Viscount Exmouth, to Georgiana Janet, eldest daughter of M. Dick, Esq. of Richmond, and of Pitcarrow-house, Angusshire.
16. At Leigh, Worcestershire, S. Miles, Esquire, of Leicester, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late J. Dod, Esq. of Cloverly-hall, Shropshire.
- At St. George the Martyr's, Mr. James Boyle, jun. of Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, to Catherine Matilda, eldest daughter of Mr. Molyneux, of Devonshire-street, Queen-square.
- At St. George's Hanover-square, Mr. Aide of Constantinople, to Georgiana Emma Maria, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir G. Collier. The ceremony had been previously performed at Count Ludolf's the Neapolitan Ambassador, and was attended by the Count and Countess Ludolf, the Count and Countess St. Antonio, &c.
17. At St. Lawrence Jewry, Mr. Barn. Solicitor, King-street, to Sarah Sophia, daughter of the late Capt. R. Colnett, of the East India Company's Service.
18. Baker Gabb, Esq. of Abergavenny Castle, Monmouthshire, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter

of T. Stead, Esq. of Devonshire-street, Queen-square.

— At St. Pancras, Wm. Warre Simpson, Esq. to Isabella, third daughter of J. Booker, Esq. of Cronstadt.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Allan George Field, Esq. to Jessie, relict of the late Dr. J. Maclean, of Carriacou.

IN IRELAND.

At Athlone, Philip Robinson, Esq. of Mount Venture, in the county of Tipperary, to Olivia, youngest daughter of John Larkan, Esq. Captain RN.

Captain Charles Gill, CB. RN. to Harriett, daughter of W. White, Esq. Captain RN.

ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, at Paris, W. Helsham, Esq. son of J. Helsham, Esq. of Kilkenny, Ireland, to Charlotte, only child of the late Capt. Orme, 53d regt.

At Port of Spain, Trinidad, Stephen Jones Coppinger, Esq. of Cork, to Louisa, only daughter of Lee Osborne, Esq. of that Island.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, at Paris, Charles Frederick Lewis Dupliez, Comte de Cadignan, Captain of the 3d regt. of dragons, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, to Catherine Sophia, eldest daughter of the late C. Trelawney Breton, Esq. formerly Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and of Shotwick-park, Cheshire.

DEATHS.

March 21. At his residence, in Tilney street, in his 70th year, Sir Charles Henry Englefield, Bart.

— At Epping Vicarage, the Rev. Edward Conyers, Vicar of Epping and of Walthamstow, in the county of Essex, after a severe illness of five months.

23. In his 71st year, Joseph Ashe, Esq. son of the late John Ashe, Esq. and brother to the Rev. S. Ashe, many years rector of Langley Burrell, Wilts.

— At Brompton Park House, in his 84th year, James Vere, Esq. Banker, of Lombard-street.

25. Mr. Thomas Nixon, Warden of the Fleet Prison, he expired suddenly while sitting in the Lodge: medical aid was immediately procured, but was of no effect in restoring animation.

Lately, in Nicholas-street, Chester, aged 36, Sophia, wife of Mr. Ayrton, and eldest daughter of Francis Nicholson, Esq. a lady distinguished by her talent for painting; although, in consequence of ill-health, unable to apply to it with that sedulity she would otherwise have done.

— At Worlingham-hall, in the County of Suffolk, Robt. Sparrow, Esq. in his 81st year.

26. At Sunning-hill, Mary, only daughter of Geo. Smith, Esq. of Sellwood Park, Berks.

27. At her residence, in Durdord-street, Stonehouse, after a severe illness, Mrs. Blaxton, relict of the late Lieutenant Henry Blaxton, RN. and sister to Admiral Sir Edward Thornborough, KCB.

— At Bath, after a severe and lingering illness, the lady of Sir Geo. Gibbes, MD.

29. After a painful illness, Lady Elton, wife of Sir Abraham Elton, Bart. of Clevedon Court, Somersetshire.

— At his house, in Russell-square, Samuel Yate Benyon, Esq. one of his Majesty's Counsel.

30. At his house, in Red Lion-square, Samuel Keene, Esq.

— At his house, in Bloomsbury-square, Sir John Silvester, Bart. Recorder of London, in his 76th year. He had been dining the preceding day with the Duke of York, and retired to bed in good spirits at about 12 o'clock, and the next morning was found dead, owing, it is supposed, to a spasmodic attack which had seized him in the course of the night. Sir John was nearly 80 years of age, and had been very infirm for several years. He is succeeded in the Office of Recorder, by Newman Knowlys, Esq. Common Serjeant, who was unanimously elected on the 10th of April.

April 1.—Suddenly, at Ensham-hall, the residence of his Son-in-law, John Ruxton, Esq. Colonel Patrick Hay, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, aged 73.

1. At Bagbrooke Rectory, near Northampton, H. B. Harrison, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Harrison, AB. and Student of Christ Church, Oxford.
2. At Dorking, aged 84, Catherine, relict of the late Rev. Owen Manning, of Godalming, Surrey.
3. In the Strand, aged 14, Sidney, the third son of the late William Davies, Esq. of the house of Cadell and Davies.
5. John Longley, Esq. Resident Magistrate of the Thames Police Office, and formerly Recorder of Rochester.
6. At Pentonville, aged 61, John Leigh, Esq. for 30 years an eminent merchant at Lisbon.
7. At Ipswich, most sincerely regretted, Isabella Catherine, relict of the late William Thomson, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service, and eldest daughter of the Rev. William Whinfield, Rector of Ramsey, and Dover-court-cum-Warwick, in the County of Essex.
9. At his house, at Hammersmith, in his 68th year, Richard Radford, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of Peace for the County of Middlesex.
10. In Clarges-street, Caroline, wife of Dr. Cloves.
11. In Upper Norton-street, Robert Wilson, Esq. late Superintending Surgeon in the East India Company's Service, on the Bengal Establishment.
13. At his house in Berner's-street, Henry Delamain, Esq. in his 94th year.
— At his residence, Broom Farm, Teddington, John Stephenson, Esq. in his 81st year.
16. Suddenly, in his 69th year, John Green, Esq. of Highbury Park, Islington, and Hinckley, Leicestershire.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Milton-house, Geo. Moncrieff, Esq.
At Edinburgh, Mrs. Stern, of Herriot Row.
At Edinburgh, Mrs. Robinson, relict of Geo. Robinson, Esq. of Clennisteen, W. S.
At Balmuto-house, the seat of the Hon. Lord Balmuto, Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. of Auchinleck, in consequence of a wound in the right shoulder, received in a duel the preceding day, with James Stuart, Esq. jun. of Duncarn. The Duel took place at Auchtertool, in Fife, Sir Alexander being attended by the Hon. John Douglas, Brother of the Marquess of Queensberry, and his Adversary by the Earl of Rosslyn. The unfortunate Gentleman was just returned

from London, where he had been attending the funeral of his Brother, the late James Boswell, Esq.

IN IRELAND.

- At Skibbereen, Lieut. Charles Probart, of the Rifle Brigade, son of the late William Probart, Esq. of Lincoln, in consequence of the incessant fatigue arising from his duty in that disturbed part of Ireland.
At the Deanery-house, Cork, Mrs. Elington, widow of the late Major General Elington, and daughter of the very Rev. the Dean of Cork.
At Dungar, King's County, Mrs. Chetwynd, relict of the late Wm. Chetwynd, Esq. of Hempstead, in the County of Cork.

ABROAD.

- At Paris, Geo. Mercer, Esq. of Queen Ann-street, late Lieut. Colonel in the First Regiment of Life Guards.
At Mountvilliers in France, in his 30th year, Pierre O'Kearney, Esq. of Down Castle, in the County of Tipperary, Ireland.
At Lockeren, in the Pays Bas, Jane, the third daughter of Peter Cotes, Esq.
At Madeira, whither he went for the recovery of his health, William Richard Hudson, eldest son of William Hudson, Esq. of Frogmore, Herts, aged 21.
At Lima, October 5, in his 36th year, Capt. Thos. Fairbairn, of the St. Patrick of London, son of the late Mr. Matthew Fairbairn, of Newcastle; his death was occasioned by a severe wound, received on the night of the 24th of July, while on board his own ship at Callao, during Lord Cochrane's attack on that place. Captain F. had applied to his Lordship both personally and otherwise, for leave to remove his ship, being a neutral, without the Spanish lines, but this was peremptorily refused, in consequence of which he was placed between the fire of the Spanish batteries, and the Patriot Squadron.
Near Baroda, on the Western bank of the Caly Sind River, Lieut.-Col. John Ludlow, late Commander of the Neemuch Field Force. The death of this gallant Officer is most sincerely regretted by the whole detachment.

LONGEVITY.

- At North Warnborough, Mrs. Duggett, aged 100.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. W. G. Judgson, MA. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Michael's in that Town.—The Rev. Francis Jefferson, BA. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to the Vicarage of Ellington, Hants.—The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bagot, inducted to the dignity of Prebendary, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.—The Rev. J. Comius, AB. instituted to the Vicarage of Hockworthy, Devon, vacant by the resignation of the Hon. and Rev. Fras. Knollis.—The Rev. S. Barton, presented by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, to the Vicarage of Alconborough-cum-Weston, in Huntingdonshire, on the nomination of the Rev. James Webber, Vicar of Kirkham, and Prebendary of Westminster.

OXFORD.—At a Convocation held, March 22, the sum of 50 Guineas was contributed from the University Chest, in aid of a Subscription for the purchase of models of the principal remains of Ancient Architecture of Greece and Italy.—John Frederick Winterbotham, BA. Fellow of Magdalen College, elected Vinerian Scholar of Common Law, in the room of Mr. Barton, elected to the vacant Fellowship.—The Rev. Edw. Copleston, Provost of Oriel College, appointed Perpetual Delegate of Privileges, in the room of the late Dr. Hodson, Principal of Brasenose.

On the 29th of March, Edward Ness, Commoner of St. Mary Hall; Henry Edward Vaux, Commoner of Exeter College, and John Parry, Commoner of Brasenose College, were elected to the three new Scholarships, adjudged by the Court of Chancery, under the will of Lord Craven. The two former gentlemen claiming as kindred to the Founder.

On the 12th of April, was the election of Fel-

lows at Oriel College, when for two vacancies there were eleven Candidates, of whom John B. Otley, BA. of Oriel, and John Henry Newman, BA. Scholar of Trinity, were elected Probationary Fellows.

The Rev. Hugh Nicholas Pearson, DD. of St. John's College, Private Chaplain to His Majesty at Brighton, has been inducted to the Vicarage of St. Helen, Abingdon, with the Chapels of Radley and Drayton, Berks, on the presentation of the King.

On Wednesday, the 17th ult. the following Officers of the University for the ensuing year, were nominated in Convocation:

Proctors. The Rev. John Moore, MA. late Fellow of Worcester College.—The Rev. Thos. Sherriffe, MA. Fellow of Magdalen College.

Pro-Proctors. The Rev. Henry Jenkins, MA. Demy of Magdalen.—The Rev. Zachariah Henry Biddulph, MA. Fellow of Magdalen.—The Rev. Richard Lynch Cotton, MA. Fellow of Worcester.—The Rev. Thomas Grantham, MA. Fellow of Magdalen.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Rev. J. Lodge, elected Librarian of the University, in the room of the late Dr. E. D. Clarke.

Honorary Doctor in Civil Law.—The Rt. Hon. Lord Henniker, St. John's College.

Honorary Master of Arts.—The Hon. John Henniker, of St. John's College, eldest son of Lord Henniker.

Master of Arts.—Robert Dalzell, Esq. Trinity College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—The Rev. Joseph Stanfield, Trinity College.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR MARCH, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

THE greatest part of this month was distinguished by fine sunny weather between the mild rains, and an increase in the extraordinary high temperature for the beginning of spring. Although the barometer has fluctuated much, and undergone 30 changes, the mean pressure, notwithstanding the prevalence of strong SW. and W. winds, was high.

There have been several hoar frosts before sunrise, but not one of them was injurious to the leafing and the early blossoms. The *maximum* temperature of the air on several days this month, was equal to that of some summer days. The mean temperature is upwards of 4° higher than in last March, and 5° higher than the mean of March for the last *seven* years, and about equal to the April months for that period. Spring water is 2° higher than at this time last year; therefore, we need not be surprised at the forwardness of spring, especially when we consider the re-

viving state of the earth from the almost daily additions of solar heat; and that its loss of moisture this month by evaporation, is nearly half an inch more than it has received by rain: indeed, so powerful was the evaporation during the last four days, that it took up half an inch in depth of water from the evaporator. Having had but a few days northerly and easterly winds throughout the autumn and winter, fears will be entertained till the first or second week in May, of their return with sharp frosts, which would undoubtedly prove fatal to the young fruit.

The atmospheric and meteoric *phenomena* that have come within our observation this month, are 4 *parhelia*, 4 solar and 6 lunar halos, 4 meteors, 3 perfect rainbows, and 12 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 6 from SW. 3 from W. 2 from N. and 1 from the NE.

DAILY REMARKS.

- March 1. Hoar frost and a fog early, followed by winds from various points, and a sunny day, with *Cumuli*, &c.: a cloudless sky till midnight, when a large lunar halo appeared.
2. AM. calm and cloudy, and a *Nimbus* at mid-day, which in its passage let fall a few drops of rain: PM. fair, with two winds, the upper one from SW.
3. A *Stratus* early, succeeded by a calm and cloudless morning: nascent *Cumuli* and *Cirri* in the afternoon, and two winds: a clear sky, and much dew by night.
4. A fine sunny day, with descending *Cirri*, &c. and a *parhelia* on the south side of the sun at 4 PM.: a large lunar halo appeared towards midnight, followed by rain.
5. The day as the preceding: a large solar halo in the afternoon in a veil of *Cirrostratus*: a hard gale from SW. and rain by night.
6. A rainy day, and a continuation of the gale.
7. AM. sunshine and clouds: PM. a gale from the west, with flying showers of rain at intervals, and one rainbow.
8. An overcast sky, and a continuation of the gale, with showers at intervals in the day: cloudy and fine by night.
9. After 2 hours sunshine, an overcast sky, and a gale from the SW. by night.
10. AM. overcast, and a continuation of the gale: PM. fine between the showers.
11. A sunny day: the clouds coloured at sunset, and a clear sky by night.
12. Hoar frost early, and a cloudless morning: PM. fine with *Cumuli* and *Cirrus*: the latter modification passed to attenuated *Cirrostratus* in the evening.
13. A *parhelia* to the north of the sun at half past 8 AM.—a sunny day with *Cirrus*, and passing beds of *Cirrostratus*: the night as the preceding.
14. AM. overcast and calm: light rain and one rainbow in the afternoon, and a fine night.
15. A slight hoar-frost early, followed by a cloudless day: overcast with *Cirrostratus* by night.
16. Foggy early, an overcast sky, and a little rain.
17. AM. overcast and calm: PM. light rain.
18. Alternately cloudy and fine; and two winds in the evening, the upper one from NW.
19. A sunny day with prevailing *Cirrocumulus*:

an overcast sky after sunset, and light rain. The mean temperature of the last 24 hours was higher than that of some summer days and nights.

20. AM. calm and overcast, and a thick haze resting on the surrounding hills; sunshine in the afternoon, foggy at intervals by night, and two small meteors.

21. AM. a thick fog: PM. fair with *Cirri* and *Cirrostrati*.

22. AM. *Cirri* and a brisk wind: PM. a cloudless sky, and one small meteor.

23. A fair day, with *Cirri* interspersed about the sky, and a sinking barometer: attenuated *Cirrostratus* by night.

24. AM. a solar halo, and showers of rain: PM. fine, and a very dry NW. wind. The unilluminated part of the moon's disc beyond the small crescent (her age being only 36 hours) reflected a copper-colour till she set, which had the appearance of the full moon through a hazy atmosphere.

25. Showery by day, and a strong gale from SW.: a clear sky by night. The dark part of the moon's disc was again remarkably bright, and exhibited several luminous spots.

26. Overcast with undulated *Cirrostratus* and *Cumulostratus*, and two winds crossing at right angles: a sunny afternoon, and overcast by night.

27. AM. sunshine and clouds: PM. a cloudless sky, and at half past o'clock a brilliant meteor to the southward descended through a great space, apparently perpendicular.

28. Frequent beds of *Cirrocumulus* and variable winds in the day: showery after sunset, and a faint lunar halo.

29. A fair day, with prevailing *Cirri*, which passed to *Cirrostratus*, and produced a solar halo, with two coloured *parhelia* just without its edge, one on each side of the sun; also a lunar halo till 9 PM. when the sky became completely overcast, followed by light rain, and a gale from SW.

30. AM. rain and hail, and a continuation of the gale: PM. *Nimbi*, with heavy showers, and a gale from the north, and one perfect rainbow.

31. Fair, and a continuation of the gale in the morning: PM. a piercing gale from NE. which caused a very sensible change in the air, and lessened the temperature of spring water,—a large lunar halo, and a meteor appeared in the evening.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month	Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO-METER.			HYGROME-TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.	
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirro-cumulus.	Cirro-stratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulo-stratus.			Nimbus.
1		30.34	30.33	30.335	50	42	46	70	54	75	NE to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	
2		30.40	30.33	30.390	58	41	49.5	72	62	74	SE to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	
3		30.36	30.32	30.340	53	40	46.5	83	67	90	SE to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.20	
4		30.18	30.06	30.120	58	46	52	87	61	75	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.85	
5		30.12	30.01	30.065	53	48	50.5	80	60	68	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	4.00	
6		29.71	29.70	29.705	54	43	48.5	90	86	84	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2.40	
7	○	29.71	29.60	29.655	54	39	46.5	76	62	65	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.09	
8		29.77	29.57	29.670	53	45	49	71	72	75	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.70	
9		29.87	29.76	29.815	57	50	53.5	81	76	79	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.05	
10		29.86	29.76	29.810	58	41	49.5	84	70	81	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.55	
11		30.24	29.95	30.095	51	34	42.5	75	47	60	W to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	
12		30.45	30.42	30.435	51	43	47	68	58	67	NE to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2.8	
13		30.26	30.05	30.155	51	45	48	63	57	65	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	
14		30.17	30.00	30.085	61	38	49.5	70	64	73	S to N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.05	
15	☾	30.30	30.27	30.285	54	44	49	74	49	85	N to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3.5	
16		30.29	30.22	30.255	59	50	54.5	76	65	93	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.10	
17		30.36	30.25	30.305	59	41	51.5	83	80	88	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	9.60	
18		30.47	30.31	30.390	59	45	52	70	49	79	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.5	
19		30.43	30.39	30.410	64	51	57.5	76	61	81	W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	
20		30.41	30.37	30.390	59	45	52	77	72	94	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	
21		30.34	30.27	30.305	58	41	49.5	84	66	92	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2.0	
22		30.48	30.42	30.450	57	39	48	67	48	70	W to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	
23	☾	30.35	30.02	30.185	55	46	50.5	73	61	82	SW to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	
24		29.84	29.69	29.765	57	41	49	72	43	59	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3.8	
25		29.96	29.82	29.890	57	40	48.5	68	70	80	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.50	
26		30.27	30.15	30.210	62	50	56	79	67	85	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	...	
27		30.28	30.16	30.220	64	47	55.5	68	60	82	S to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2.7	
28		30.14	30.04	30.090	61	42	51.5	65	68	90	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.70	
29	☾	30.50	30.45	30.475	60	46	53	72	51	75	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.10	
30		29.95	29.60	29.775	56	36	46	78	58	67	SW to N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	4.30	
31		30.51	30.37	30.440	48	34	41	57	47	55	N to NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5.2	
		30.51	29.57	30.145	64	34	49.79	74.3	61.8	77.0		25	15	27	2	14	12	16	2.60	
																			2.55	

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.51 March 31st, Wind NE.
{ Minimum..... 29.57 Do. 8th, Do. W.

Range of the Mercury..... 0.94

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month..... 30.145

for the lunar period, ending the 22d instant..... 30.223

for 14 days, with the Moon in North declination..... 30.204

for 15 days, with the Moon in South declination..... 30.242

Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury..... 8.510

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 0.900

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 30

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 64° March 19th & 27th, Wind W. and SE.
{ Minimum..... 34 Ditto 11th & 31st, Do. NE.

Range..... 30

Mean temperature of the Air..... 49.79

for 31 days with the Sun in Pisces..... 48.14

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 23.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 51.25

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air..... 94° in the evening of the 20th.

Greatest dryness of Ditto..... 43 in the afternoon of the 24th.

Range of the Index..... 51

Mean at 2 o'clock PM..... 61.8

at 8 Do. .. AM..... 74.3

at 8 Do. .. PM..... 77.0

of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock..... 71.0

Evaporation for the month..... 2.600 inch.

Rain for Ditto..... 2.155 ditto.

Prevailing Winds. SW.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 4; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 13; an overcast sky, 7; foggy, 1; rain, 5½.—Total, 31 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus.
25 15 27 2 14 12 16

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
1½	1	—	4½	2	10½	7	4½	31

NEW PATENTS.

T. Brunton, Commercial-road; for improvements upon the anchor. Feb. 12.

E. Peck, Liverpool; for machinery to be worked by water, applicable to the moving of mills, &c. or for forcing or pumping water: communicated to him by R. Bulkley, a foreigner. Feb. 22.

W. E. Cochrane, Esq. Somerset-street, Portman-square; for improvements in the construction of lamps, whereby they are rendered capable of burning concrete oils, animal fat, and other similar substances. Feb. 23.

W. Prickle, Mark-lane; for improvements in machinery for cutting out irregular forms in wood, &c. Communicated to him by J. P. Boyd, of Boston in America. Mar. 2.

J. Higgins, Esq. Fulham; for improvements upon the construction of carriages. Mar. 2.

C. Yardley, Camberwell; for manufacturing glue from bones, by means of steam. Mar. 2.

J. Thompson, Regent-street, Westminster: for an improvement in the method of preparing steel for the manufacture of springs for carriages. Mar. 2.

J. Ruthven, Edinburgh; for a new

method of procuring mechanical power. Mar. 2.

G. Stratton, Hampstead-road; for an improved process of consuming smoke. Mar. 2.

J. Gladstone, Liverpool; for a chain of a new and improved construction. Mar. 12.

R. B. Bate, Poultry; for improvements upon hydrometers and saccharometers. Mar. 21.

W. E. E. Conwell, Ratcliff-highway; for an improvement in the preparation of a purgative vegetable oil. Mar. 21.

S. Robinson, Leeds; for improvements on a machine for shearing and cropping woollen cloth. Mar. 21.

G. Stephenson, Long Beaton, Northumberland; for improvements in steam engines. Mar. 21.

R. S. Harford, Ebbro Vale Ironworks; for an improvement in the heating processes in the manufacture of malleable iron. Mar. 21.

W. Church, Nelson-square; for an improved apparatus for printing. Mar. 21.

A. Clarke, Esq. Dron, Louchars; for an improvement in the boilers and condensers of steam engines. Mar. 21.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 19 April.	Hamburg. 16 April.	Amsterdam. 18 April.	Vienna. 6 April.	Nuremberg 11 April.	Berlin. 13 April.	Naples. 13 April.	Leinsig. 12 April.	Bremen 15 April.
London ...	25·10	36·5	40·2	9·56	fl. 10·4	7	579	6·17½	610
Paris	—	26¾	57½	119	fr. 119½	84	22·76	80½	17¾
Hamburg ...	182½	—	35½	144½	146¾	153¾	41·80	147½	133½
Amsterdam .	58	105¾	—	136	138¾	144¾	47·15	139½	126
Vienna	251	146½	36½	—	40	105½	57·60	100¾	—
Franckfort .	3½	148½	35½	—	99¾	104½	—	100½	111½
Augsburg .	250	147½	36	99½	99¾	105½	57·40	—	—
Genoa	472	82½	90¾	61½	—	—	18·90	—	—
Leipsig	—	147½	—	—	99½	104¾	—	—	111
Leghorn ...	510	88½	97½	57¾	—	—	17·30	—	—
Lisbon	556	37¾	41½	—	—	—	49·15	—	—
Cadiz	15·60	93¾	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples	433	—	82½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao	15·60	—	102½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid	15·70	95	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto	556	38½	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 15 April.	Breslaw. 10 April.	Stockholm. 1 April.	Petersburg. 29 March.	Riga. 2 April.	Antwerp 15 April.	Madrid. 8 April.	Lisbon. 25 Mar.
London	152	7	11·20	9½	9½	39·6	37½	51½
Paris	80	—	22½	99	—	¾	16·4	548
Hamburg	147	152½	121	8½	8¾	34½	—	30½
Amsterdam .	139½	144½	112½	9½	9½	2½	—	42½
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2820

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From March 27 to April 23.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-7	12-6
Ditto at sight	12-4	12-3
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-8	12-7
Antwerp	12-2	12-3
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-0	37-3
Altona, 2½ U	37-1	37-4
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-40	25-30
Ditto 2 U	25-55	25-60
Bourdeaux	25-70	25-60
Frankfort on the Main	154	
Ex. M.	9	
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Us	10-10	10-11
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-10	10-12
Trieste ditto	37½	37
Madrid, effective	37½	36½
Cadiz, effective	36½	36¼
Bilboa	36	36
Barcelona	36½	36½
Seville	30½	30½
Gibraltar	47½	47½
Leghorn	44	44
Genoa	27-60	27-60
Venice, Ital. Liv.	45	45
Malta	40	40
Naples	118	118
Palermo, per oz.	50½	50½
Lisbon	50½	50½
Oporto	46	46
Rio Janeiro	51	51
Bahia	9½	9½
Dublin	9½	9½
Cork	9½	9½

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	6	3	15	0
New dollars	0	4	10	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 34s. 3½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£4	0	0	to	0	0	0
Champions	2	2	0	to	4	5	0
Oxnobles	1	10	0	to	2	0	0
Apples	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from April 1, to April 22.

	April 1.		April 8.		April 15.		April 22.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Newcastle	31	6 to 41	0	31	0 to 41	3	30	6 to 41
Sunderland	30	0 to 41	3	29	0 to 42	0	31	6 to 0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Mar. 23	Mar. 30	April 6	April 13
Wheat	46 3 45	1 45 8	44 2	
Rye	22 6 17	7 21 4	14 8	
Barley	18 6 19	1 18 10	18 2	
Oats	16 0 16	1 16 1	16 4	
Beans	21 7 21	3 21 6	20 11	
Peas	22 4 23	0 22 2	21 7	

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from March 28, to April 22

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	26,425	1,520	2,397	30,342
Barley	37,019	—	2,250	39,269
Oats	70,094	1,465	1,626	73,185
Rye	359	—	—	359
Beans	11,655	—	—	11,655
Pease	3,772	—	—	3,772
Malt	32,958	Qrs.; Flour 32,670 Sacks.		

Foreign Flour — barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough,

Kent, New bags	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags	0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	54s. to 80s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Farnham, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets	0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£.	s.	£.	s.
3	10 to 4	4..4	0 to 4 10..1
3	3 to 4	0..4	0 to 5 0..1
3	3 to 4	4..3	10 to 4 8..1

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at Newgate.—Beef1s. 8d. to 2s. 8d.

Mutton	1s. 8d. to 2s. 8d.
Veal	2s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.
Pork	2s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.
Lamb	2s. 4d. to 5s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	1s. 8d. to 2s. 10d.
Mutton	1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d.
Veal	3s. 0d. to 5s. 4d.
Pork	2s. 6d. to 4s. 4d.
Lamb	4s. 0d. to 5s. 8d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from March 29, to April 22, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
14,114	1,780	135,810	1,650

Ando
Ashb
Asht
Basin
Do. I
Birm
Bolto
Breck
Chel
Ches
Cover
Croy
Derby
Dudle
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old
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Grand
Grant
Hudd
Kenne
Lanca
Leeds
Leices
Leices
Unle
Lough
Melton
Mersey
Monni
Do. De
Montg
Neath
North
Nottin
Oxford
Peak F
Portsm
Regent
Rochda
Shrews
Shrops
Somers
Stafford
Stourbr
Stratfor
Stroudw
Swanse
Tavisto
Thames
Trent &
Trunk
Warwic
Warwic
Wilts a
Wisben
Worcest
Bristol
Do. Not
Commer
East-Ind
East Cou
London
West-Ind

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(April 22d, 1822.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.
Canals.	£. s.	£. s.	£.	£.	Bridges.	£. s.	£. s.	£.	£.
Andover.....	5	—	350	100	Southwark	—	—	7356	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	16	—	1482	100	Do. new	55	7½ p.c.	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham	100	4	1760	—	Vauxhall	15	—	3000	100
Basingstoke	6	—	1260	100	Do. Promissory Notes	100	5	54,000l.	—
Do. Bonds	40	2	54,000l.	—	Waterloo	5	—	5000	100
Birmingham (divided)	600	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l.	30	—	5000	60
Bolton and Bury	95	5	477	250	— Annuities of 7l.	25	—	5000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny	80	4	958	150	— Bonds	102	5	60,000l.	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	93	5	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield	120	8	1500	100	Barking	30	—	300	100
Coventry	1000	44	500	100	Commercial	105	5	1000	100
Croydon	2	—	4546	100	— East-India	—	—	—	—
Derby	135	6	600	100	Branch	100	5	—	100
Dudley	63	3	2060½	133	Great Dover Street	40	1 19	492	100
Ellesmere and Chester	60	3	3575½	100	Highgate Archway	4	—	2393	50
Erewash	1000	58	231	100	Croydon Railway	—	1	1000	65
Forth and Clyde	470	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.	—	1	1000	69
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	—	—	1960	100	Severn and Wye Do.	31 10	1 6	3762	50
Do. optional Loan	—	—	—	60	Water Works.				
Grand Junction	240	9	11,815½	100	East London	101	—	3800	100
Grand Surrey	53	3	1521	100	Grand Junction	55	2 10	4500	50
Do. Loan	101 10	5	60,000l.	—	Kent	31	1 10	2000	100
Grand Union	21	—	2849½	100	London Bridge	50	2 10	1500	—
Do. Loan	100	5	19,327l.	—	South London	30	—	800	100
Grand Western	3	—	3006	100	West Middlesex	52	2	7540	—
Grantham	145	8	749	150	York Buildings	24	—	1360	100
Huddersfield	13 10	—	6312	100	Insurances.				
Kennet and Avon	18 10	16	25,328	100	Albion	50	2 10	2000	500
Lancaster	27	1	11,699½	100	Atlas	4 15	6	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool	360	12	2,879½	100	Bath	575	40	—	—
Leicester	290	14	545	—	Birmingham	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union	84	4	1895	100	British	50	3	—	250
Loughborough	3400	170	70	—	County	40	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray	221	10	250	100	Eagle	2 12 6	—	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell	—	30	—	—	European	20	1	50,000	20
Monmouthshire	165	10	2409	100	Globe	133	6	1,000,000l.	100
Do. Debentures	100	5	43,526l.	100	Guardian	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10	700	100	Hope	4 5	6	40,000	50
Neath	400	25	247	—	Imperial	93	4 10	2400	500
North Wilts	—	—	1770	25	London	27	1 4	3900	25
Nottingham	200	12	500	150	London Ship	19	1	31,000	25
Oxford	670	32	1720	100	Provident	17	18	2500	100
Peak Forest	70	3	2400	100	Rock	1 18	2	100,000	20
Portsmouth and Arundel	40	—	2520	50	Royal Exchange	254	10	745,100l.	—
Regent's	30	—	12,294	—	Sun Fire	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale	52 10	2	5631	100	Sun Life	23 10	10	4000	100
Shrewsbury	170	9 10	500	125	Union	40	1 8	1500	200
Shropshire	125	7	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Somerset Coal	107 10	7	771	50	Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company)	71	4	8000	50
Stafford, & Worcestershire	700	40	700	140	Do. New Shares	65	3 12	4000	50
Stourbridge	210	9	300	145	City Gas Light Company	113	—	1000	100
Stratford on Avon	11	—	3647	—	Do. New	60	—	1000	100
Stroudwater	495	22	—	—	Bath Gas	17	16	2500	20
Swansea	180	10	533	100	Brighton Gas	20	—	1500	20
Tavistock	90	—	350	100	Bristol	26 10	1 14	2500	20
Thames and Medway	21	—	2670	—	Literary Institutions.				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk	—	75	1300	200	London	27	—	1000	75gs
Warwick and Birmingham	220	10	1000	100	Russel	10 10	—	700	25gs
Warwick and Napton	210	9	980	100	Surrey	5	—	700	30gs
Wilts and Berks	4 10	—	14,288	—	Miscellaneous.				
Wisbeach	60	—	126	105	Auction Mart	22	1 5	1080	50
Worcester and Birmingham	25	1	6000	—	British Copper Company	52	2 10	1397	100
Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery	10	—	2299	80
Bristol	14	—	2209	146	Do.	6	—	3447	50
Do. Notes	100	5	268,324l.	100	London Commercial Sale Rooms	15	1	2000	150
Commercial	80	3	3132	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class	90	4	—	—
East-India	—	8	450,000l.	100	Do.	74	3	—	—
East Country	31	—	1038	100	City Bonds	—	5	—	—
London	106	4	3,114,000l.	100					
West-India	184	10	1,200,000l.	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th March to 25th April.

1822	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Mar.															
26	shut.	—	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	104	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	46	—	—	4	80 $\frac{1}{2}$
27	—	—	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	40	89	—	3	80 $\frac{1}{2}$
28	—	—	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	103	—	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	40	—	—	4	80 $\frac{1}{2}$
29	—	—	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	92	103	—	80	—	—	50	—	—	4	80 $\frac{1}{2}$
30	—	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	103	—	—	—	—	54	—	—	4	80 $\frac{1}{2}$
Apr.															
1	—	—	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	63	—	—	5	80
2	—	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	63	—	—	5	80
3	—	—	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	62	—	—	6	79 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	—	—	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	63	—	—	6	79 $\frac{1}{2}$
5	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	243 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	89	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	64	—	—	5	79 $\frac{1}{2}$
8	248 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	67	—	—	6	79
9	—	—	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	71	—	—	6	79
10	242	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	88	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	72	86 $\frac{3}{4}$	76 $\frac{5}{8}$	7	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
11	—	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	69	—	—	6	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
12	242	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	78	245	64	—	—	9	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
13	—	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65	—	—	9	79
15	243	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	68	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	7	79
16	242	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	244	67	—	—	6	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
17	242	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	64	87 $\frac{5}{8}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	6	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
18	242	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	242 $\frac{1}{2}$	62	—	78	6	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
19	—	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	62	—	—	6	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
20	—	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	88	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	241 $\frac{1}{2}$	60	—	—	6	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
22	241 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{3}{4}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	58	—	—	6	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
23	—	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
24	240 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	88	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	241 $\frac{1}{2}$	57	—	—	5	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
25	—	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	57	—	—	5	78 $\frac{1}{2}$

IRISH FUNDS.

Apr.	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.	Government Stock, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	Royal Canal St.
1	249 $\frac{1}{2}$	90	90	—	—	104 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—
2	249	89 $\frac{3}{4}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	101	—	—	—
3	249	90	90	—	—	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—
4	249	90	90	—	—	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—
10	—	90	89 $\frac{7}{8}$	—	—	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	101	—	—	—
12	244	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	101	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From March 30 to April 20.

	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Mar.	fr. c.	fr. c.
30	89 15	— —
Apr.		
1	88	1597 50
3	87 80	1585 —
6	86 80	— —
8	87 50	— —
11	86 95	1572 50
13	86 75	— —
15	86 80	— —
17	87 60	1585 —
20	87 45	— —

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.						NEW YORK.		
	Mar. April.						Mar.		
	29	2	9	16	19	23	6	17	24
Bank Shares.....	22-10	22-10	22-10	22-10	22-10	22-5	114 $\frac{1}{2}$	114	110
6 per cent.....	1812....	95	—	—	—	—	106 $\frac{1}{2}$	106	—
	1813....	96	—	—	—	—	107 $\frac{1}{2}$	107	—
	1814....	—	—	—	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	109	—
	1815....	—	—	—	—	—	112	111	—
5 per cent.....	1821....	98	—	—	—	—	111	111 $\frac{1}{2}$	—

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.